

SCREENLAND

June



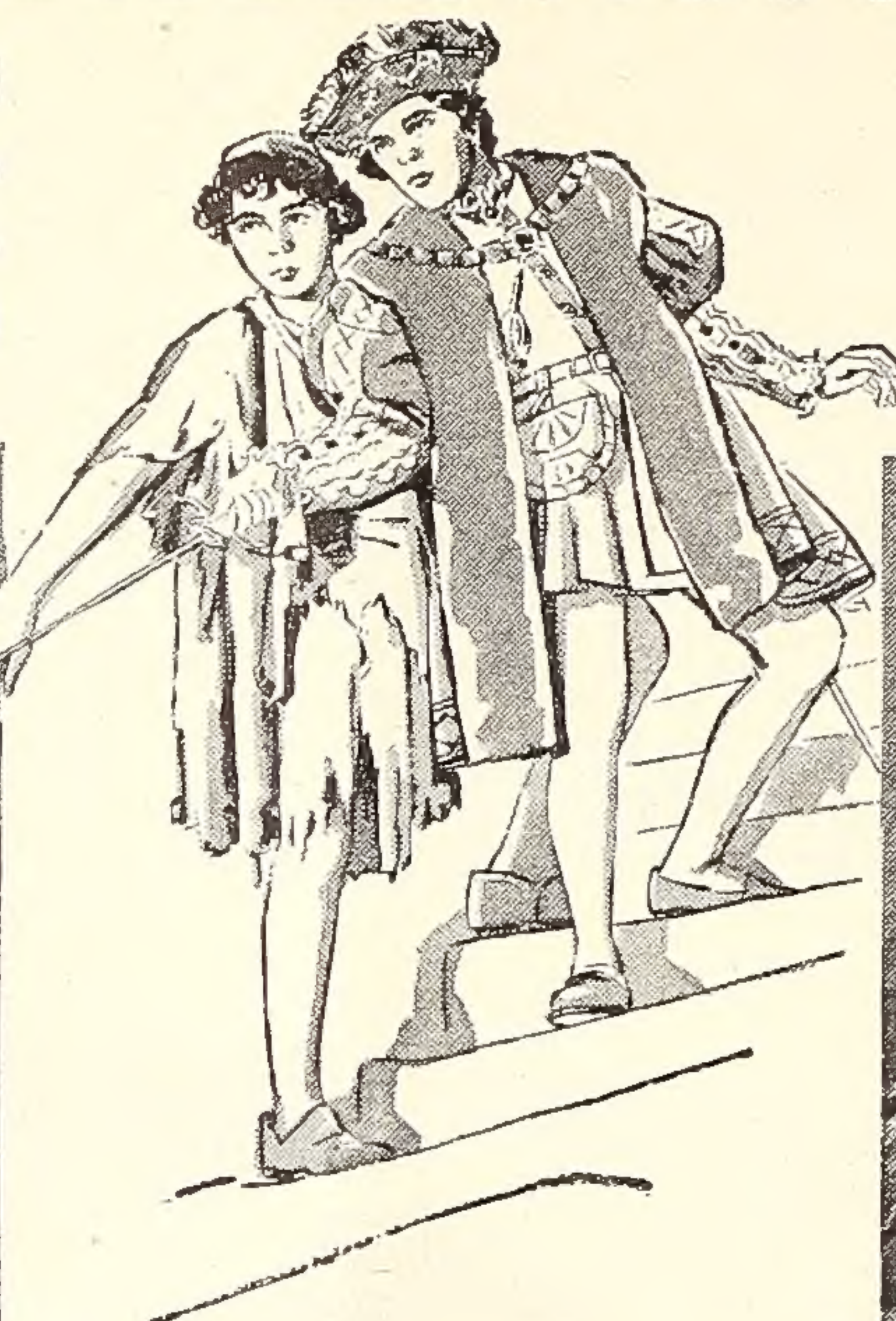
First True Story of Irene Dunne's Baby
Stepping Out with Fred Astaire
What's Left for Janet Gaynor?

THE GREATEST ADVENTURE PICTURE EVER FILMED!

Are you ready for the most exciting evening of your life? . . . Warner Bros. bring the adventure masterpiece of the world's best-loved writer to the screen in all its romantic glory! Come and thrill to it!



It wasn't a bit different 400 years ago—the same coronation this month brings to London in all its pomp and glory.



Introducing Billy & Bobby Mauch—sensational twin star discovery—a double-barrelled surprise that is already the talk of filmdom!



The prince plays hookey to join the pauper on the world-famous adventure of two regular kids.



He made enemies beg for mercy—he made lassies beg for more! Errol Flynn as dashing Miles Hendon, defender of the prince.

Warner Bros. present
MARK TWAIN'S
Novel of All-Time Fame

THE PRINCE and the PAUPER

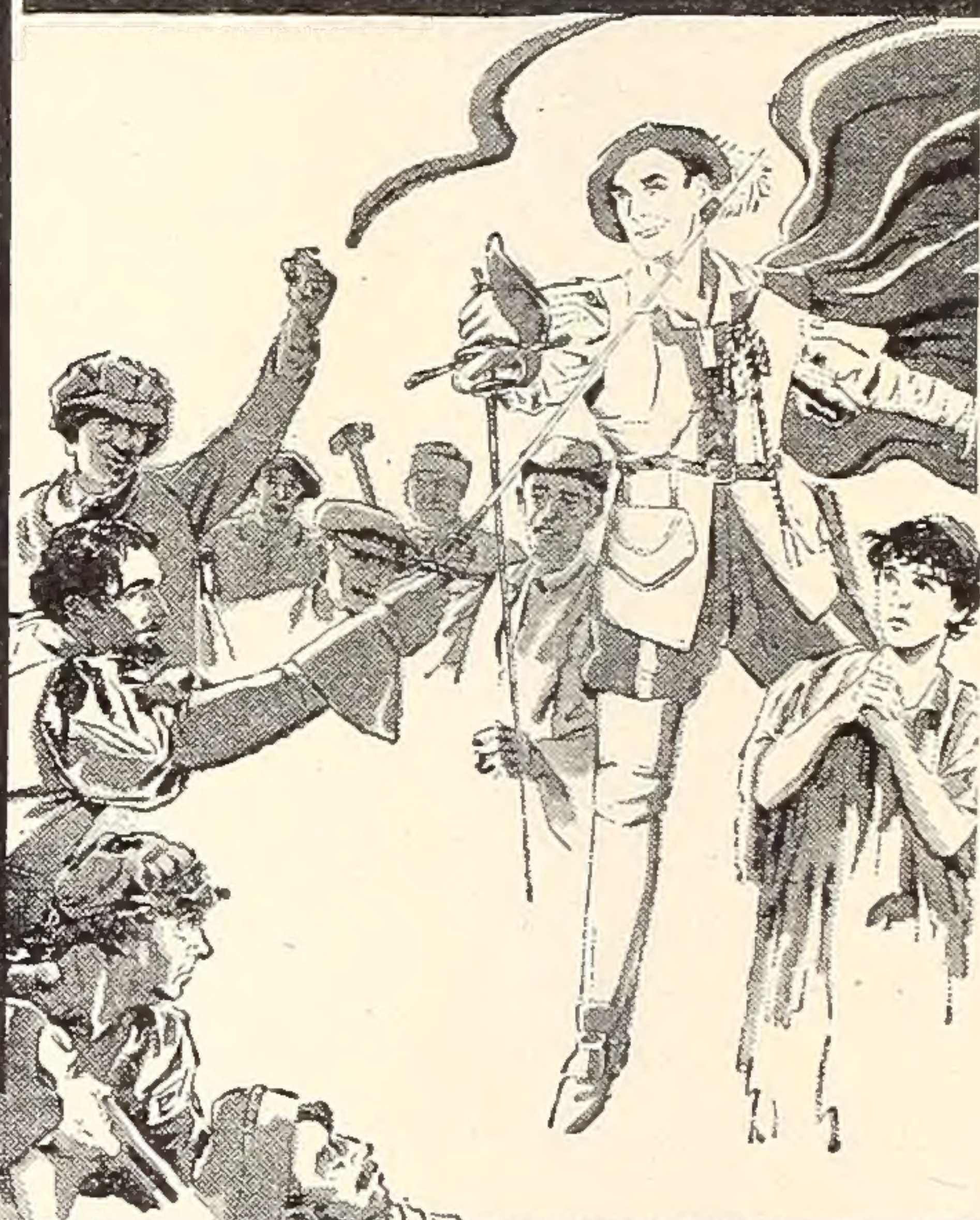
with
ERROL FLYNN
CLAUDE RAINS
HENRY STEPHENSON
BARTON MACLANE
and THE
MAUCH TWINS

☆ BILLY & BOBBY ☆

Patric Knowles · Montague Love
Fritz Leiber · Donald Crisp
Alan Hale · Anne Howard
Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY



"It's all right for a girl to lose her head," said Henry VIII—and he wasn't really fooling; because she did!



In the vicious haunts of the London underworld—where murder was just a good joke—a boy in rags fights for his life—and his throne.

Produced on Massive Scale...1000's
in the Cast...3 Years in Preparation
...7 Months to Film in the World's
Greatest Motion Picture Studios.

Warner Bros.



SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

Watch for "A Real Day with Tyrone Power"

SCREENLAND's novel features, "A Real Day with Robert Taylor" and "A Real Day with Clark Gable" met with such a warm reception from our readers that we have assigned Ben Maddox to spend an entire day with the new young idol of the screen, Tyrone Power.

You will enjoy this forthcoming feature, in the next issue, with particular zest because young Tyrone Power is not only a handsome lad, but a whimsical, engaging person, quite apart from his screen celebrity. Of course, you've read many gossip items about his gay romance with the queen of the ice-skaters, charming Sonja Henie—and his reported "on the set" palship with his lovely leading lady, Loretta Young; and pretty Rochelle Hudson. In other words, Mr. Power is Hollywood's youngest, most attractive successful actor, and all the feminine world, in or out of Hollywood, is going for him in a great, big way.

Be sure to secure your copy of the next, the July number of SCREENLAND—on sale June 3rd.

June, 1937

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Spotlight Cover Portrait of Gary Cooper by Marland Stone.

Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Executive and Editorial offices, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. V. G. Heimbucher, President, J. S. MacDermott, Vice President; J. Superior, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising Offices: 45 West 45th St., New York; 400 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 530 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscription \$1.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$2.10 in Canada; foreign \$2.50. Changes of address must reach us six weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second-class matter November 30, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois.

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Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Printed in the U. S. A.

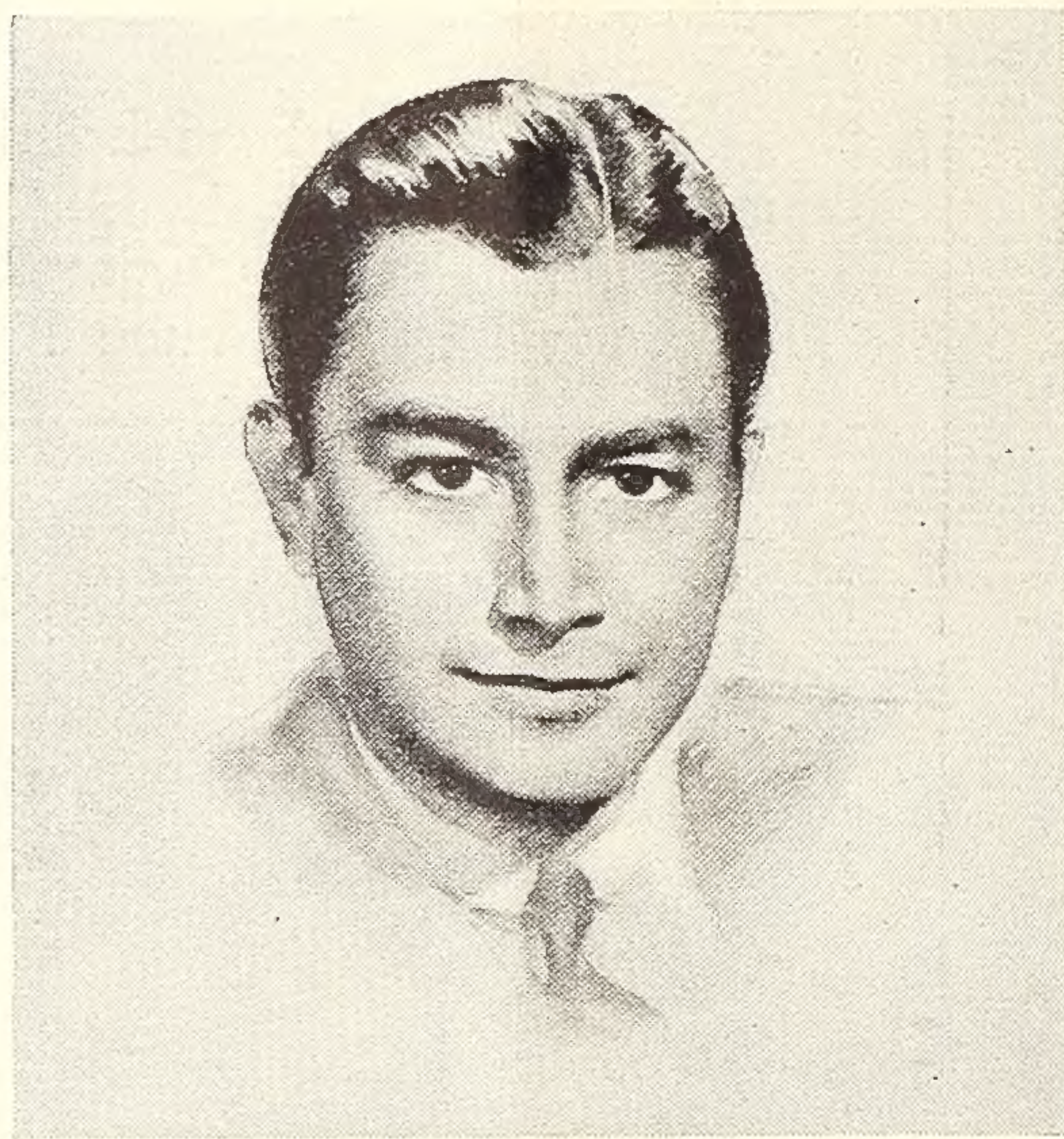


Girls WHICH WOULD YOU

By *Claudette Colbert*



No. 1. The Man of the World
(Melvyn Douglas)



No. 2. The Pushover for Love
(Robert Young)



No. 3. He Thinks He Owns Her
(Lee Bowman)

Yes, if you were a working girl, out on your one big fling, a vacation you'd saved up for, for years, and three men told you they loved you and wanted to marry you, which one would you pick? The gay, casual, fun-loving lad who's just a pushover for any girl who comes along and who is sure she's going to be a pushover for him? The man

of the world who always has to cover up his emotions with a veneer of sophistication? The serious-minded youngster who thinks, because he's gone around with you back home awhile, that he owns you? I don't know what your answer is going to be. But I know you're going to get a kick out of the way we've answered the question in Paramount's

MAN MARRY?



"And to think only a couple of weeks ago I was working in an old department store from nine in the morning till six at night . . . Come on you two, get out the skis."

"I Met Him In Paris." And, between ourselves, I want to tell you the big bobsled accident in "I Met Him In Paris" may not frighten you . . . but, gee, was I scared!

(Listen, girls, Claudette forgot to tell you. But you can take it from us, the Parisian styles she goes in for in this picture will knock your eyes out.)

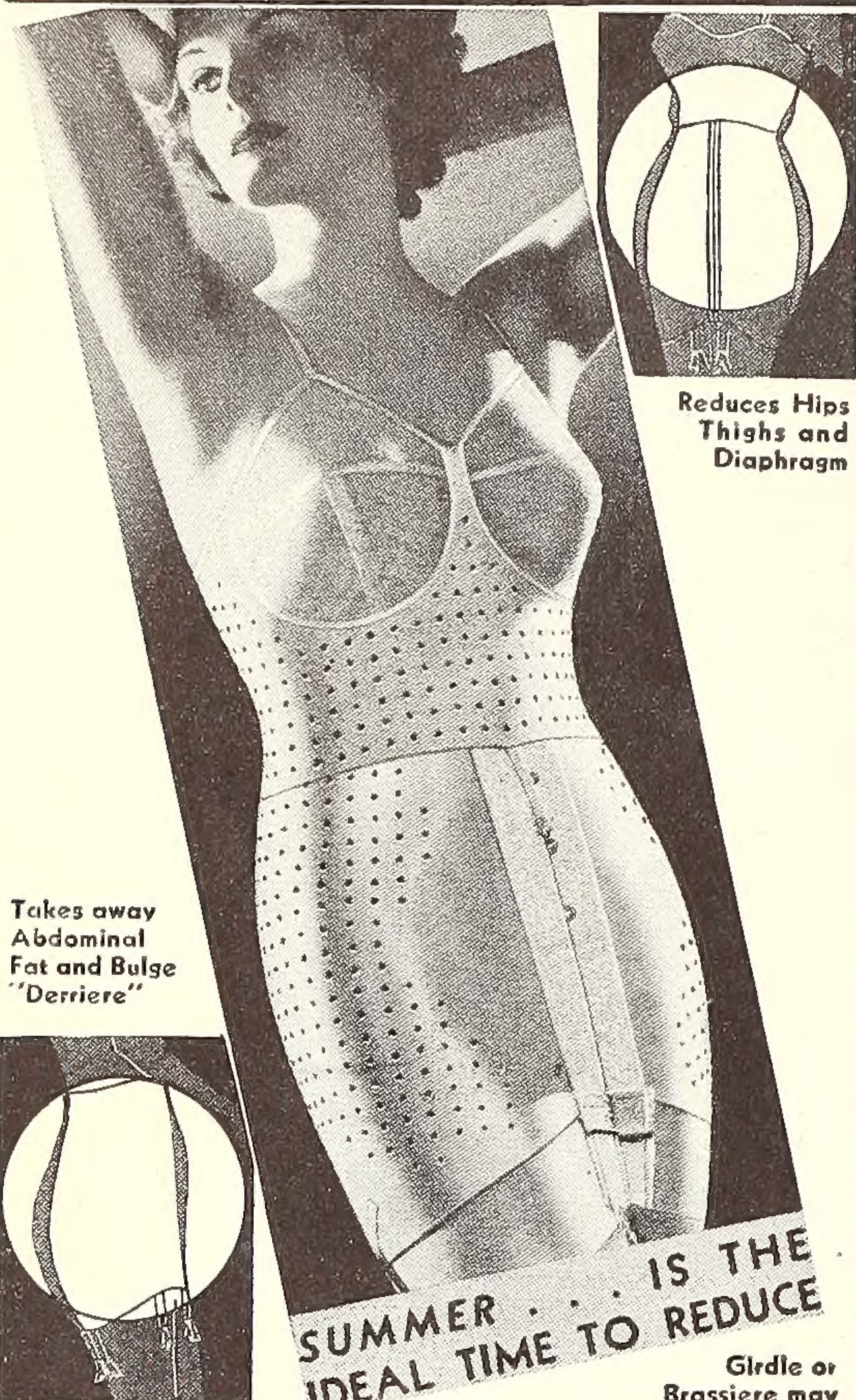
Claudette Colbert
in
"I Met Him In Paris"
with **Melvyn Douglas**
and **Robert Young**

Produced and directed by WESLEY RUGGLES
A Paramount Picture

Quickly...

Correct These Figure Faults

Perfolastic Not Only Confines,
It Removes Ugly Bulges!



Reduces Hips
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Diaphragm

Takes away
Abdominal
Fat and Bulge
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Girdle or
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Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the quick, safe way to reduce... Perfolastic.

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**IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE
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Salutes



and Snubs

FAVORITE PEOPLE

My favorites among the pretties of Hollywood, because I think them prettiest, are: Anita Louise, Ida Lupino, Myrna Loy, and Ginger Rogers. The handsomest actors: Bing Crosby, Gene Raymond, and Clark Gable. And, to complete my favorite list, Gary Cooper is the best actor, and Luise Rainer and Bette Davis the best actresses.

Dot Mason,
Atlanta, Ga.

FOSTER DESERVES THE BEST

Of all the actors who deserve, for a welcome change, a really good rôle, I nominate Preston Foster. And now that the part of *Rhet Butler* in "Gone With the Wind" seems the current standard for prize male screen honors, I enter Preston's name in the lists.

Faith Ferris,
North Vassalboro, Me.

ONE MORE FOR MOORE

Praise be! Grace Moore has come to life! The "dead pan" look has vanished, the light opera stage presence is discarded. That gal can really act. She proved it in "When You're in Love" to my utmost satisfaction and glee. Add me to her fans, please.

Lucille Carpenter,
1616 G Street,
Lincoln, Nebr.

MARCH MARCHES ON

As the screen's most versatile, talented and likeable actor, I nominate Fredric March, who has managed to retain his high

A Salute for Preston Foster! Letter writers pay favor to a favorite actor, and in this romantic scene above, Jean Muir is with them in showing partiality for Preston. He and Jean, by the way, are a new romantic duo, in "Outcasts of Poker Flats."

position in the film firmament without benefit of ballyhoo. I Salute him as the No. 1 actor of the screen.

Ernest H. Jakins,
Cheshunt, Hertfordshire,
England.

WANTS QUILLAN REWARDED

I wish the producers would wake up and give Eddie Quillan the breaks he deserves. He gave a very fine performance in "Mutiny on the Bounty." But was he rewarded? Hardly; for he hasn't had a decent part since.

Katherine Theilen,
Tomahawk, Wisc.

PUT YOUR IDEAS ON PAPER

If you've anything on your mind regarding Hollywood, its stars, and its cinema works—and who hasn't?—it's better to make them known far and wide than consign them to oblivion in the silence of your own counsel. Hollywood and your fellow readers would like to hear them. So why not come right out with your thoughts in a letter to this department of, by and for the people Hollywood strives to please. Please restrict each comment to fifty words or less, but write as many letters as you please. Address to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

WOMEN WERE HIS IDOLS! MONEY WAS HIS GOD!

Revelling, fighting, marching with the mighty surge of America, they flamed in gaudy glory through the wildest, wickedest city on earth . . . these fabulous "robber barons" of the realm of Rule-or-Ruin . . . building railroad empires by day, and flinging away their lives and fortunes on Pleasure's darlings by night!

At last—the blazing romance of glamorous Josie Mansfield and flashing Jim Fisk . . . reckless titan who battled his way to a throne of cornered gold, then madly danced with his love down the primrose path to Black Friday . . . The screen sensation of a decade, played by a galaxy of stars in a hell-bent world of wine and women!

EDWARD ARNOLD
CARY GRANT • JACK OAKIE
FRANCES FARMER
in
"THE TOAST OF NEW YORK"

Directed by
Rowland V. Lee

An Edward Small
Production

An RKO Radio Picture



SCREENLAND Honor Page

Salute to James Stewart, who proves he is indeed "a very remarkable fellow" with his picturesque performance of *Chico* in "Seventh Heaven"



Antithesis of the Robert Taylor type is James Stewart—not handsome, not showy, but appealingly real, particularly as he appears as *Chico* in "Seventh Heaven," above. His love scenes can be colorful, as you see him with Simone Simon at right.



THE tall, rangy, nonchalant lad whom you've liked in Metro musicals and dramas now comes into his own—in a motion picture made on another "lot!" It remained for Darryl Zanuck of Twentieth Century-Fox to give M-G-M's young hopeful his first real chance, the co-starring rôle with Simone Simon in the new version of "Seventh Heaven." And how James Stewart jumps at the chance! He carries the picture on his broad shoulders with careless charm and grace; he practically IS *Chico*, the Paris sewer boy—with all his brusque gallantry, his appealing bravado, his touching faith. Here is a new star; what's more, here is the unpretentious pioneer of a new school of screen acting—realistic rather than romantic. Stewart is no handsome hero, but a most ingratiating and natural young man with an authentic talent which "Seventh Heaven" affords its first genuine opportunity.



Hollywood "Success Stories"



CASTING TODAY

HOW TO BECOME A MOVIE STAR

Test No. 1

Can you kiss a man passionately when you really want to slap him? * Can you laugh when you feel like crying? Can you cry when you feel like laughing? * Can you take constant criticism without losing your temper? * Can you learn two pages of dialogue in an hour? * Can you stand publicity about everything in your private life? * Can you stand to be emotionally shocked by seeing the *truth* about Hollywood? At last it has been filmed—the unforgettably moving, hilarious portrayal of Hollywood behind-the-scenes.

SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL PRESENTS IN TECHNICOLOR

JANET GAYNOR FREDRIC MARCH

"A STAR IS BORN"

WITH ADOLPHE MENJOU · MAY ROBSON
ANDY DEVINE · LIONEL STANDER

Produced by

DAVID O. SELZNICK

Directed by

WILLIAM A. WELLMAN

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS
SCREENLAND

TAKE NO CHANCES
with 1/2 Way Tooth Pastes



Do this
**TO MAKE
TEETH GLEAM**



For teeth that gleam with jewel-like lustre gums too must be cared for. So *don't* trust to ordinary tooth pastes. Get the *two-way* protection so many dentists advise.

1. Clean teeth by brushing all surfaces with Forhan's in the usual manner.
2. Massage gums briskly with 1/2 inch of Forhan's on the brush or finger.

Results are amazing! Gums are stimulated, soon teeth show a new brilliance.

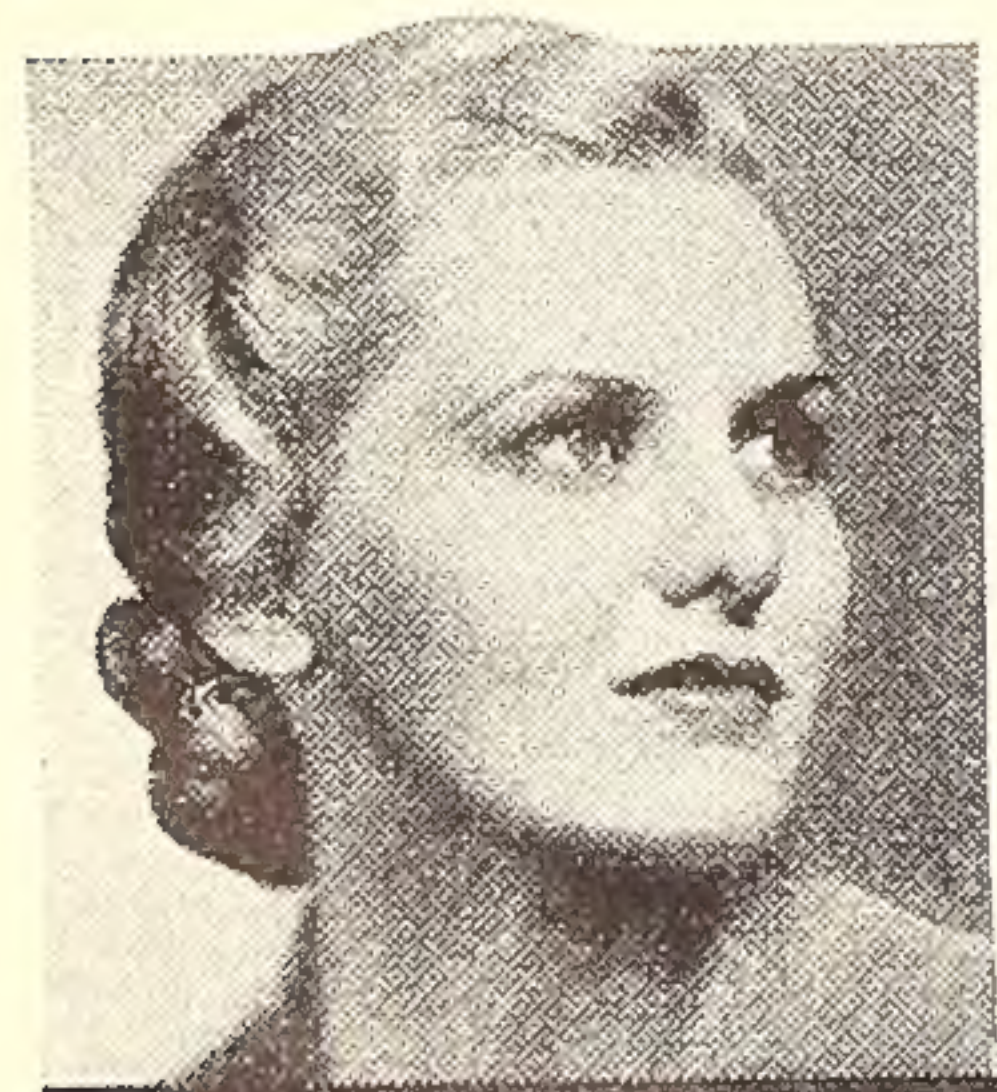
Forhan's Tooth Paste was originated by Dr. R. J. Forhan, eminent dental surgeon, to do *both* vital jobs—*clean teeth* and *safeguard gums*. It contains a special ingredient found in no other tooth paste. End *half-way* care. Buy a tube of Forhan's today!

Forhan's
DOES BOTH JOBS { CLEANS TEETH SAVES GUMS }

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Beauty*
WITH

Mercolized Wax

Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. This single cream is a complete beauty treatment.

Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemished outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath.

Just pat Mercolized Wax on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty.

USE Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.



Inside the Stars' Homes

Formal dining the English way, with Margot Grahame your hostess

By Betty Boone

IF YOU should be invited to a formal dinner at Margot Grahame's, more than likely this would be the menu:

- Caviar
- Grapefruit Cup
- Grilled Sole
- Mutton with Onion Sauce
- Fresh Peas and Mushrooms
- Lemon Pie
- Celery
- Coffee
- Cheese

"I live in a Spanish house, landscaped in typical California style with banana, cactus, and palms; but when my friends come to my house they expect English food," smiled the blonde star, looking even more fair and slender in a close-fitting black dress.

"It doesn't seem to matter whether my guests are English themselves, or whether they are Americans or any other nationality—Anton Walbrook is from Vienna, Elizabeth Allan is from London, Akim Tamiroff is Russian—they demand my special dishes.

"We begin with caviar. For grapefruit cup, my cook dices the fruit, dresses each cup with a cherry and pours curacao over it.

"When I'm lucky enough to get them, I serve grilled soles—English ones—with lemon and chopped parsley, just slightly crisped in the English way.

"Now and then the meat course may be roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, but my personal preference is roast mutton with potatoes roasted under the meat, lusciously brown and rich. Traditionally, mint sauce is served with this, and I have it on hand, but I insist that my guests try the onion sauce first. Onion sauce—!" She threw a kiss at the conjured vision of it.

"This is the way you make onion sauce:

Equisite table appointments, above, are essential to formality: candle-light, glistening crystal, gleaming silver—and fair Margot herself personally arranging the flowers, below.

Boil four large Spanish onions; drain and add butter, pepper and salt; then add two cups of milk in which you've stirred cornstarch to thicken; let this simmer for five or ten minutes.

"If you've never tried fresh peas and mushrooms together, try it now!

"I never serve salad. English people haven't learned to eat salads, and I must admit I still do *not* care for it with my dinner. I like your American salads very much, and can cheerfully make a whole meal of one—at noon.

"Desserts served at my house are never



English, however. English desserts are too heavy, too stodgy. I am thoroughly sold on American desserts. My cook makes perfect lemon pie. She must tell you her recipe—but I am convinced that the successful pie maker is born with the gift; and light, flaky piecrust is the result of special talent. We also serve apple pie, or, during the holiday season, mince pie, and sometimes whatever fruits are in season."

LEMON CREAM PIE

Cream 2½ tablespoons butter and 3 cups sugar. Beat into them the lightly beaten yolks of 3 eggs, grated rind and juice of 3 lemons, ½ cup of thin cream and lastly the stiffly beaten whites of 3 eggs. Pour the mixture into pastry lined pie tins and bake in a medium oven until set. Do not let the mixture stand after mixing. Sprinkle the baked pies with finely chopped toasted almonds and powdered sugar.

"Last of all comes a good dry cheese and crisp celery. I shall never forget my amazement when I attended my first American dinner and saw celery served first!" She made a wry face. "Celery is a digestive and should, of course, top the meal. "Coffee and brandy is served in the library. Which reminds me! A short time ago I served just such a dinner as this one to a group of American friends. When the lemon pie was placed before them, nobody touched it. I waited a few minutes, chatting lightly, and wondering wildly if all my guests disliked lemon pie, or what on earth was the matter? I forked mine around as a hint, but no one followed my lead. I was beginning to think I'd have to ring for the butler and ask him to bring us a different dessert, when one of the men, (I was better acquainted with him than



Relax and rehearse, is pretty 21-year old Margaret Tallichet's plan for making good in screen rôles she has won by persistence and hard work in Hollywood.

with the others who were recent acquaintances), laughed and said: 'Darling, you must let him bring the coffee now. We are all stupid Americans and we simply must have our coffee with our pie!' I rang for the coffee, but how I worried about my fine old brandy which is always served in the coffee. What a mixture—lemon pie, brandy, and coffee!" "I do not serve cigarettes at my table. If my guests want to smoke, they may do so. I'm not a chain smoker, though I'm afraid I do a lot of it, but not at meals. One of England's finest actors taught me that lesson. I was just seventeen when he took me to my first important dinner, and I smoked all through it, feeling tremen-

dously sophisticated. When he was seeing me home that night, he said something I have never forgotten. "Margot, my child, never, never smoke during a meal! It is the greatest disrespect you can show your host. A smoker cannot properly taste food.' He was a connoisseur of food; you know the type. He'd be properly shocked if you neglected to serve white wine with turtle soup and so on!" Margot says her house really should belong to the League of Nations, for the living room is Spanish, the library English, the bedroom French, and the hall typically Hollywood, what with the curving stair, the studio window and grand- (Please turn to page 94)

WASH HER FRESH UNDIES—A 5-DAY DRESS!



Foolish Joan! But when cousin Judy came to visit she learned—

WELL, JUDY, YOUR DRESS LOOKS CLEAN! WHY SHOULD YOU LUX IT?

I'D HATE TO RISK EVEN A HINT OF PERSPIRATION ODOR, JOAN. I ALWAYS LUX MY DRESSES AFTER A COUPLE OF WEARINGS

BUT YOU'VE NEVER NOTICED THAT IN ME, HAVE YOU?

WELL, I DID, JOAN—TODAY. LUX TAKES IT ALL AWAY, YOU KNOW AND HONESTLY IT KEEPS A DRESS LIKE NEW

LATER

GEE, JOAN, YOU'RE THE SWEETEST THING! JUST LIKE A FLOWER

JERRY'S RUSHING ME AT LAST—MAYBE JUDY'S LUX TIP DID IT

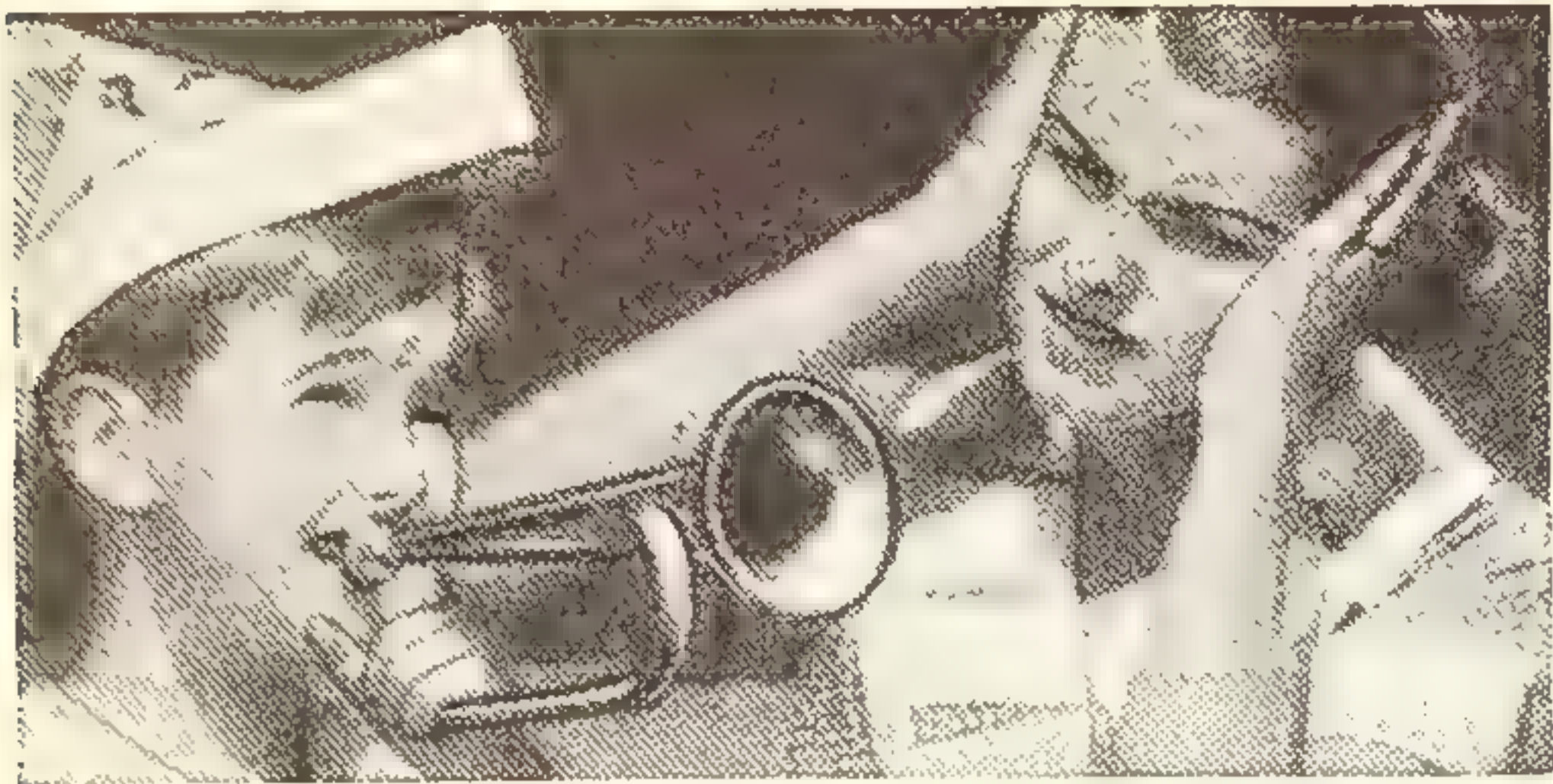
Dresses absorb perspiration odor... Avoid Offending

Dainty women shrink from offending others. They Lux their dresses often. Any dress safe in water is safe in Lux. Lux removes perspiration odor completely—prevents offending. Lux has no harmful alkali and with Lux there's no injurious cake-soap rubbing.



FOR DRESSES

THOUGHT HER NERVES WOULD **SNAP!**



● I was depressed, jumpy, irritable. Sharp noises made me want to scream. I knew what the trouble was—but dreaded taking bad-tasting laxatives. One day I asked my aunt for advice. "Child," she said, "phone for FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum laxative."

**FEELS
LIKE HER
REAL SELF
AGAIN**



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FEEN-A-MINT

THE CHEWING GUM LAXATIVE
THE 3 MINUTES OF CHEWING MAKE THE DIFFERENCE

If You Seek..
..a **CLEARER** Skin
try this
Simple Daily Care



CLEANSE the pores daily with warm water and Resinol Soap. Its rich, Resinol-filled lather gently removes clogging waste and surface grime, making your skin feel really clean--live--refreshed. Especially agreeable to sensitive skin. To relieve the itchy soreness and aid healing of surface pimples or like irritations, apply soothing Resinol Ointment.

Resinol products sold at all drug stores. For free sample write to Resinol, Dept. 6-B, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol
Ointment and Soap

TAGGING the Talkies

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 52 and 53



Top of
the Town
Universal

A dazzling array of talent, with well known as well as new film performers offering various specialties. A trite yarn strings the numbers together. But the film brings you George Murphy's dancing, Doris Nolan's beauty, comedy by Ella Logan, Hugh Herbert, Henry Armetta, Mischa Auer and Gregory Ratoff; and also lets you hear the singing of Gertrude Neisen. There are some very lavish dance numbers.

Fifty
Roads to
Town

20th Cen-
tury-Fox



A generally amusing comedy concerning a boy and girl who, between nagging father and fleeing a troublesome warrant server, make their problems highly diverting most of the time. Ann Sothorn proves a star light comedienne. Don Ameche adds to his record of good performances, while Slim Summerville, Jane Darwell, John Qualen, Douglas Fowley, Allan Lane and Alan Dinehart contribute to make it pleasing.

Elephant
Boy

Korda-
United
Artists



Another achievement of camera work by Robert Flaherty, pioneer in bringing the drama of primitive people to the screen. What there is of the Kipling story on which it is based holds no great dramatic attractions, but the spectacular realism of jungle hunting and elephant driving makes an impressive photographic record. Also an Indian boy actor, Sabu, is a screen "natural." A big game adventure by proxy.

Waikiki
Wedding

Paramount



A riot of comedy, captivating tunes and beautiful photography, with Bing Crosby in the middle. A light story, but the proceedings are pleasant and hold on to the interest. Bob Burns as Bing's pal has never been better, nor has Martha Raye ever used her amusing talents to better effect. Shirley Ross, George Barbier, Lief Erickson, Grady Sutton and others help loads. Bing is terrific. You'll surely enjoy all of it.

History is
Made at
Night

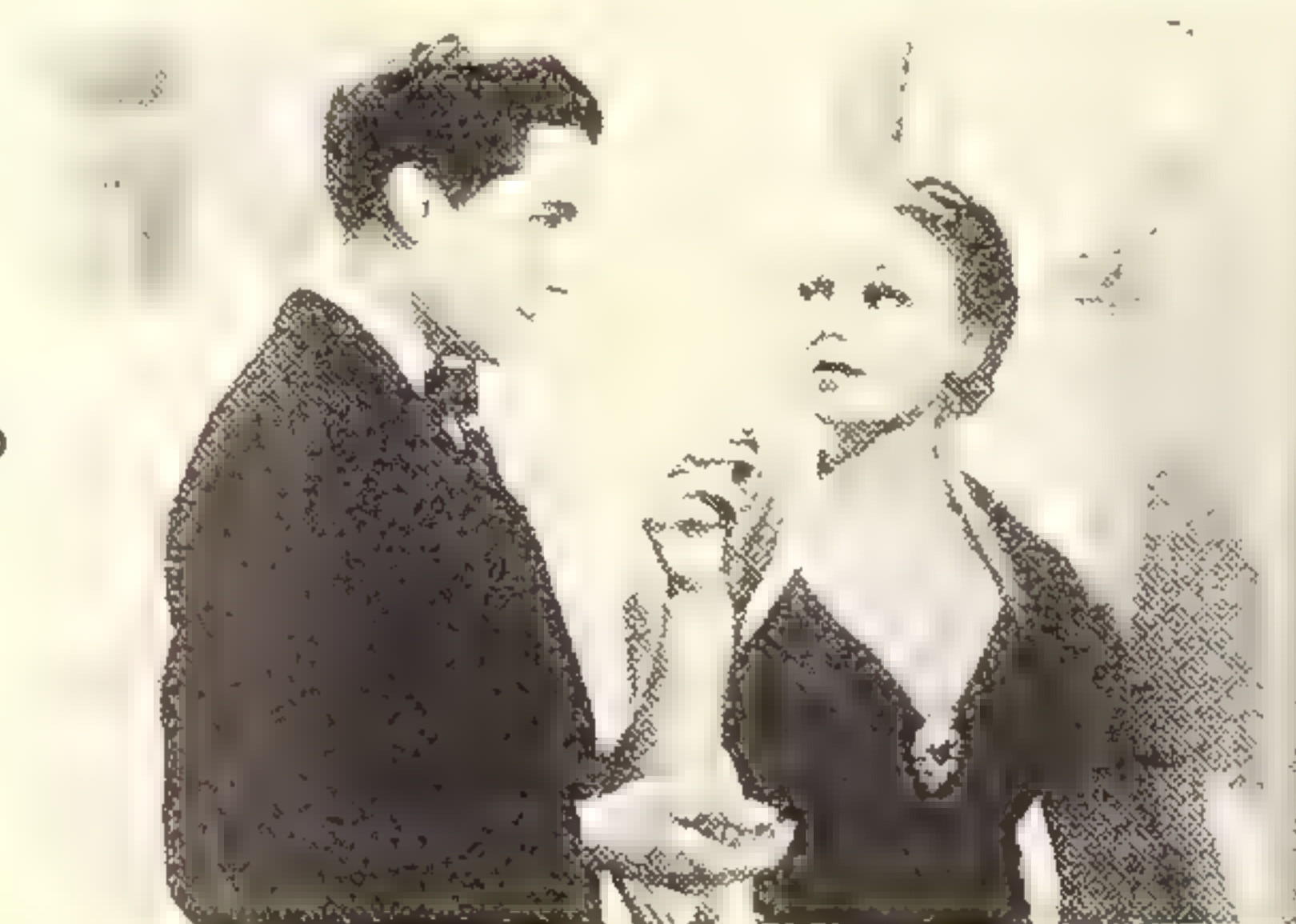
United
Artists



Jean Arthur and Charles Boyer give charming, polished performances in a drama of love and hate, with comedy splendidly supplied by Leo Carillo. Colin Clive's jealousy drives his wife, Jean, from him. She falls in love with Boyer, and Clive's attempted revenge causes a shipwreck which makes way for a lovers' reunion. Very fine acting, good production, and a spectacular climax make it an unusual film.

Think
Fast,
Mr. Moto

20th Cen-
tury-Fox



The J. P. Marquand story turns into an involved tale in this film version. Peter Lorre does not quite live up to our conception of *Mr. Moto*, but possibly those not familiar with the original stories will not find this fault with the picture about a playboy son of a steamship magnate and a to-do about smuggling and a hostess in a Shanghai night club. Virginia Field, Thomas Beck make up a good cast.

Silent
Barriers

Gaumont-
British



Action and more of it keep you so busy just looking, you're likely to overlook the frailties of story material and construction. It's something about the building of the Canadian Pacific rail route through the Rockies to the Pacific. Richard Arlen is the swashbuckling hero of this spectacular western with its beautiful scenery. J. Farrell MacDonald, Lilli Palmer, and an English cast are in support. Moves fast.

When
Love is
Young

Universal



Refreshing comedy drama of a small town girl who makes good in the big city. Virginia Bruce, as the young rustic who later blossoms into a musical comedy star, has the best rôle of her career and plays it with fetching charm and the greatest skill. Kent Taylor, as the press agent, is also seen to advantage. Walter Brennan, Greta Meyer, Christian Rub and the others are excellent. Here's fine clean entertainment.

San
Quentin

Warners



Good entertainment, for all its seeming glorification of a famous penitentiary. It presents Pat O'Brien finely cast as an ex-Army officer in charge of the prison yard. Ann Sheridan, the love interest, has her best opportunity to date, and makes the most of it. Humphrey Bogart, as Ann's wayward brother, gives his expected fine performance. Barton MacLane and Joseph Sawyer also prominent. Good melodrama.

Swing
High,
Swing
Low

Paramount



It all adds up to marvelous entertainment, with superbly gay performances by Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray—really tops for both of them. It's the boy meets girl, boy leaves girl, girl follows boy, girl leaves boy idea with suspense built up to terrific pitch. There are fine supporting performances by Charles Butterworth, Jean Dixon, Dorothy Lamour and Cecil Cunningham. A picture you must not miss.

Another
Dawn

Warners



A triangle drama about an unhappy woman, wife of British officer in the Sudan, in love with a young captain. Each of the three are so gosh-all noble it hurts. Despite this, Errol Flynn manages to come through with a refreshing portrait of the young captain, and Kay Francis succeeds in looking exceedingly lovely, while Ian Hunter, as the husband, is excellent. Staged so brilliantly, it nevertheless lacks force.

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WITH UNDER-ARM
IRRITATION!

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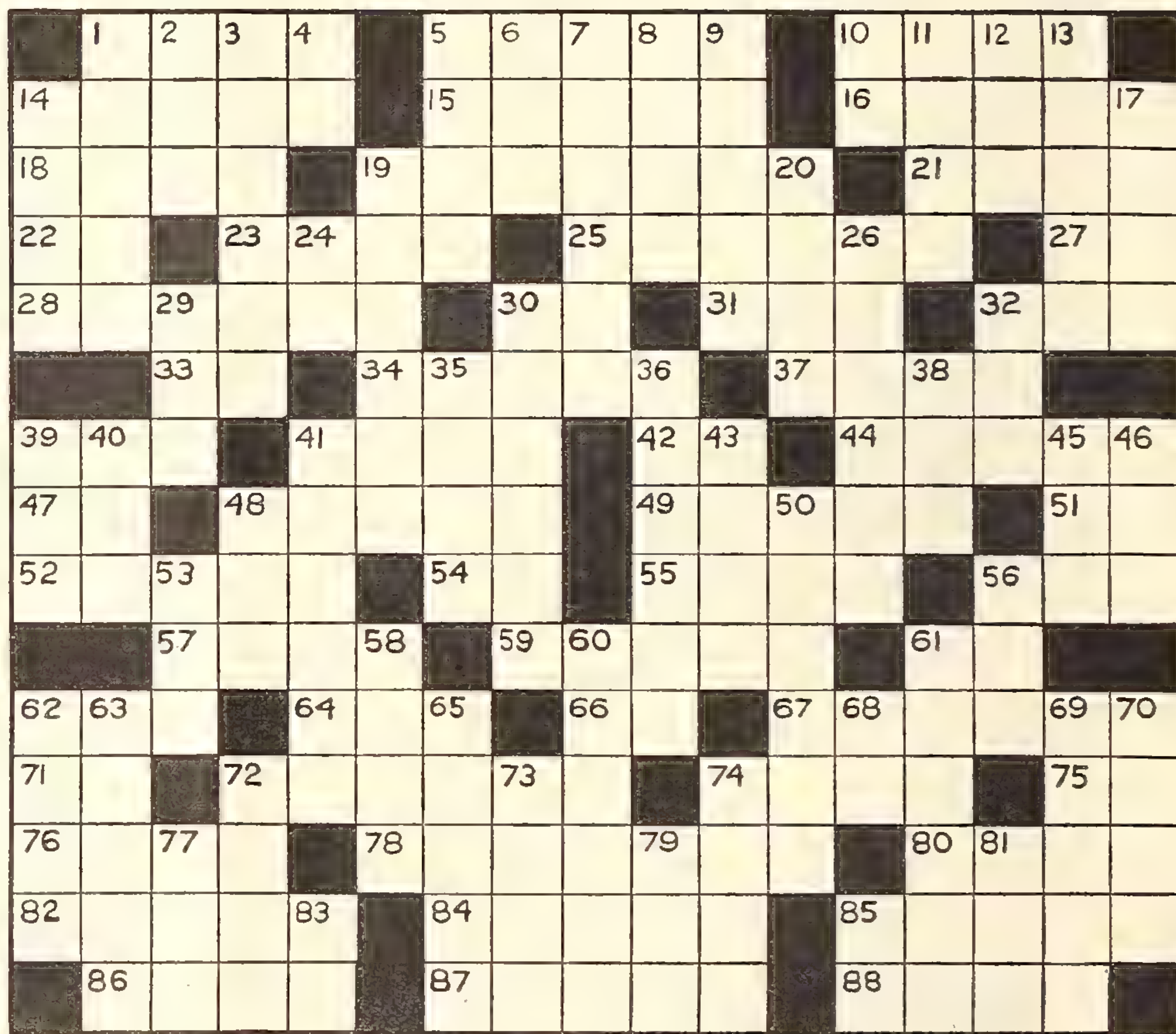
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SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



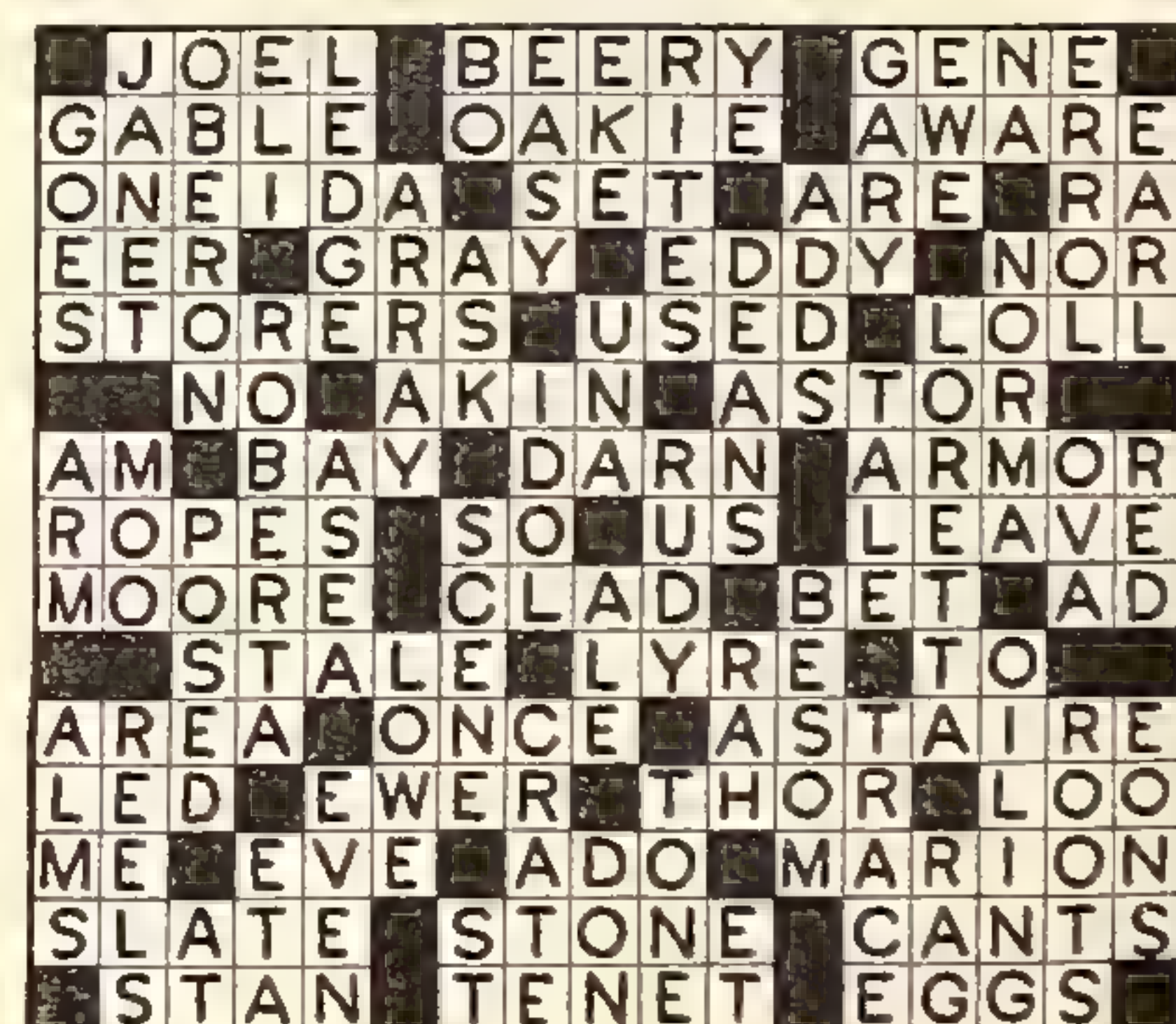
ACROSS

1. Hero in "When You're In Love"
5. Splendor of attire
10. The screen's "Holy Terror"
14. A light boat
15. A flower
16. Charlie Chan
18. What you breathe with
19. Star of "Swing High, Swing Low"
21. On top of
22. Like
23. She plays Pat Arlen in "Green Light"
25. To bear
27. Printers' measure
28. Star of "The Devil's Playground"
30. Either
31. Mineral spring
32. Before
33. Part of to be
34. The direction a compass points
37. German star of silent days ("The Last Laugh")
39. Small lump
41. Luise Rainer's rôle in "The Great Ziegfeld"
42. He's married to Ruby Keeler
44. More peculiar
47. One
48. Ingenue in "A Son Comes Home"
49. Kitty O'Shea in "Parnell"
51. Boy violinist in "A Doctor's Diary"
52. Endured
54. Near (abbrev.)
55. Entreaty
56. She's Mrs. John Monk Saunders
57. Minus
59. An animal that bleats
61. Note of the scale
62. A color
64. A tree
66. Abraham's birthplace (Biblical)
67. Co-star of "Beloved Enemy"
71. European measure of area
72. Insertions
74. Expires
75. Roman numeral four
76. Ginger's co-star
78. Ingenue in "Drummond Es- capes"
80. To bathe
82. Rings slowly
84. Convincing evidence
85. Officers' assistants
86. What a hen does with eggs
87. Gritty
88. College official
45. Epoch
46. Young hero in "The Return of Sophie Lang"
48. Comic star of "When's Your Birthday?"
50. To mend
53. "Hutch," a Wallace Beery film
56. Distant
58. A soft silk belt
60. His most famous rôle is "Dodsworth"
61. He played Romeo with Shearer
62. Leading man in "Yours For the Asking"
63. Star of "Green Light"
65. Retains
68. That man
69. Merle Oberon's Heart Throb
70. Nights before holidays
72. Aimlessly
73. The famous plantation in "Gone With the Wind"
74. To dare or challenge
77. Note of the old scale
79. Bricklayer's equipment
81. Girl's name
83. Ocean liner (abbrev.)
85. Paid notice (abbrev.)

DOWN

1. Reason
2. Star of "Love From A Stranger"
3. Astaire's team-mate
4. Biblical pronoun
5. English river
6. Edge
7. Co-star of "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney"
8. Featured actor in "The King and The Chorus Girl"
9. Measures of length
10. Hepburn's rôle in "Little Women"
11. Bitter drug
12. Walter Huston's wife
13. To come into (a room)
14. Dressed
17. Finished
19. Armand's father in "Camille"
20. To deceive
24. Japanese measure
26. A movie, with Loretta Young and Don Ameche
29. Cover
30. "Without ——" (A Sally Eilers film)
32. Ancient days (poetic)
35. The lawyer in "Country Gentlemen"
36. Receptacle for laundry
38. Ingenue in "Sea Devils"
39. Has been
40. Insect
41. Ingenue in "Woman Wise"
43. He played Crane in "Mind Your Own Business"

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Marjorie W. Thanks for your appreciation! Now I'll tell you something about Don Ameche. Before his screen debut, he had stage experience, and a successful radio career for six years. His first big picture was "Sins of Man," followed by "Ramona," "Ladies in Love," "One in a Million," "Love is News," and "Fifty Roads to Town." He is 28 years old, married, has two children, is 6 feet tall, hazel eyes and brown hair. Write to 20th Century-Fox Studio, Hollywood, California, for a photograph of him.

Alice D. Yes, please ask all the questions you wish. I'm glad to answer them. Kathleen Key played with Ramon Novarro in "Ben Hur"; she was *Thirza*, his sister in the picture.

Ruth Thomas. Thanks for all the nice things you say. Herbert Marshall? Born in London, May 23, 1890; educated in St. Mary's College, Harlow, England. His first stage appearance was in the rôle of the servant in "The Adventure of Lady Ursula." He was wounded several times in the World War but served valiantly all through the struggle. He is married to Edna Best, and maintains a home in London, although, due to his popularity with American audiences, he spends a great deal of his time in this country.

Elie S. Yes, Jean Parker is married, to George MacDonald. While in England she appeared opposite Robert Donat in "The Ghost Goes West." Lily Pons is not married now although she has been married. Her most recent picture is "That Girl From Paris." She made her debut in opera in "Lakme" and made a name for herself in the famous Bell Song. Lily is engaged to the musical conductor, André Kostelanetz.

Curious. James Cagney is now with Grand National Pictures. His first film for that company was "Great Guy." And Jimmie's next is titled "Dynamite." So, you'll be seeing him again soon.

S. McF. Alan Baxter was the gangster in "Big Brown Eyes" and "Mary Burns, Fugitive." Sorry, he doesn't give his age.



Sigrid Gurie, Norwegian stage star, has joined Hollywood's film galaxy.

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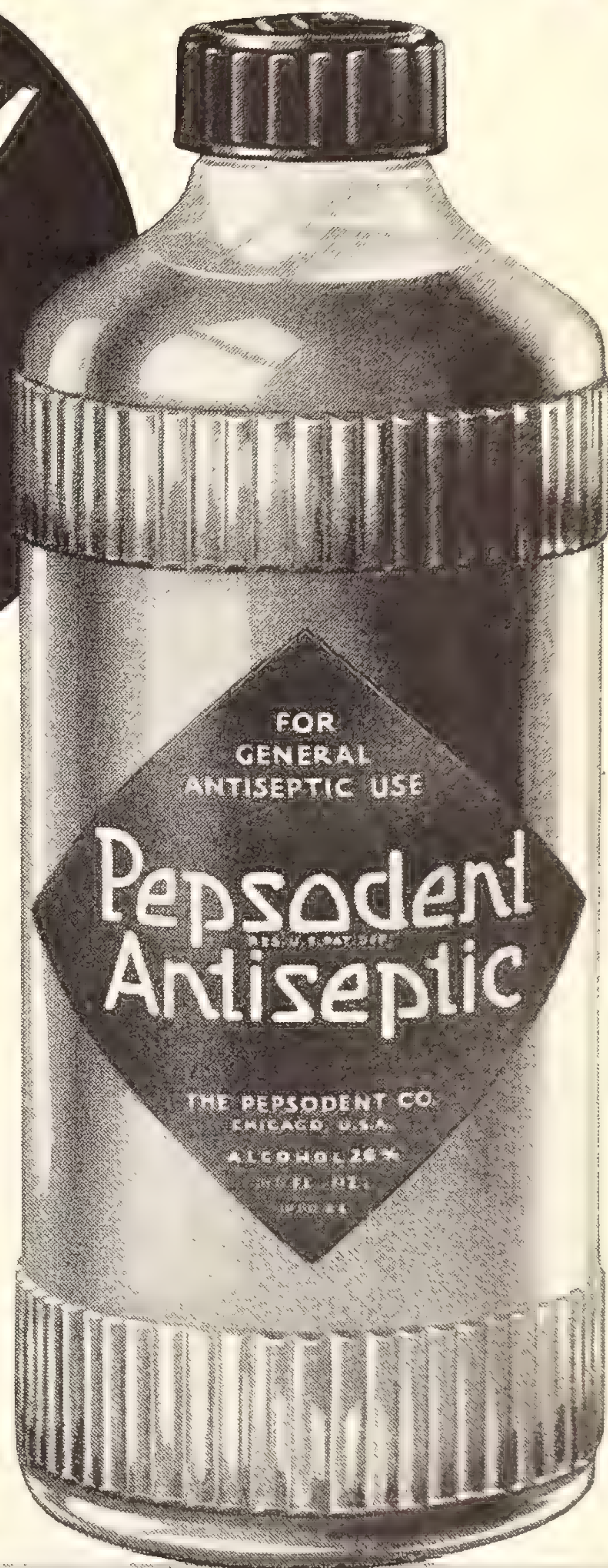
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Thus you get the equivalent of 3 bottles of Antiseptic for the price of 1! Pepsodent now comes in 3 generous sizes — 25c, 50c, and the new bargain size for 75c, the lowest price in history.

Try, today, this remarkably quick way to relieve bad breath and help fight colds.



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THE SHO-WOW OF SHOWS!

Wake Up and Live

THE HOTCHA-TOPSA OF THEM ALL!

with

WALTER WINCHELL
BEN BERNIE
ALICE FAYE
PATSY KELLY
NED SPARKS
JACK HALEY

GRACE BRADLEY • WALTER
 CATLETT • LEAH RAY
 JOAN DAVIS • DOUGLAS
 FOWLEY • MILES MANDER

Directed by Sidney Lanfield.
 Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan.
 Based on Dorothea Brande's Book.

Darryl F. Zanuck
 in Charge of Production

'OKAY, AMERICA!
 ORCHIDS TO 'EM
 ALL-EVEN BERNIE-
 FOR A SWELEGANT
 SHOW! I HOPE I
 DIDN'T SPOIL IT
 ANY MORE THAN
 BERNIE DID! IT'S
 CINEMAGNIFICENT!
 I SHOULD HAVE
 PAID TO BE IN IT!'

'YOWSAH! IT WILL
 THRILL YOU IN
 SPITE OF WINCHELL!
 WITHOUT WIN-
 CHELL, IT'S GRAND
 -WITH WINCHELL,
 I'LL NEVER SEE IT!
 -BUT GEE WHIZ,
 KIDS, IT'S THE
 MOSTA OF THE
 BESTA EVER
 PACKED INTO ONE
 FILM! YOWSAH!'

Glamorous! Galorious! Howlarious!
 Winchell's wincing... Bernie's burn-
 ing... as they flipcrack face to face!

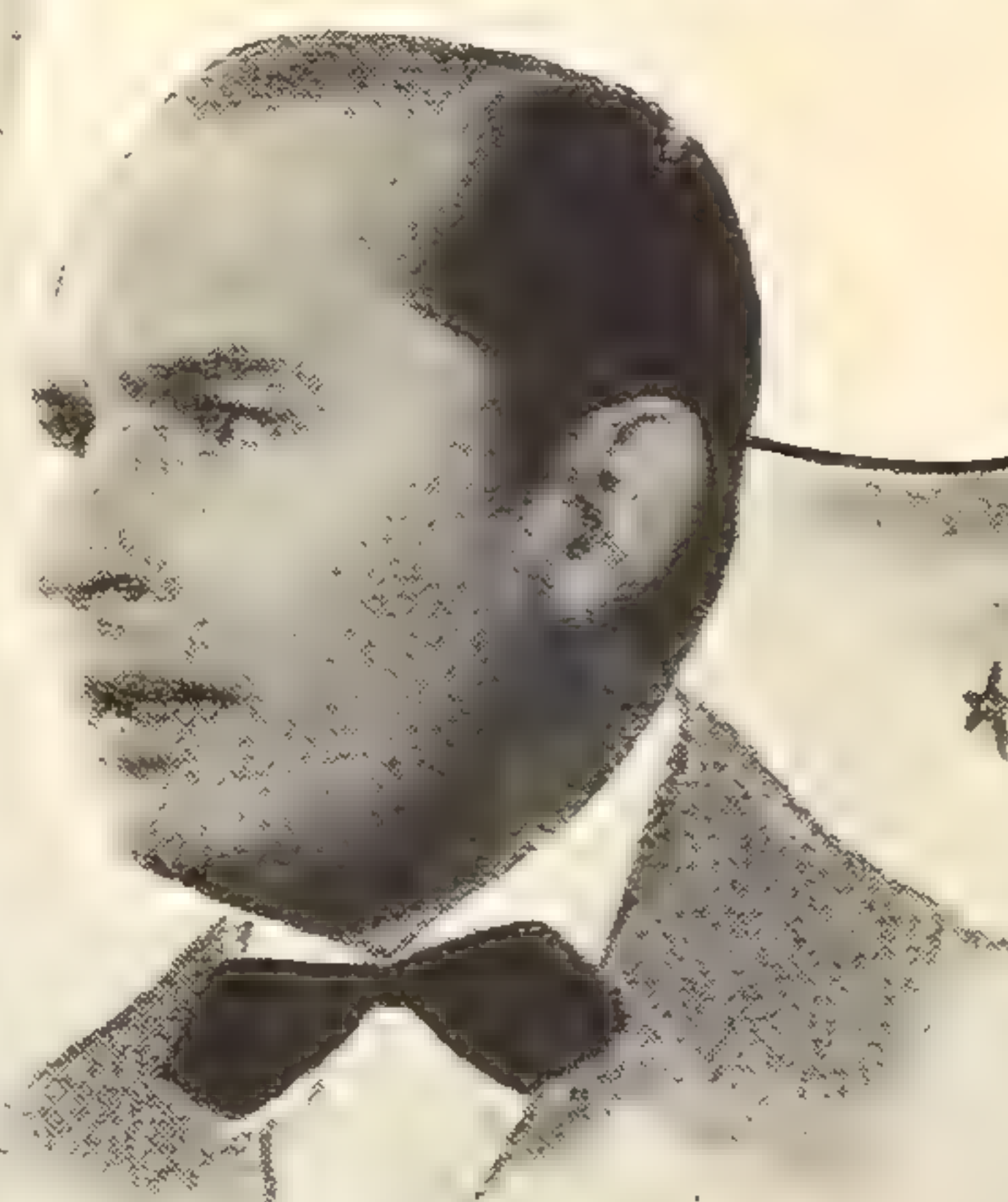


The studio that gave you
 "Sing, Baby, Sing", "One In
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 now brings you the great-
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Nine Gordon and Revel
 hits to make you come
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including

- 'It's Swell Of You'
- 'I'm Bubbling Over'
- 'Never In A Million Years'
- 'There's A Lull In My Life'
- 'Wake Up And Live'





The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Jeanette MacDonald

DEAR MISS MAYTIME:

You win!

Meet your new fan. You have so many hundreds of 'em that one more won't matter. Except to me, for I—am—it.

You see, I resisted for a long time. Oh, yes, I couldn't deny your gorgeous voice, your good looks, and your sweetness. But I attended your pictures, I'm frank to say, merely in the line of duty, and never as a particular pleasure. I liked you in the Lubitsch pictures because of Lubitsch and, for a while, because of Chevalier; but never because of Jeanette MacDonald. To put it frankly, you cloyed. There was so much sweetness and light about you that I was enveloped in gloom by it all. How I wished you would trip up, just once; go off-pitch, or forget to smile. But you never did. And I went more and more anti-MacDonald as time marched on.

Of course, you got along without me all right. "Naughty Marietta" and "Rose-Marie" took you to the top. The advent of Grace Moore, Lily Pons, and Gladys Swarthout seemed only to enhance your lustre. Perhaps it was because you were so serene, so self-sufficient, what with all your calm and poise and fan-clubs, that I kept right on resisting. After all, being reminded of MacDonald perfections in every other mail, by a deluge of MacDonald fan-club raves, hardly made me like you any better. I'm sorry, but that's how I am.

Then—came Spring; came "Maytime." It happened that I missed seeing "Maytime" at a private screening

and caught it, instead, one warm Spring evening, at the very crowded Capitol Theatre on Broadway. I had to stand. I had to see it, that's why; so I stood; and while I stood I became more anti-MacDonald every minute. Finally, pushed and shoved around by ardent MacDonalddites, I found a seat between two rabid devotees. I had to sit there listening to fervent praise of "our Jeanette" every lull in the music. During the superb sequence based upon Tschaikowsky's sublime "Fourth Symphony," I could scarcely hear the great music for the gasping sighs around me. But—some time or other as I sat there, before the final fadeout of "Maytime," I became a MacDonald fan of the first water—in spite of myself. Here, I was forced to admit, was a charming picture girl who was also, amazingly enough, a great artist. Here was a pictorial young woman who could have rested forever on her laurels as the screen's leading heroine of light opera, slaving and studying to become a really fine singer. Here was Jeanette MacDonald, in fast company—Tschaikowsky, no less, and a dash of Mozart, Stothart, and Barrymore—and leading them all. Sweet? Certainly. But now I could forgive that sweetness because it seemed sincere, in those lovely final scenes of the aging prima donna dreaming over lost youth and love.

So, Jeanette, I was wrong. I apologize. I hope to applaud you as the screen's first, full-length star of grand opera. If you want the Met., I hope you get it. Meanwhile, Miss MacDonald, may I join your fan-club?

Delight Evans

The First



LOOK who's writing about babies! Aren't you surprised? But of course. Babies and I haven't had anything in common in quite some time. (Though if you think I'm going to tell you how near the turn of the century it was you *are* crazy.) Now I have nothing against babies really. I think they are a good idea. And I think they are here to stay—but I never do if I see them first. Honestly, I don't go about pinching babies, though there have been times when I was sorely tempted; and I don't break their toys and steal their candy, but there just seems to be a general understanding among the little folk that I am not one of them. They have ganged up on me brutally, and I am completely baffled by it all. When introduced by their fond mamas they either burst into tears, (really, now, I can't be *that* frightening), or they look through me as if I were just so much cellophane, or worst of all they want to play games, and as we don't seem to play the same games we don't get very far. (Before you start quoting that old one about children and dogs I'd like to inform you that dogs adore me, they follow me in packs. So there. Ya-Ya.) Naturally when anything gives you a terrific inferiority complex you avoid it as much as possible, so quite naturally I avoided babies. Until I met Missy.

Missy is seventeen months old, rather tall for her age, with blonde hair and blue eyes, and a sense of humor. The only sense of humor I have ever found in a baby. When I met her she collapsed right in the middle of the floor and almost died laughing, just as if she and I were sharing the biggest joke in the world; then she put her hand in mine and said, "Walk." It got me. I have spent hours with Missy since. She never bores me. But what is more to the point, I never seem to bore her. Unfortunately, oh most unfortunately, because I think she and I could have hit it off very well—unfortunately, Irene Dunne saw her first.

Irene got her first glimpse of Missy last winter in New York City. Missy's name wasn't Missy then, and she was just a little blonde baby in a huge office of a doctor friend. But it was Missy who took one look at the glamorous and chic Irene Dunne of the cinema and threw back her little head and simply roared, "Ha-Ha-Ha." (I regret to tell you, dear reader, that Missy, the little minx, uses the same technique on quite a few peo-

Not for publicity's sake, but because she loved her, did Irene Dunne adopt "Missy," pride and joy of her life! Our drawing shows them together—Miss Dunne refuses to let "Missy" be photographed, to keep her unspoiled. Above, a lovely study of Irene from her new picture.

ple.) Now Irene with all her beauty and success and silver fox doesn't take herself seriously. Being a motion picture star isn't the most important thing in the world to her. She is one of the few glamor girls who can laugh; so when Missy laughed Irene laughed back, and it wasn't long before she was adopted by Dr. and Mrs. Francis D. Griffin. Her name was changed to Mary Frances Griffin, and soon afterwards shortened to Missy, (which I suspect is the Louisville, Kentucky, coming out in Irene). With her nurse she arrived in Hollywood just in time to help her parents celebrate their first Christmas in their new home in Holmby Hills.

Strangely enough Santa Claus brought her a piano. (Irene *would* think of that.) "They laughed when she sat down to play"—Missy laughed too—but they didn't laugh when she started to sing. Missy, they discovered to their complete amazement, has a Voice. Un-huh, competition for Irene. Now of course Missy is much too young to know anything about music, composition, lyrics and all that. She's no child prodigy, thank heavens. But like most children who aren't dull, (the type who snub me), she has a decided gift for mimicry. If she doesn't

True Story of Irene Dunne's Baby!



Two screen aristocrats, Randolph Scott—"from Virginia, suh!"—and Irene Dunne, Southern belle, appear together for Paramount in "High, Wide, and Handsome." Yes, Irene will sing—and don't miss the anecdote about "Missy's" singing in our accompanying exclusive story.

Why did this famous, busy actress adopt a baby, and how has the adorable newcomer influenced her career and her household? Here, for SCREENLAND exclusively, Irene tells you

By Elizabeth Wilson

sang for her—and went her an octave higher! Yes, indeed, it looks an awful lot like a little music lover, (personally I am holding out for a comedienne), has come to Holmby Hills. Irene is making plans. But not the kind of plans you think. Nuts to octaves. If Missy wants to study music when she grows up, all right, but just because she has a flair for it now is no reason why she should have it pushed down her throat. "Lessons," says Irene, "that's all I remember of my childhood. My parents wanted me to be a singer. Whenever I wanted to play with the neighborhood children I had to practice. There were lessons, lessons, always lessons. Even when I grew up and went to New York there were lessons. I don't want Missy to have lessons. I want her to have fun." And if I know Missy as well as I think I do, she's going to have plenty of fun.

In her gay casual little way, with never a pout or a tear, Missy has completely upset Irene's well-ordered life. And Irene, much to the surprise of everyone, loves it. Screen stars, as you know, have hours for this and that—a voice lesson at ten, a rehearsal at two, a fitting at five, a massage at six, and so on; there's something Most Important for every hour of the day. Since she went on the stage in New York Irene has been methodical and conscientious about the business of being an actress. She can make a schedule for the day and keep it to the final dot. She was never late at the theatre, and never late at the studio. No one ever accused Irene of holding up production. Her life and her home ran as smoothly as clockwork—until Missy arrived. *She* fixed all that. Now Irene just relaxes and wonders what will happen next.

"There's such a to-do in the kitchen," Irene says, "over purées and spinach and stewed fruit and the proper timing and heating, that I am lucky these days to get a dinner at all. The cook wouldn't dream of keeping Missy waiting a moment!"

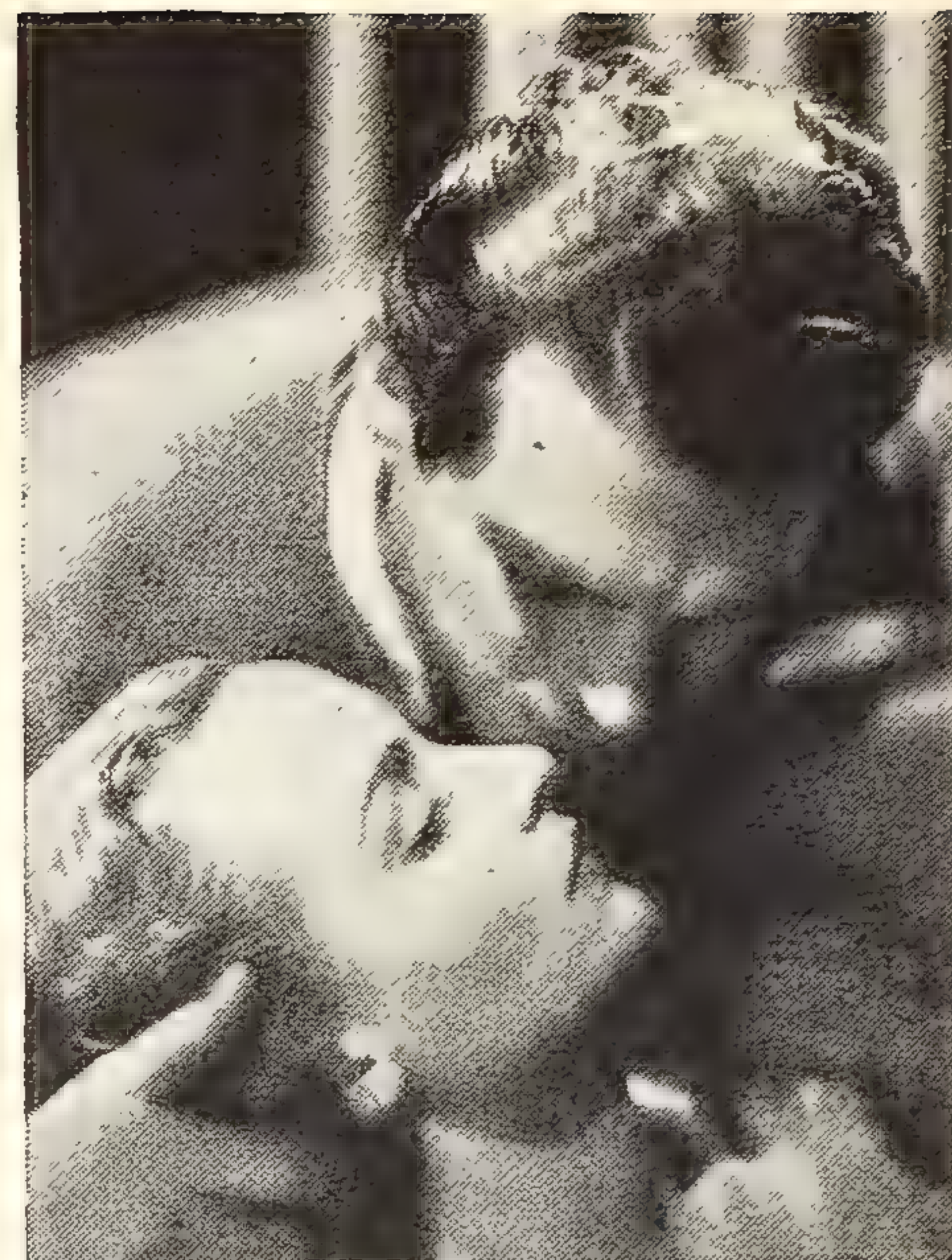
All on account of Missy! It seems that there was Easter. Missy's first Easter in Hollywood. The cook said, "The little darling must have Easter eggs. I'll color some for her and hide them in the nursery." "No," said the maid, "you are too busy. *I'll* dye the eggs." "I'll color them," said the nurse, "I know exactly how to do it." So they all rushed around Hollywood to buy pretty dyes, glaring like mad at each other. When Irene heard about it she nearly had a fit. "Good heavens," she said, "I want to color the eggs. All my life I've wanted to color Easter eggs. After all, Missy is my (*Please turn to page 85*)

grow up to be a diva she'll be a comedienne. Irene, she has decided, is about the most fascinating person in her life and she will sit entranced for hours, (imagine one of those squirmy babies doing *that*), on the floor near the piano in the living room listening to Irene sing. "She's decidedly my best audience," says Irene. But not only does she listen, she watches intently every movement Irene makes with her hands and lips. And then when Irene has finished, she mimics her. It's quite the funniest thing you have ever seen. Missy thinks so too.

Irene and Dr. Griffin weren't so sure about Missy's voice at first; it couldn't be *that* good, they thought; it must be parental pride on their part; but one afternoon a friend of theirs who had formerly sung at the Metropolitan and who has a clear lyric soprano, dropped in for tea, and simply to amuse Missy played and sang for her on her little piano. When she had finished Missy

Carole, ever candid, minces no words in telling what wins in the glamor game

By
Virginia
Wood



Lombard, the scintillating success of today, above, right center, and top right, in a love scene with Fred MacMurray, was overlooked for three other girls in one of her first film parts. A bad break? Read what Carole calls it.

Luck — and Lombard

HOW many times have you looked at the luscious blonde beauty of Carole Lombard on the screen and thought to yourself: "Gosh, she's lucky!"

I admit I might have done just that myself, if I hadn't happened to be in on the very beginning of Carole's rise to fame. Because the first time I ever laid eyes on Missy Lombard, she was one of four girls in a picture starring Charles "Buddy" Rogers. Oddly enough, I can't seem to remember the names of the other girls. But the fact remains that each of those girls had an equal break with Carole to become a success, yet only Carole had the tenacity, or the will power, or the stick-to-it-iveness to take advantage of that opportunity. And luck had absolutely nothing to do with it!

You might even have called it a bad break when Carole, instead of being singled out from the four girls and signed to a contract, was overlooked in the shuffle. But Carole doesn't look at it that way. The fact that she *wasn't* singled out made her stop and wonder why, and she became more and more determined to be not merely one of four girls, but to do whatever was necessary to make herself an individual.

"'Luck,' like the word 'love,' is a word that is toyed with and made to sound like something terribly important," Carole told me the other day. "It's a word of chance that most people mis-use. If they will only stop

and think, they must realize that very few people ever really *win* anything worth while except through labor and hard work.

"After my own twelve years' experience, I can truthfully say that luck hasn't anything to do with success. Determination and tenacity are the important things. Most youthful people—especially young actors—refuse to believe this because they think of motion pictures as a glamorous institution. That is true. But the thing they fail to take into consideration is that it has taken those same glamorous figures they see on the screen years and years of preparation to reach that point of perfection.

"Another much abused expression is 'a bad break' or 'a good break.' In the first place, there is no such thing as a bad break. That very disappointment, which you may have referred to as a bad break, may prove to be the best thing that ever happened to you. In the second place, it is only after a certain number of years that you recognize a good break when you see it. You must necessarily have a certain amount of technical experience behind you to sustain the breaks, good or bad. The good ones come only after you have learned your profession. How can you possibly play a leading. (Please turn to page 83)



Milland is one of Hollywood's most charming younger actors. He took first failure, as he now takes his success, with a smile. Above, in his new film with Wendy Barrie. Right, with his lovely young wife. Upper right, pictorial explanation of the Milland charm. Lower right, Ray in the uniform of the Household Cavalry of George V., when he was just twenty-one.



Charm Chap!

Ray Milland's real-life adventures equipped him for the colorful rôles he is now creating on the screen. Read about them here

By Kenneth March

RAYMOND MILLAND is a Britisher by birth, so according to tradition should be consumed with London reserve and all that sort of thing. To Hollywood he is. But you should get a load of him in his private life. The Millands are about the happiest, albeit the craziest couple in town. Their private life is just about as sane as the Four Marx Brothers and the Three Ritz Brothers playing Post Office with Gracie Allen. They get such a kick out of everything, because they love each other so much. Yet there was a time they didn't appreciate each other at all. A year's separation taught them that it takes *two* to make *one* happy. And they've been just a bit hysterical about it ever since.

As far back as he can remember, Ray was always doing crazy things. Of course they didn't seem *too* crazy to him, because he knew he could be twice as crazy if given half a chance. But everyone else seemed to think he was doing a pretty good job of it, and Ray wasn't one to let people down. Before he ever became a Hollywood star, Ray had to leave the place three times, travel back and forth from England over 38,000 miles before his chance came. And then he almost lost it!

The first time he set foot on American soil, Ray

was brought over by Robert Rubin, Vice-President of M-G-M. Dining with some friends at the Carlton Hotel, Ray was seen by Rubin, introduced, and asked if he would like to go to Hollywood. Ray, who at that time had only appeared in a British picture called "The Flying Scotsman," was delighted. In fact, he was extremely delighted. He signed a contract immediately, packed his bags, and was practically on the boat before he remembered that he had signed a previous contract with André Charlot to do three shows with Beatrice Lillie.

It took all of Ray's histrionic ability, plus the promise to donate fifty pounds to the Actors' Orphanage, before Mr. Charlot would release him from his original obligation. This was in 1931. Ray remained in Hollywood one year under contract to M-G-M. During that time he did a small part with Marion Davies in the "Bachelor Father" and was loaned out to Warner Brothers to play opposite Constance Bennett in a picture called "Bought." The latter engagement was a little experience that convinced Ray he wasn't God's gift to the amusement world. He determined to go back to England as soon as his contract had expired. And he did, just giving himself enough time to meet Muriel Weber, (*Please turn to page 68*)



What's Left for Janet Gaynor?

By Ben Maddox

Gaynor, the girl who conquered the world with wistfulness, as she is today, above, pondering her future course. Right, a scene with Charles Farrell from "Seventh Heaven," which started Janet on an amazing career of box-office supremacy, and now is offered in a new version with Simone Simon in the famous Gaynor rôle.



Center below, Janet in her new film, "A Star is Born," with Adolphe Menjou sharing honors in this scene. Directly below, Gaynor and her friend, Margaret Lindsay. Across page, reading down, Janet as she looked some time ago, in "One More Spring," with Warner Baxter; later, in her picture with Robert Taylor, "Small Town Girl," and, at bottom, in "Ladies in Love." At far right a new portrait of Janet Gaynor in a costume she wears in "A Star is Born."

WHAT will Janet Gaynor do *next*? Today she is at the crossroads, not only of her career but of her whole life. It is the most momentous, critical moment she has ever had to face.

She is battling within herself, attempting to plan exactly how she is to live from now on. She finally has found the leisure to discover what she wants, to sort her desires. This is the real turning-point for her.

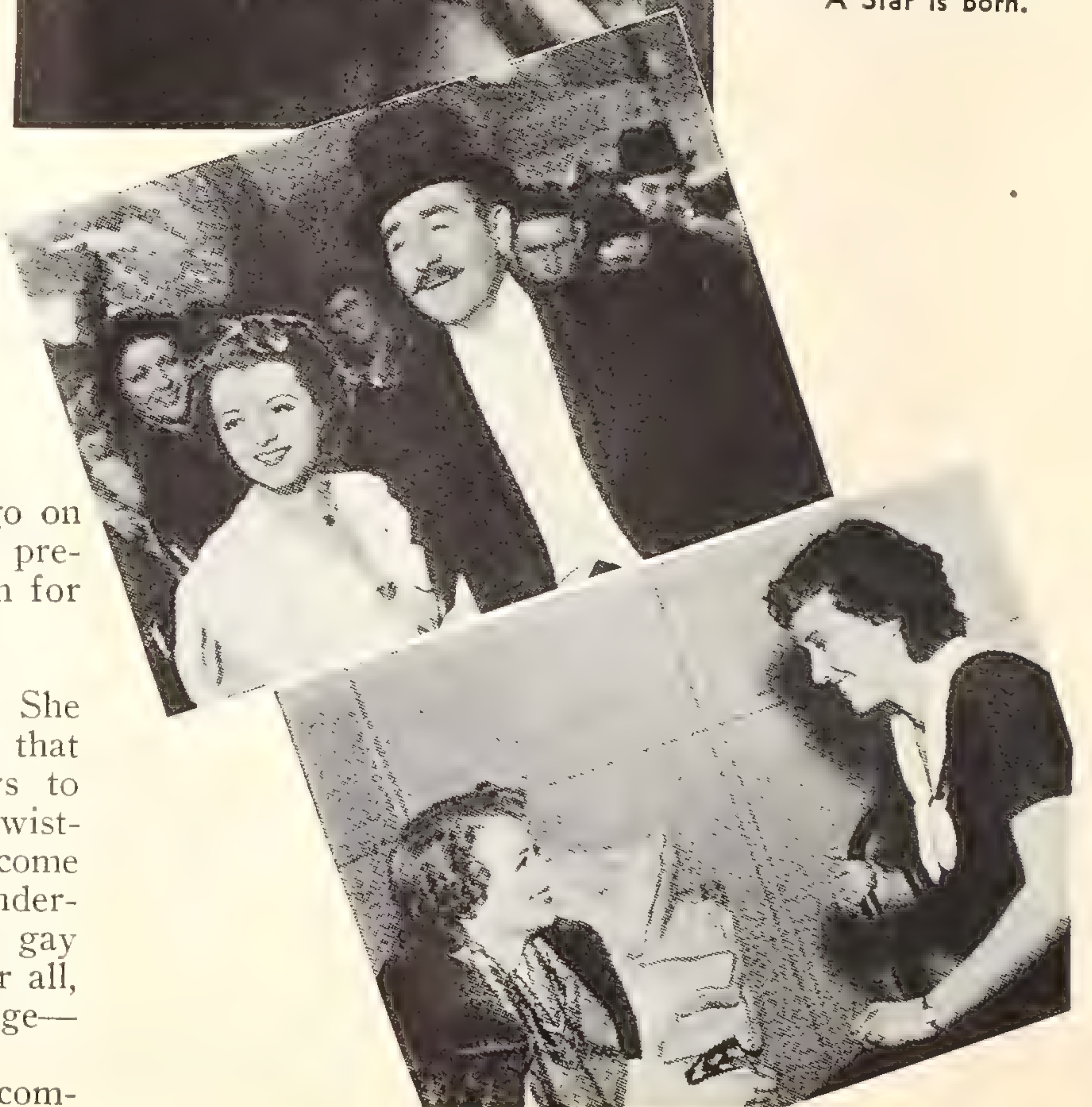
After extraordinary screen success, after years of a huge salary, she can do just as she pleases.

But what is that? How much longer will she go on acting? Is she nearing the end of her picture pre-eminence, or is she on the verge of a new campaign for the top spot in Hollywood?

And then Janet and love—!

No man has any ties on her heart this spring. She says that is fine. But she knows it isn't fine at all, that down deep inside her something cries for vows to treasure. The girl who conquered the world with wistfulness, as the symbol of idealistic Romance, has become a woman. And as a woman she is beginning to understand that love should be a serious as well as a gay thing, that a passing flirtation adds up to little after all, that her fame cannot last forever while a marriage—carefully nurtured—can bring true satisfaction.

To Janet's secret astonishment, you see, she is com-



Heart-free, independent, the screen's Cinderella is at the crossroads of her professional and private life. Will she win added victories in a new march on the heights of Hollywood eminence, and find the answer to her romantic dreams?

pletely on her own these days. She is absolute mistress of her destiny and her fate depends upon how well she handles this new freedom. She is desperately anxious to select the right course, the road that will mean the happiest tomorrows.

It is a funny sensation to her. Unconsciously she had become used to being the undisputed queen of a great studio, and she is only starting to realize that her whims have been laws. She had a special, ten-thousand-dollar Irish cottage for her regal dressing-room suite, and that house on the lot boasted such unparalleled luxuries as a fireplace and a beautiful grand piano. She made only two films a year after a while, but still no other actress ever set foot in that cottage. It was closed most of the time, an eloquent, silent reminder of her supremacy.

For eight consecutive seasons the theatre managers of America voted her the country's Number 1 star. An amazing record. But currently she is ranked as Number 24. A swift, surprising drop in two years.

It is one of those strange coincidences that the modern version of "Seventh Heaven" should have been released almost simultaneously with "A Star Is Born," her first effort as a free-lance player. Because ten years ago Janet

herself created Simone Simon's rôle of *Diane*, and it was as the direct result that she shot sensationally to the very top. I recall when Gloria Swanson, then in Janet's present transitional position, came out of the Carthay Circle Theatre on that night of the initial Gaynor triumph. "I feel," remarked Gloria frankly, "like an old shoe!"

When Janet saw Simone's duplication of her most beloved characterization she didn't have that reaction. She has too much common sense to be envious. She didn't want to do *Diane* again, to strive to recapture an ecstatic glow of a decade ago. "That would have been folly," she says, wise in her knowledge that progress lies ahead and never in repeating past steps.

Hollywood reporters are unable to get to Janet. I can tell them—and you—why. You might think that with newer names being extravagantly exploited she'd be grasping for all the publicity she could get by vivid declarations, by putting on an emphatically novel act.

But Janet doesn't want any personal publicity now. She is doing nothing to furnish colorful copy. Instead she goes about Hollywood quietly, deliberately shying from interviews. When you (*Please turn to page 74*)



Hollywood Holiday

By

Thyra Samter Winslow

Marsha started to tell him. He whistled, when she came to the accident.

"Stay where you are," he said. "I'll come over and pick up my car—and we can talk about it."

Marsha knew she ought to be in the studio—but, for some reason she never could explain even to herself, Keith's demands seemed greater. She waited. And, while she waited for him, she cleaned up the small apartment, pushed the bed up into the wall.

Eleanor wasn't working so she busied herself in the kitchen. By the time Keith arrived both of the girls were dressed, the apartment was neat, there were fruit and scrambled eggs and toast and bacon and coffee in the tiny breakfast-room off the miniature kitchen.

If Keith had already eaten he never mentioned it. In half a minute they were eating and chatting and laughing,



III

THE days that followed, as Marsha looked back on them, later, were a kaleidoscope of trouble, of worry and petty annoyance and larger unpleasantness, threaded through with the bright color of an occasional lovely hour. Hollywood holiday, indeed! It was much more like a Hollywood nightmare.

It seemed incredible, at first, that these things were happening to her—Marsha Drew—to whom things didn't usually happen. But happen they did. And Marsha was powerless to do anything about it.

Things began happening immediately after Keith Knowles, the Keith Knowles whom she knew she loved—hopelessly, of course—had crashed into the black car.

She had slept too late the next morning. The telephone zinged into her consciousness. When she answered it—already late for the studio, she recognized Keith's voice. It was none too steady. What had happened the night before? He didn't remember, exactly—

Marsha was crossing the street when it happened. She hardly knew, later, how it did happen. She began crossing, without watching very closely. Suddenly she became aware that an old man was crossing with her—and that a big car was looming down on them.

as Marsha told what had happened. It all seemed like a big joke. It wasn't a joke at all, unfortunately.

They finished breakfast.

"I'll drive you to the studio," said Keith. He hadn't had an early call.

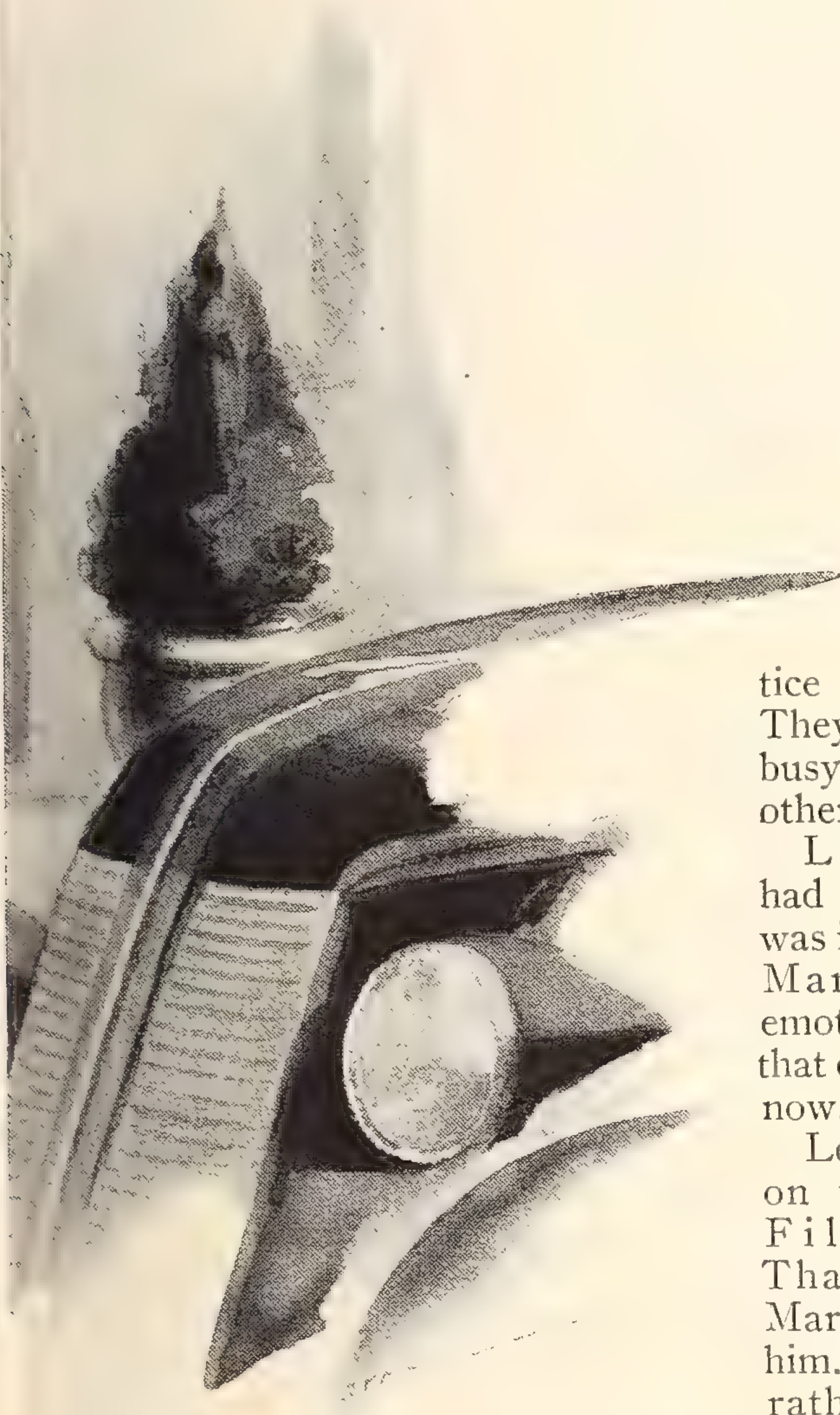
"How will I get home?"

"My car runs both ways, even with the front bashed in—and it certainly hasn't a shining morning face just now," he laughed.

Marsha wasn't awfully worried about being late. She knew they'd have another girl in her place. She might be called down—but she wouldn't be fired. She'd hardly ever been late before.

She and Keith went down stairs together, still laughing about what had happened. They got into Keith's car, which had been standing there all night. They didn't no-

ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGIA WARREN



tice Lou Page. They were too busy with each other.

Lou Page had thought he was in love with Marsha. His emotion wasn't that of love, just now.

Lou worked on the Super Films lot. That's where Marsha had met him. He was a rather pulpy-looking young man, with thin,

light hair, an aggressive, turned-up nose and a chin that was weak and double at the same time. Marsha hadn't liked him a great deal and yet he was smooth and faintly interesting—someone to take her places.

This morning Lou had had to go into Hollywood and had passed Marsha's apartment. He thought Marsha was in the office but decided if he had time that, on the way back, he'd stop for a chat with Eleanor. Eleanor was home a lot—and a good cook, besides. Always had something to eat handy.

And, in front of the apartment house stood Keith Knowles' car. Lou knew it well. But he didn't think a great deal of that. Keith may have been visiting anyone.

It was on the way back that he saw Marsha—and Keith. Laughing together. Unconscious of his presence. So Keith Knowles had been to see his girl—his erstwhile girl! How long had Knowles been there, he wondered.

Hollywood wouldn't be Hollywood if heart-ache and hunger were not ever-present to balance the glamor and gaiety of the world's most magical town. Read this new serial by one of America's most colorful writers for a fresh slant on life and love in screenland!

Please See Page 80 for Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

He watched them get into the car, elegant in spite of its encounter. Watched them drive away.

He hurried to the studio. Looked up a man named Peterson, who worked in the carpenter shop. Peterson lived in the same building with Marsha. They'd often seen him going in or out. Peterson was a prim and proper little fellow, given to suspicion, even when there was nothing to be suspicious about. There was something, now!

"I see Knowles, our big star, has been around your house," said Lou Page, after a little meaningless conversation.

"Yes," said Peterson. "He arrived last night."

"Last night?"

"Yeh. I was taking my dog out. Or this morning, rather. Between two-thirty and three."

"Who was he with?"

Peterson gave him an odd look.

"I see you know," he said. "I wouldn't have said anything about it. I was just going in the house. I saw your girl friend get out of the car. She got out first. I hurried in so they wouldn't see me. The poodle had been out long enough, anyhow. So I didn't see if it was Knowles with her. I knew his car, all right. Maybe it wasn't Knowles at all. He might have loaned his car. A star like that—but the car stayed there all night."

"It was Knowles, all right," said Lou Page. "I saw them leaving together this morning. All grins. Quite a night, if you ask me."

"My! My!" said Peterson, who was not given to strong language, even in his most unpleasant moments.

"Such things shouldn't go on," said Lou Page, with a great assumption of virtue. "I trusted that girl. And she double crossed me."

"Tch, tch!" Peterson shook his head. "You been going steady with her?" He gave Page a sly look.

"I might have married her," said Page. "Not knowing what I was getting in to. I'm going to Blake, the office manager. It's the right thing to do. Protect other men. Will you come with me?"

Peterson hesitated a minute. But few enough things happened. He liked to be in on things. Besides, he knew how his wife felt about loose women living in the building. Two girls living alone are usually no better than they should be. When he got home he'd go to the building superintendent.

Super Films did not try to guard the manners or morals of their stars or featured players. But they took a paternal interest in the routine office workers. Stenographers and script girls should be moral. Stars could take care of themselves.

Marsha was amazed when the front office sent for her. Indignant, when she was interviewed as to her behavior. Hurt and angry when she heard the things she was accused of. She denied them, of course. She told a little about what had happened. She couldn't tell too much. She didn't want to get Keith Knowles into trouble. He wasn't questioned at all. She was told that she was through at Super Films. A girl of her sort!

She rushed back to the set, (*Please turn to page 80*)

Stepping Out with Astaire

Just try to keep the pace set by the screen's great dancing star! Here, his best friend among Hollywood writers follows Fred from dawn to dusk, but never quite catches up with him—although he gets a good story

By Jerry Asher

ONE of these fine days, Fred Astaire is going to bump smack into himself, coming around a corner. At the rate he's going, the tempo of his daily life makes one of his famous dance routines look like it was photographed in slow motion. Fred is really the mystery man of Hollywood. The mystery being—how does Fred keep up with himself? His close friends complain bitterly because they never get to see him. At the crack of dawn he's gone with the wind. The stars are twinkling merrily in the heavens long before he ever gets home again. His mother, who is paying her annual visit to Hollywood, sees Fred most of the time when she visits the set. His lunch is sent to his dressing-room from home and his wife sits and talks to him while he is eating it. Even his young son sets up a lusty howl of disapproval, because his famous father has so little time for playing.

Now if Fred had his way, he'd be spending leisure hours in the swimming-pool and on the tennis courts. And if Fred had his way he would have been out to the Santa Anita Race Track every day during the recent racing season. Fred loves horse racing and is seriously interested in the raising and breeding of fine horses. As a matter of fact, he owned several horses in England. He raced them several years but it just so happened that

he was always working and never got a chance to see his own horses win. So he finally gave up the venture. Actually Fred only got out to the Santa Anita track three times during the season. It started neck and neck with his own production, "Shall We Dance?" and when Fred starts shooting on a picture, he might just as well be living in a different world.

Fred's intensity for work, his relentless pursuit for perfection, the self-imposed worry he goes through have long since become second nature. These very gruelling qualities are responsible for the brand of entertainment that has made the name of Astaire synonymous with everything that spells class and money in the box office today. If at any time Fred has given out the impression of being difficult to contact, or a fuss-budget where the tiniest detail is concerned, it is only because over a period of years he has proven to himself that no effort





can be spared, if one is to do his best. There are no half-way measures, no getting-by attitude in the makeup of Fred Astaire. It's little less than a miracle that a person who handles so many jobs at one time, who is either acting, dancing, writing, composing or singing every second that he is awake, can retain such perfect health and an altruistic attitude toward life, in his daily contact with the world.

Aside from his studio activities, Fred composes songs and makes recordings at night and on Sundays. His radio broadcasts extending over a period of thirty-nine weeks, are written at night during the week. On Sunday he rehearses alone in the afternoon. Sunday night he rehearses with Johnny Green and his orchestra who are on his program. On Monday night he rehearses again because he wants to be sure that nothing has been overlooked. His working schedule on Tuesday is arranged so he can leave the studio at one o'clock. The rest of the day is spent at the broadcasting station, checking up on last minute details. He rushes home for dinner and then back to the station in time to go on the air.

On a recent broadcasting day, Hollywood experienced one of those "unusual" rainstorms. Fred and his man George drove down Sunset Boulevard in all the down-pour. Just as they reached the Beverly Hills residence section, a large pool of water loomed up. Too late they splashed through it and the motor stopped dead. On either side of them passing motorists flew back and forth. Not one of them recognized the famous dancer whose pictures they stand in line for hours to see. Finally, Fred and George had to get out and push. By the time he got home, Fred barely had time for a bowl

of his favorite noodle soup and he was off to the radio station again.

Speaking of Fred's man George, he is one of the most amusing characters in Hollywood. Every year when he took his shows to London, Fred always gave George a job as his dresser. When he decided to remain in Hollywood and make pictures, Fred brought George over. He is an Englishman by birth and speaks with a cockney accent. The quiet way he works and his nonchalant attitude toward Fred as a movie star, is a source of constant amusement to Fred.

One day while making his new picture, Fred was having lunch in his dressing-room, as usual. Suddenly great clouds of smoke began pouring out of the Astaire set and in less than it takes to tell, every fire department in Hollywood was clanging to the rescue. Aside from the delay it would cause in production, if the set and its furnishings were destroyed, (*Please turn to page 78*)

Pictures of the outstanding dance routine by Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers for their current film, "Shall We Dance?" are scattered about these two pages. Somehow, Astaire and Rogers keep the same spirit in their dancing which first endeared them to us—but the steps in each new dance are very different.





Gracie Allen Burns and her husband, George, beloved of so many radio listeners and screen-goers, are enjoying their first real home, which is described for you in this story. Above, Gracie and George in their living-room. Right, Gracie in a homey moment with her adopted daughter, Sandra.



V. Gracie Allen Burns: who charmingly combines the careers of screen comedienne, radio star, hostess, and "adopted" mother

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1936, Gracie Allen and George Burns slid their feet on a chartreuse green carpet under a Queen Anne dining table, and grinned at one another. It was a momentous occasion.

It was the first dinner Gracie and George had ever eaten in their own home!

For years, first as vaudevillians, and then as radio headliners, they had lived in hotel suites or in rented establishments, stopping for two or three weeks or months wherever their work happened to lead them. For a long time, they'd never suspected they would want any better. After all, what were homes but *headaches*? Along with the ivy, they were usually covered with mortgages. People who had homes, even nice ones, had servant problems. And when the roof leaked you had to get someone to fix it—in place of pushing a button and reporting it to the management. And besides, Gracie loved the letter-chutes in hotels. Where was there a home in the world that contained a zippy letter-chute?

They might have gone on content in their bohemian existence forever if their fame hadn't brought them to the movies, California, and parenthood. These vital items are *not* listed in the order of their importance!

For when Gracie, the cutest thing that ever talked, and George, who writes the cute things she says, adopted the second cutest thing that ever talked, Sandra Burns, and six months later, Ronnie, who isn't talking yet, but will be any day—something happened to them. They became parents and home-makers with a vengeance.

I wish there was some way to describe to you the terrific pride Gracie has in that lovely white home on Maple

Drive in Beverly Hills. But there aren't words emotional enough to describe her feeling. Perhaps to passers-by, the Burns domicile is just another beautiful home in Beverly Hills—where there are so many of them. But the careful observer might notice a subtle difference.

The white house, tree-shaded, sets back from the road on three short terraces. Enormous olive trees shade the lawns in their own private flower beds of bright yellow and bright red tulips. At the corner of the house a very short, very green vine, not yet as old as Ronnie, is beginning to spread its fingers. Toward the back an enormous bush has been planted to hide an unsightly telephone pole.

You might think the Burns had a very good gardener—the effect is so charming. And you'd be entirely right. They have the best and most enthusiastic gardener in the world, Gracie, herself.

But it is not until you step inside that you really begin to feel the charm of Gracie's enthusiastic homemaking. Deep chartreuse carpets lead up a white circular staircase in one direction and in the other into the living room with its Chippendale chests and coffee tables, its deep beige divans, the enormous piano, and the quaint old fashioned music rack outlined against the flowered linen drapes.

Any hour of the day you can hear the hilarious voices of children—and from any room in the house, including the den and the bedroom suites. Everywhere you look

Five Hollywood Wives

By Dorothy Manners



choose the drapes. I feel this way—in selecting the things we really liked, we achieved a house that reflects us, that we can be happy living in, better than if we had left the entire thing to someone else no matter how clever.

"Then you're really an enthusiastic homemaker, now," I suggested, "mortgages and all?"

She said: "I'm rabid on the subject."

I made a pretense of putting away my pad and pencil. "Then you aren't the housekeeper for me," I kidded. "I'm looking for domestic problems and how to iron them out."

"As though making a *first* home didn't present problems! I think, perhaps, I can give you some very good tips if you're really interested. You see, I'm still learning by

the trial and error system." I waited hopeful that Gracie might continue making her hostess trials and errors right out in public where we all might see and hear.

"I think the (*Please turn to page 70*)



The home of Mr. and Mrs. George Burns (Gracie Allen) in Beverly Hills is simply beautiful and beautifully simple! Top, an exterior view; center, George and Gracie in the nursery with their adopted daughter and son; left, the sunny breakfast-room; and below, a view of the playhouse and pool.

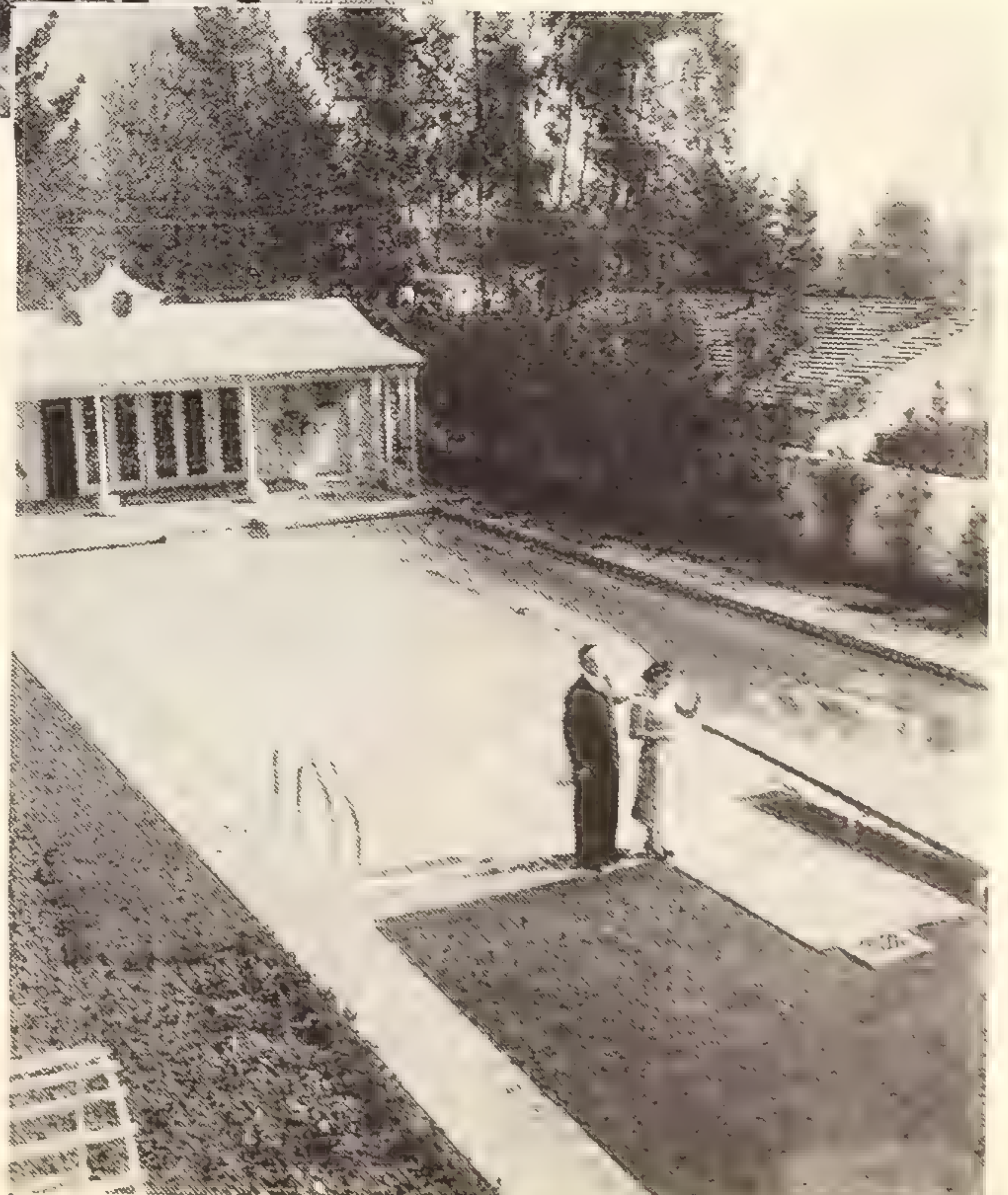
you can find tulips growing in profusion, or low bowls of them on tables holding cigarettes and trays and the newest magazines and papers.

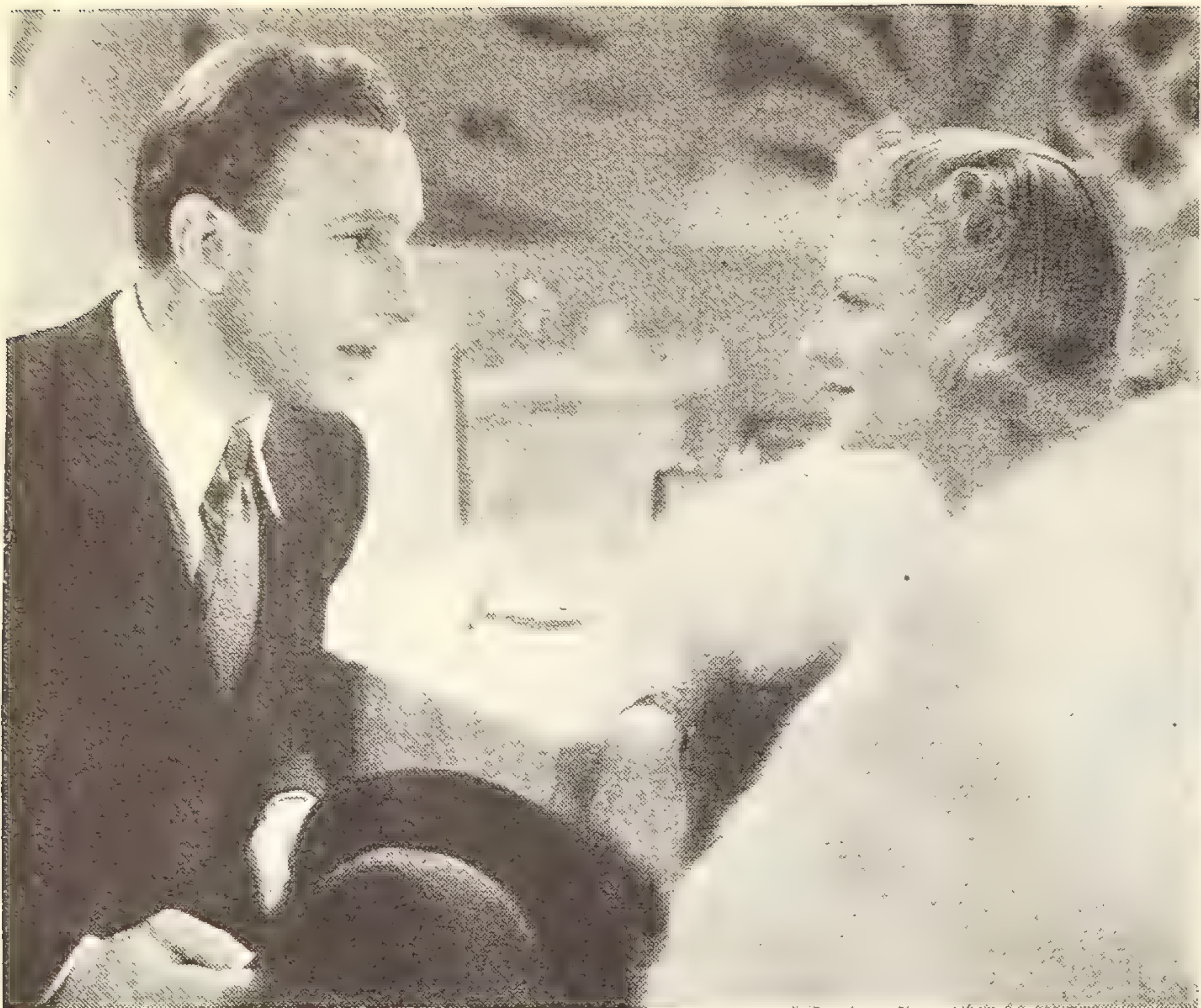
I knew the Burnses had occupied their new home less than six months. Yet you feel people have lived here for years. Already the adorable Sandra has scratched the blue paper off the nursery wall in tiny little nail tears.

When you tell Gracie it is delightful and charming she doesn't go coy on you in one of those imitations of "why-it's-simple-but-it-is-home" effects. She simply glows, and when Mrs. George Burns glows, Gracie Allen is as pretty as all get out!

"Maybe it *is* just home," she giggled, "but we think it's gorgeous! We never thought it would happen, really. Our first home!" I don't know whether she knew it or not, but Gracie blended beautifully into that soft green room, in her green sports dress with the gold clips at the throat and the heavy gold bracelet on her arm.

"I wish I could take credit for all of it. I can't, because Harold Grieve helped us so much. He is the decorator, Jetta Goudal's husband, you know. But I like to think that George and I really made the final decisions on everything. And I *did*





For Love

Lloyd Nolan, as a dare-devil newspaper reporter, and Claire Trevor, as a square-shooting night-club singer, are the featured players in "King of Gamblers." Their friendship begins when Nolan dares to defy the big-time racketeer, played by Akim Tamiroff; and deepens into romance when Claire borrows money from her room-mate, Helen Burgess, to help Nolan. The two girls are innocently involved in one of Tamiroff's big schemes—and our scenes, from left to right above, portray actionful events of the film.

THERE was always that softness in Steve Kalkas' voice, that tempered, almost tranquil look in his eyes that deceived no one who knew him. But there were few people who really knew Steve.

Charlie and Joe his bodyguards and Parker his secretary, as suave in his way as Steve himself, knew him better than all the rest of the world put together. Temple, the one-time millionaire investment broker had come to know him pretty well too in the year he had been his unwilling business partner. And even Dixie knew him better than most, in that crazy intuitive way some women have, though she couldn't explain the feeling of half fear and half disdain she had for him, even to herself.

She was singing that night as he stepped into the dimly lighted foyer of the Palm Parade Night Club and his smile came as he glanced past Eddie, the proprietor, and the débutante selling gardenias for the hospital drive, to the dining room beyond and saw Dixie standing there swaying a little in the bright spot on the dance floor.

He watched as she took her bow in that breathless

way of hers and then as the lights flooded the dining room again, his eyes glanced over the tables so easily and impersonally that it seemed strange that Temple, who did not even see them, should squirm under their scrutiny.

For all their quietness his words were an order as he turned to Eddie.

"Tell Temple there's a phone call for him in your office," he said, and swung on his heels and went down the corridor past the alcove where the slot machines were. He heard a coin jingle as it went into the machine and grinned. That was another thing most people didn't know about Steve, that every coin that went into those machines belonged to him.

He had come a long way, that kid who had started out at twelve sorting potatoes at a vegetable stand. A long way and a hard way and a ruthless way. Even such an apparently harmless title as Spinach King had meant its share of intrigue and gang law and killings, but that was child's play now to the man who had gone on from cornering spinach to cornering the slot machine racket.

He stood there humming a little under his breath as he waited and of course it was Dixie's song he was humming, for the thought of her was there as it always had been since the first time he had seen her and knew her to be different from all the others.





Copyright by Paramount Pictures, Inc.

Please See Page 89 for Cast and Complete Credits

"King of Gamblers," a forthcoming Paramount picture, presented in a stirring novelization

Fictionized by

Elizabeth B. Petersen

or Money!

Girls there had been before, many girls. But never one like Dixie. Girls with hair as yellow, with eyes as blue, but never one who had gone deeper than the moment. Never one he had wanted so much that even when he was not seeing her she seemed nearer somehow than when he did, with her laugh and her disdain challenging that hard new confidence of his.

He sat down at the desk as he heard Temple's quick step outside and smiled as the man blanched when he saw him.

"Why didn't you come to my office?" Steve asked conversationally enough. "I waited an hour for you."

Temple's fingernails drove into his flesh as he clenched his fists but there wasn't anything he could do. Any more than there had been when he saw the papers that evening and read about the two little girls who had been killed

as they played on the sidewalk when machine guns had annihilated a barber shop and the old Irishman who owned it and the slot machine that didn't happen to be one of Steve's.

"Why should I?" The wholesale killing of the afternoon had gone deep with Temple. "You don't have to kill people."

"Your hands are clean," Steve said coldly. "You weren't there, were you?"

"No." Temple's bitterness flooded his voice. "I was only invoicing a new shipment that arrived at my new enterprise, Temple's Mechanical Appliances, Incorporated. Fifty washing machines for my display rooms and two hundred and fifty slot machines. I suppose your boys will have them all placed in a few days or else kill a few more children. Don't think I can fix it if the Governor appoints a Special Prosecutor to investigate business like yours, as he's threatened to do. This is just the sort of thing that'll force (Please turn to page 88)

A melodrama with overtones of romance and humor, "King of Gamblers" gathers momentum as the story unfolds. Below, reading from left to right across two pages, we see Claire Trevor's chum overtaken by tragedy, Claire herself pursued by Tamiroff, with Nolan risking his job, in fact his life, to interfere. The suave racketeer stakes all on one last gamble, but loses. You'll enjoy this colorful fictionization of a fast-moving film.





Tony's Terrific!

Yes, this Martin lad is the latest Big Moment of feminine film-goers from coast to coast. Here, you'll read why, when, and how!

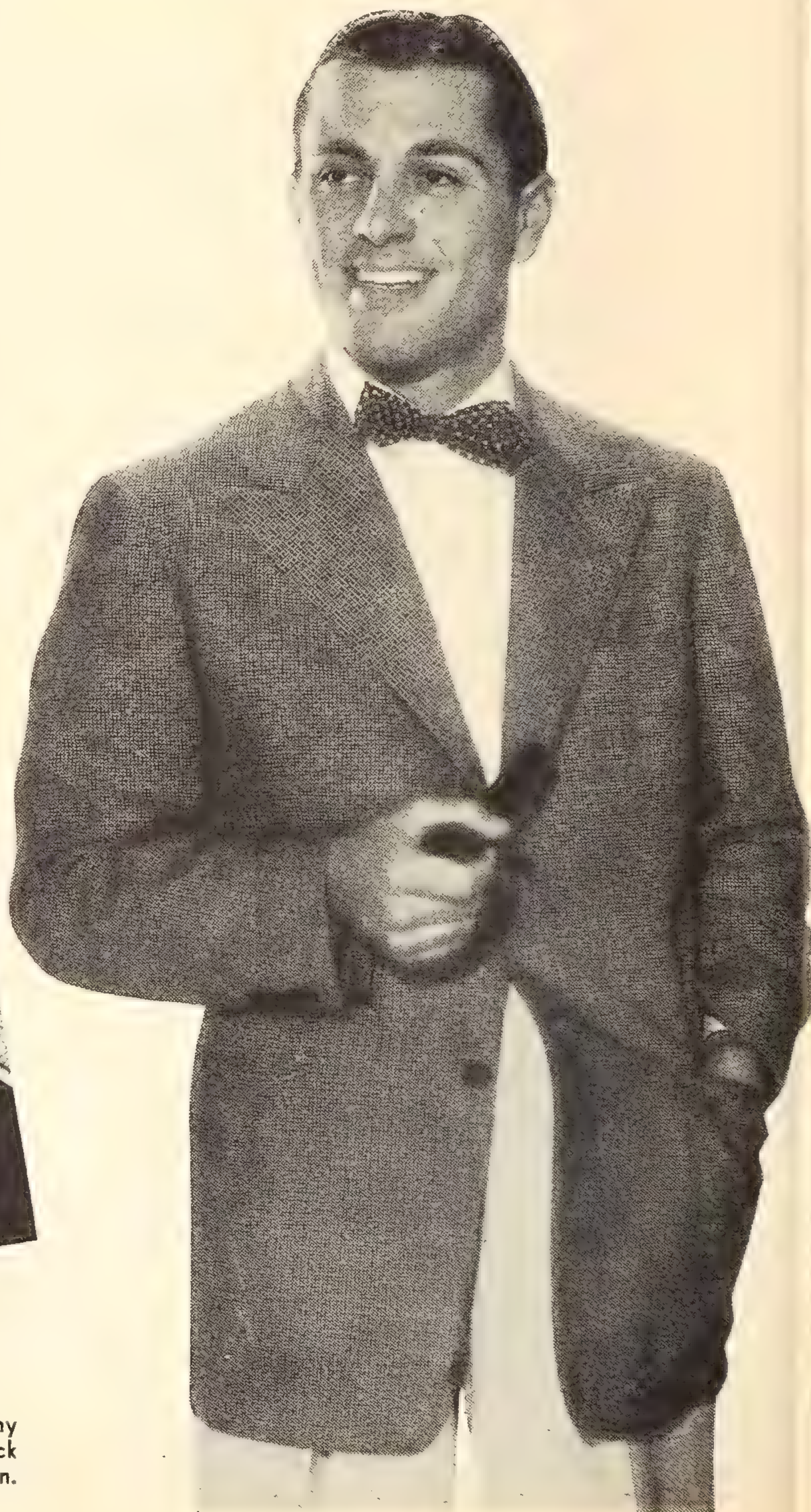
By Liz Williams

AND while you are looking over "this year's crop of kisses," don't forget Tony Martin. He may not be as handsome as Robert Taylor, or as tall as James Stewart, or as blond as Nelson Eddy, or as Society as Cesar Romero; but I'm telling you the girls are going mad for him in a big way. Tony has been so busy these past few months turning dials on and off, (radio, you dope), that he hasn't had much time to circulate, but he's doing all right in his own way, thank you. They'll tell you at Twentieth Century, which happens to be his studio, that although he has only been on contract to them for ten months his fan mail is tremendous. It's been jumping by leaps and bounds ever since he sang *When Did You Leave Heaven?* in "Sing, Baby Sing," and *Something in the Air* in "Banjo On My Knee." It seems that when Tony cuts loose with those dreamy melodies women just can't bear up. It gets them every time. Tony Martin is unfair to organized womanhood.

All kinds of people who ought to know will tell you that Tony is right on his way to the top as Hollywood's most romantic singer, (don't say "crooner" any more; although that word has now made the smart new dictionaries it is as passé in Hollywood as silent pictures). Though he has only been singing on the Burns and Allen program for a short time, by the radio popularity poll he now rates ninth, which is nothing short of amazing. And now he is signed to sing and master-of-ceremony the Hollywood Hotel hour when Fred MacMurray leaves.

Then he soon goes into "This Year's Kisses," (the Berlin song hit from "On the Avenue" is so popular that Twentieth has decided to make it into a whole picture), with none other than the luscious Alice Faye. Things are certainly picking up for Mr. Martin.

Now I don't want to have you coming to Hollywood under any false illusions. Tony of the moonlight voice is the big romantic moment in Hollywood *but* a lot of good it will do you. Alice Faye seems to have the situation well under control, and (*Please turn to page 69*)



He's tall, husky, and handsome, with a voice to match! That's why they're saying that Tony Martin will soon rank right next to Dick Powell, Fred MacMurray, and the rest of the big melody men. Alice Faye, with him above, is Tony's real-life rave.



Portrait of Hollywood's Most Popular Young Man!

By request, we present Robert Taylor—yes, again! This time, we give you Bob's best likeness by Marland Stone, which graced SCREENLAND's cover to great applause, and which he has now autographed for you. At right, Taylor in his new picture, "This Is My Affair," a story of Spanish-American war days. Yes, the beautiful lady is Barbara Stanwyck, once more Bob's leading lady, as well as his permanently favorite person.



For Beauty's Sake

Too rarely do we find a
girl so lovely enough to
fill a full page in this
gallery. But we think you
agree that this study merits
distinction. Olivia de
Land, perhaps the most
radiant and natural of
Hollywood's younger stars,
is captured for a fleeting
moment in the California
sun, posing in a simple
dress. So soft a beauty
found in real life. Olivia
has won part of her fame
in "Captain Blood," "The
Adversary," "Change of the
Brigade," with her frank
and humorous portrayal of
characters in "Call Me by
Your Name."





Here we give you, in five striking close-ups, a study in magnetism—the power of filmdom's new charm prince, Tyrone Power. Emotion dynamically displayed, as it were, an indication of this most personable actor's ability to make you understand the characters he portrays so effectively.

Power!



Brunettes, Blondes, And A Lone

You want beauties? Hollywood ha
'em all! Watch the battle betwee
them for supremacy of the scree

Behold the brunettes! Gail Patrick, left, the pat
from Alabama, looks over her shoulder at Do
Lamour, exotic newcomer. Above, from left to
Marcia Ralston, who in private life is Mrs. Phil H
wife of Jack Benny's orchestra leader, made her
début in "Call It a Day." Carol Hughes, center,
vivid brunette personality. Of course you know
Dvorak—better make more pictures, Ann, or you'll
be out of the race.





ed=Head!

And now, the blondes! Here are Hollywood's loveliest, Ann Sothern, upper left; Gloria Stuart, above; Joan Bennett, right; and Virginia Bruce, lower left. Which one do you pick as your dream-gal?



Our one red-head is Jeanette MacDonald, right; and paradoxically enough, the most strikingly successful of all the beauties pictured on these two pages. Since "Maytime," Jeanette's stock, like her gorgeous voice, is soaring.





Robert Montgomery essays an entirely new characterization for him in this weird drama, based on a stage success. The scene at top indicates the flavor of the play and the type of rôles Bob and Rosalind undertake here.

Individual character studies left above tell you something new about the acting resource of the popular Montgomery-Russell duo. Center left, a dramatic scene played by Montgomery, Rosalind, and Dame May White.

Montgomery Goes Grim

The screen's perennial playboy deserts frivolity for the eerie mysteries of "Night Must Fall," with Rosalind Russell as his histrionic help-mate

Accent on Artistry

Frances Farmer continues the brilliant course of her rapid ascent to stardom. Less than a year ago a mere newcomer, today she is an artist of distinction



Acting merit before glamor is the credo of this beautiful girl, and her claims to foremost rank are being recognized. Frances does her newest work opposite Edward Arnold in "The Toast of New York," above. Right and below, interesting studies of a rising star.



Summer's for Sirens!

Hollywood's darling daughters again salute the sun in the chic new beach fashions



Comes the dawn of new days of brightly brief costumes for play. First: Carol Hughes, at top left, wears Catalina's gay new swim suit of five-color print Floral Lastex—note the uni-skirt feature. Directly above, Rochelle Hudson in her chic new Jantzen suit, the Cherie; the neckline is cut clear to the waist in front, and the cape may also be worn as a skirt. Now consider the costume, imported from Honolulu, graced by Emily Lane, above center; bright orange shorts and brassiere top, over which is flung a dark blue linen coat decorated by two huge straw pockets, with hat to match. Left: two beauties, Emily Lane and Janice Jarratt, introduce Dalmatian peasant flower crowns, of rubberized silk, to match their transparent capes. June Travis—twice!—at right displays her preference in beach suits—brief, skin-tight, pure white.





The coolie trend, which comes to us out of Hawaii, is cleverly represented, at top left, by Emily Lane—her sun hat of linen weave straw is especially smart. Next, June Travis, wading warily, sports a cool and chic play suit. Top right, the girl in the multi-colored swim suit smiles down on Janice Jarratt, whose suit is lemon-colored lastex; and Janice again—right—proves the Tyrolean influence carries over from winter to summer play suits of shorts and jacket in white piqué. The exotic sun hat, imported from Honolulu, is worn by Laurie Douglas.

Star of the Powell-Blondell home is Joan's boy Norman, and as evident in the domestic scenes at Easter bunny time, below, he receives tenderest attentions from the mother who is the screen's ace hot-cha girl.



Hi-De-Home Girl



Joan Blondell mixes motherhood and the gay flirtatiousness of sou-brette rôles; lavish in her domestic devotion at home, and in her sprightly allurements on the screen

Gregory Ratoff, left; Andy Devine, below; and Eduardo Cianelli, left below—three top-flight performers. Right, an amazing screen portrait of Theodore Roosevelt is achieved by Sidney Blackmer for "This Is My Affair." You'll identify, easily, the splendid actors below: Walter "1937 Academy Award Winner" Brennan, and Mischa Auer.



That's Why They're Called "Character" Actors

They actually create characters, these fine players whose part in the moving picture is often more important than the stars'



Character counts—even with the pretty girls in the cast. Boris Karloff, left, in a new type of characterization, with Jean Rogers in "Night Key." Right, the always dependable Slim Summerville, with Dorothy Grainger in "The Road Back."





Fine art, purchased and appreciated by a fine artist, makes the Edward G. Robinson home in Beverly Hills a veritable treasure-trove. Above, Eddie and his beautiful wife, Gladys Lloyd Robinson, in a collectors' corner. Below, among his first editions. Right, reading from top: afternoon tea in the garden; the art of Chippendale, of Degas and other masters, and their proud owner; the Robinson gallery.



Exclusive home photograph
for SCREENLAND by Scot,
Welbourne, Warner Bros.

Home Is Where The Art Is!

also, according to Edward G., where Mrs. nson is, and little "Manny." Exclusive new of one of Beverly Hills' most interesting homes



Directly above, Gladys and Eddie before their library fire- place—that's Grant Wood's famous "Daughters of the Revo- lution" painting above. At left, reading down: the drawing- room, master bedroom, and a view of the house and grounds, with Eddie endangering his neighbors' windows! Below, you see Hollywood's proudest father and his son and heir, "Manny," more formally addressed as Edward, Jr.



They Like To Look Ridiculous!



Above, Cary Grant, Edward Arnold, Jack Oakie, and Donald Meek acting up to their colorful costumes for "The Toast of New York." Right, Margot Grahame, complete with dark glasses and slacks, knits between camera-takes — it's so picturesque!



Top left, Tilly Losch good-naturedly disguises her vivid charm by donning a "scarf-hat" for sweet publicity's sake. Wally Beery, left center, never worries about his camera angles. Left, Ray Milland goes quite, quite mad for Wendy Barrie in "Wings over Honolulu."



Merry exhibitionists all,
the cine=mimes extract
the most from every scene
and situation



Even Miriam Hopkins, above, succumbs to the present urge to look ridiculous, in a scene with Charles Winninger from "Woman Chases Man." See what "It Happened One Night" and "My Man Godfrey" started! Mary Astor, left, in a "seductive" pose.



Erik Rhodes, top right, makes a splendid salary for making himself slightly ridiculous on the screen. Eric Blore and Edward Everett Horton, right center, are past grand masters of the gentle art of "ridic." Gertrude Nielsen, right, and some of her fans. Page Sally Rand.





The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Michael Whalen in a scene from
"Wee Willie Winkie"

Beloved Brat

By
Ida
Zeitlin

Jane Withers, the screen's bad girl, in person — brought to you in an amazingly vivid word-portrait



Jane, above, restrains her ever-present impulse to "yell her head off," in a pose from her new film. Above, center, with her mother. Left, she loves dolls, has quantities of them; and at top, entertaining a dog pal. Jane has a veritable passion for animals, wild or tame.

"I WANT to write a story," said Jane. "Then I could give it to Mr. Wurtzel and show him the kind of story I'd like to play. This is the story. My father's a great millionaire, and my mother's a great society mother. She takes me to these bridge parties and I throw mud over everybody. I'm just terrible. I'm never good for one minute all through the picture. That," said Jane, thoughtfully swallowing another mouthful of apple pie à la mode, "is my idea of a swell story."

"Why, Jane? Why do you want to be so bad?"

"Because it gives you a chance to yell your head off. When you're good, you have to be quiet. Of course, at the end, just to satisfy everybody, I get a good spanking. The minute they slapped me in 'Bright Eyes,' everybody just yelled and waved, they were so happy. Well, I don't mind—" The blue eyes rounded in mirth, and the small shoulders shrugged tolerance. "I had my fun. So let them have their fun too."

Jane represents a wish fulfilment to both her parents. Down in Atlanta, before she was born, her mother wanted a girl. Wanted is too mild a word. Mrs. Withers was determined that her baby should be a girl, dedicated to the stage career she herself had longed for and missed.

Her husband thought a Withers Junior would be nice.

"You don't want a junior," Mrs. Withers would coax. "You'd a heap rather have a sweet little baby girl."

"I'd like to have a boy," big Mr. Withers would repeat, and firmly, despite his soft-spoken Southern drawl. "I'd like to have a boy so darned mean that when he came out on the porch, all the other kids would go into the house."

There was a reason for this—"the kid next door. I'd bring him an air rifle or offer to shoot marbles with him, and of all the disgusting things, he'd want to play paper dolls like a sissy." In her father's eye appeared Jane's own purposeful glint. "I'd love to have come home to a boy who maybe could have licked that thing next door."

Enter Jane—a girl for her mother—a tomboy for her father. Miraculously, a girl who began mimicking all she saw and heard before she could walk—who, when she heard a strain of music, would struggle from her nurse's arms to dance—a girl who loves dolls and whose "cakes turn out better than mine (*Please turn to page 96*)



THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER—Warner Bros.



FOR the young in heart, of all ages, I recommend unreservedly this rollicking, roistering picturization of Mark Twain's classic story. It's a grand picture—a gorgeous show, a breathtaking melodrama, a robust romance—and there's not a love scene in it! You won't believe, until you've seen it, that for two hours you can watch the adventures of two small boys in merrie olde England, with never a heroine, or a war, or a ballet, and not be bored. But it's true. Thanks to the amazing Mauch Twins, Bobby and Billy, to the spirited and sympathetic direction of William Keighley, and the very nearly inspired adaptation of the much-loved book, not to mention Errol Flynn at his swash-buckling best—"The Prince and the Pauper" is the most movie fun of the month. If you don't recall Twain's story, you'll want to know that the tale concerns a beggar boy, *Tom Canty*, and *Prince Edward*, heir of *King Henry the Eighth*, who change clothes for a lark and identities by accident, resulting in the greatest fanciful mix-up in English royal history. Of course it is fantasy, but exquisitely handled. Claude Rains and Montagu Love are excellent. As for those adorable twins—well, Freddie Bartholomew had better watch out; there's only one of him.



Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Evans



JUNGLE DEPTHS OF BORNEO—Mrs. Martin Johnson



THE most gallant "come-back" of the season is staged by Osa Johnson, who is carrying on the work so splendidly done by herself and her late husband, Martin Johnson, in camera-recording for stay-at-homes the wonders of far places. Run, don't walk, to see this picture when it plays your town, with Mrs. Johnson, still a wheel-chair convalescent from the airplane crack-up in which her husband lost his life, lecturing in her own sprightly manner as her film unfolds. This time, it's a new and novel setting, the Borneo rivers and jungles; and it is fascinating to watch. You'll see fish who climb trees; wild men—and women—of Borneo; and best of all, the proboscis monkey, even funnier than Jimmy Durante. There is, too, for a special thrill, the patient, workmanlike capture of the biggest orang-outang ever brought back alive. It's exciting stuff, the treeing of this real *Tarzan*, who defies his human captors to the last, and is uncannily, uncomfortably smug about it. Martin and Osa Johnson figure prominently as usual in their pictures, the petite Osa lending charm and sparkle to the jungle scenes—many of which, by the way, are of matchless beauty. The camera work is incomparably fine. Salute Osa Johnson, good sport.



MAYTIME—M-G-M



ITS "true intent is all for your delight," if you like music and Jeanette MacDonald. "Maytime" is like a Spring corsage of fragrant, pastel flowers, all done up in old-fashioned lace paper and ribbons—lovely to look at, but even more enchanting to hear. For "Maytime" has a real score, with snatches of familiar opera and a novel performance of Tschaikowsky's "Fourth Symphony" disguised as grand opera—a performance to appall critical music-lovers, perhaps, but sure to delight the rest of us who just like to listen. It is in this curious operatic version of the "Fourth Symphony" that Jeanette MacDonald comes into her own as a truly fine and effective singer, whom the most difficult score will never frighten henceforth. I hope to hear—and see—Miss MacDonald in grand opera from the screen before long. Her entire portrayal here is sheer delight. She plays with consummate charm the lovely prima donna who in holiday mood meets Nelson Eddy, promising young singer, and loves him; but her duty to her manager, adroitly enacted by John Barrymore, comes between them; her career prospers, until, a world celebrity, she meets her *Maytime* lover again. It's all frankly, unashamedly sentimental, but it's MacDonald-Eddy.

Vacation views of film favorites seen, and interviewed by our Continental correspondent

By Stiles Dickenson

Paris

AT THE Gare St. Lazare in Paris Errol Flynn demonstrated as clearly as it was physically possible that the rumors of divorce between himself and his wife, the dashing Parisian Lili Damita, are false, false—at least for the time being. They staged a love scene on the platform as hot as in the third act of any of our favorite old dramas. Waving and smiling and still more kissing he and Lili were off in a taxi to their hotel. Flynn, with his broad Irish smile, left all the parleying to his wife for he knows not a word of this French language.

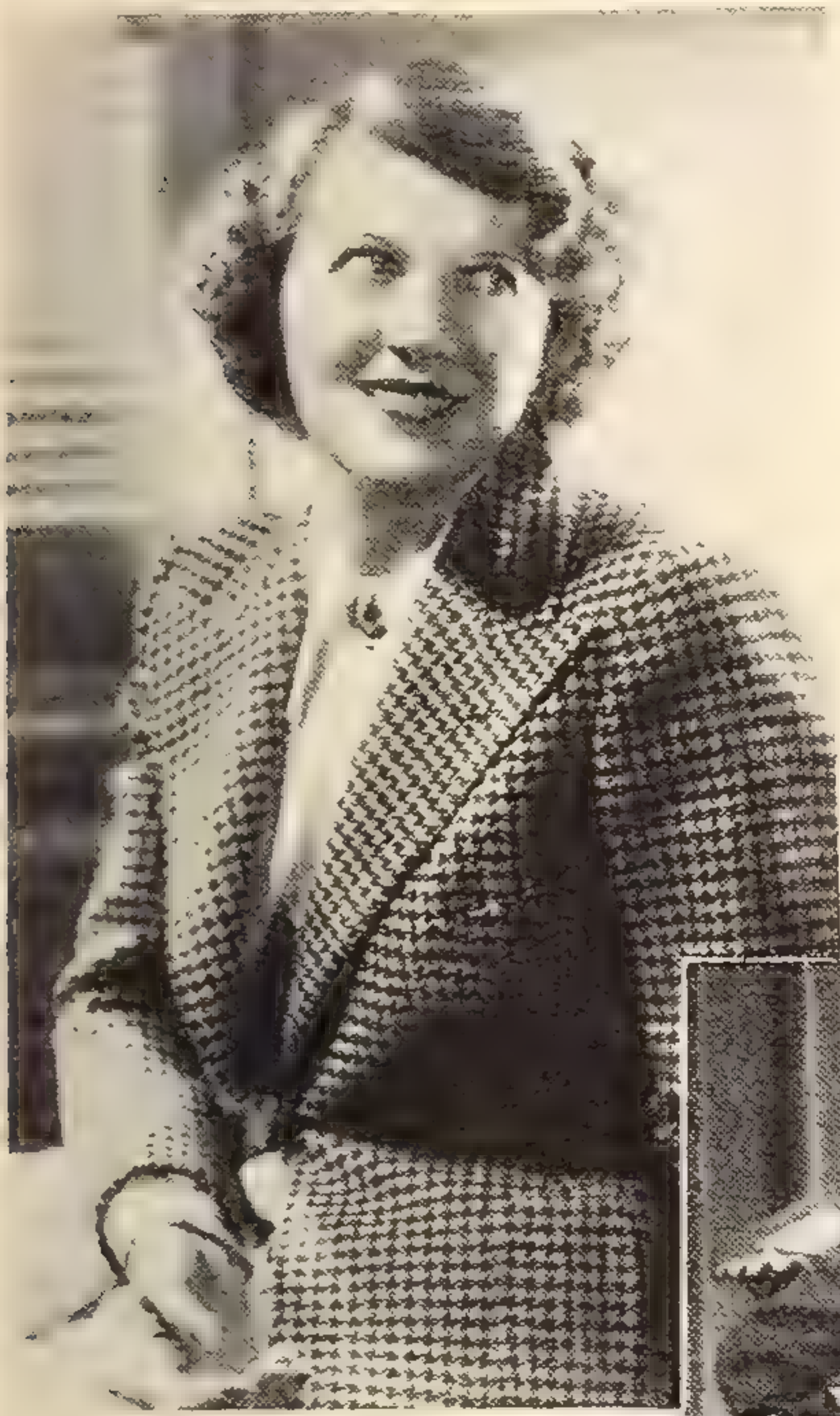
He looked in on us for a couple of days, after which he flew to Ireland to see the auld folks. And after that he went to Spain. With memories of "The Charge of the Light Brigade" fresh in mind he thought he would

like to get a glimpse of a bit of more or less real fighting in the mess they are stirring up in and around Madrid. He and Lili gave a cocktail party, aided by the Warner Brothers' representatives here.

Between meeting people and signing photographs he assured me that he loves to get up early in the morning *when* he's working. "I love the climate in California and the grand personal contacts I make in the movies. Then as a little change and relaxation, I like writing. Before I went into films I was a reporter in Sydney, Australia." Speaking of his literary side-line, his book, "Beam Ends," recently published, is having lively sales in English-speaking countries. It's a pleasure to be with Errol Flynn, for his personality simply oozes with the joy of living and his sparkling Irish eyes miss nothing that is going on around him.

La Damita is a dazzling creature but *la, la*, she doesn't like the movies! If one could film at night she would be pleased, for the little lady can't get over the habit she formed in the theatre of turning night into day. She thinks she might do a film in French here but, wrinkling up her nose at the thought of it, that would be work again. I've often wondered why she didn't click better in America for she is delightful and packs a wallop of sex-appeal.

Merle Oberon has the right idea for a party. In the midst of working in London she decided to fly over to Paris to stage a birthday party. Of course, for her, London is gay but Paris really has the party spirit. So at the Ritz the smiling Merle made merry and received congratulations. This engagement rumor kept popping up but she assured us that she is not engaged to David Niven or anybody else—but like Shakespeare says she "doth protest too much," so I fear 'ere long she will be coyly announcing one. *(Please turn to page 86)*



Spring-time in Paris—and picture pets at play! Right, that colorful couple, Errol Flynn and Lili Damita Flynn, receive the press and fans. Sessue Hayakawa, directly above, is an old favorite of silent film days. Maurice Chevalier and Charles Boyer, above center, with Danielle Darrieux, French beauty soon to come to Hollywood. Top, Ruth Chatterton, Paris visitor.

Accent on plaids! Left, Kay tops her shirtmaker dress with a loose, hip-length jacket of bright red, green, and blue plaid of flat-surfaced silk and linen mixture. Below: smart sports tailleur of coffee-and-cream-colored sail cloth, with which Kay wears brown accessories. Her visored hat has a double band of ribbon in matching tones.



SCREENLAND Glamor School

Edited by *Kay Francis*

The patrician slim princess of pictures poses for you in her distinctive new Summer costumes, all created with an eye to drama of design



Glamour School pictures
of Miss Francis by
Scotty Welbourne,
Warner Bros.



Pencil-sketch print! Very new, very feminine is Kay Francis' daytime dress, above, a heavy white crepe splashed with a pencil-sketch design in black. Note the overskirt with turned-back front, the square vestee—and don't miss Kay's bracelet, a heavy crystal band set with an enormous black sphere. At upper left, Kay wears a gay poppy print. See the looped panels from shoulder to hemline, caught in front by the broad crushed girdle! Her pagoda hat is of lacquered white straw, tied under the chin. Left, silk jersey adapted to spectator sports: Kay's full circular skirt is dead white; her turtle-necked blouse has a cowed treatment in front and a slim, swathed hipline.

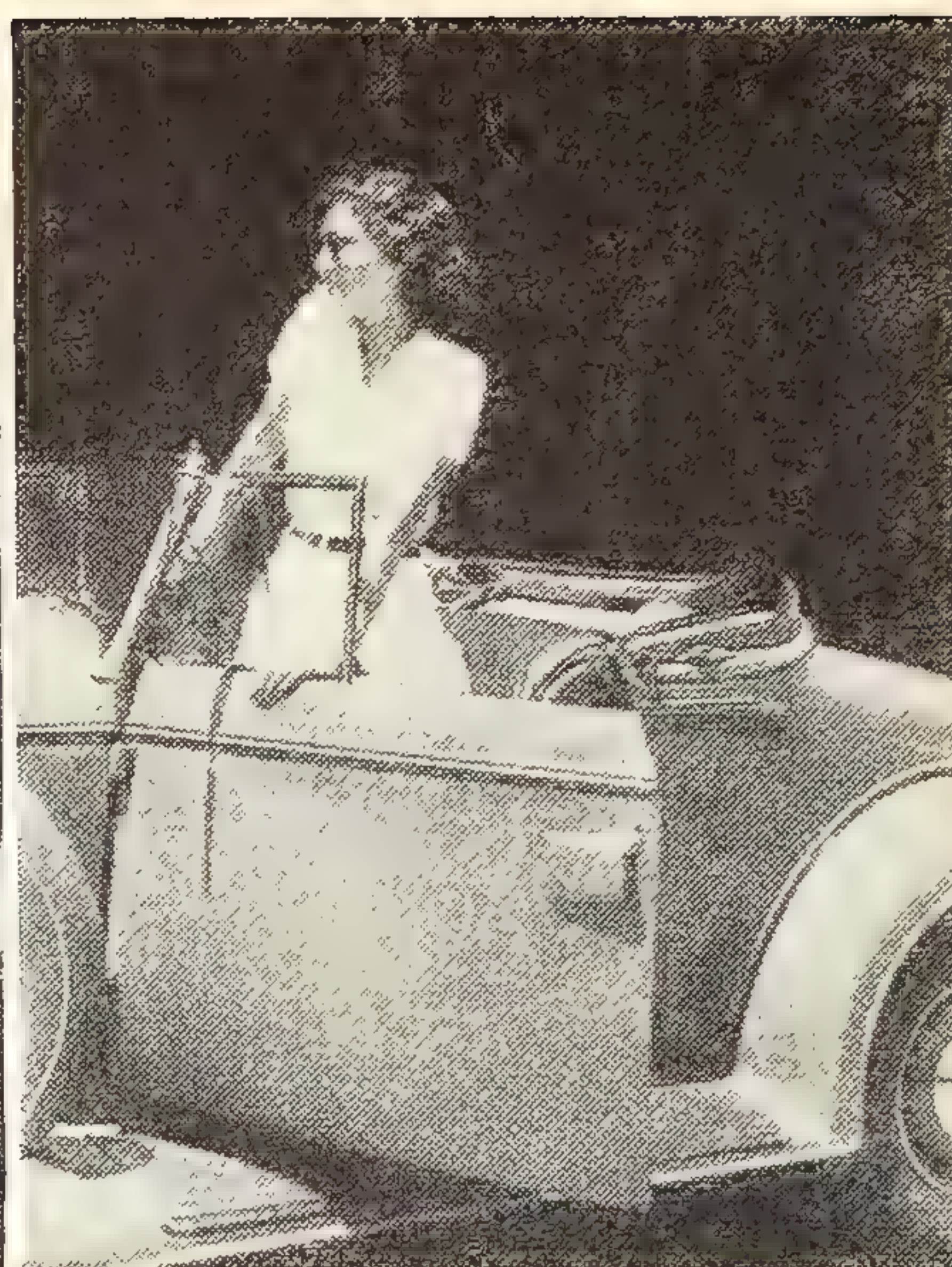


Kay Francis gives you evening glamor! Francis is one of the too-few screen stars who looks equally smart in daytime or evening, perhaps because she stresses line and design. Above, a breathtaking gown of palest pink chiffon, full-skirted, with shirred, crushed belt that is a perfect complement to the backless décolletage. Kay carries her short cape of baby ostrich feathers. Right, above—a gown inspired by Gauguin, with brilliant South Seas print used for the loop-shoulder drapery and underskirt, in contrast to the dull black of the tunic. Left, gown for a gracious hostess. Made of metallic-bordered white crepe roma, its skirt and gathered bodice are dead white, with loose sleeves showing the border of the fabric. A tunic effect which drops to the front hemline is created by flattering use of design in the material.



Of Prints and Polka-Dots, Of Sailor Hats and Spring!

It is interesting to us to see that even though all Hollywood actresses can't be fashion innovators like Kay Francis and Dietrich, still they're never far behind, and usually way ahead, of the style parade. Sylvia Sydney, not especially clothes-conscious, nevertheless blossoms forth in one of the bold, new prints at upper left. Miriam Hopkins, left, selects a saucy Breton to top her blonde tresses. Betty Wyman, famous fashion model, wears a saucer-brim sailor of fuzzy white straw, at top. Loretta Young likes to dine, these soft Spring evenings, in clinging, long-sleeved and high-necked crepe, banded with brilliants in exotic colors.



Collection of unusual candid shots made by Madge Evans. Far left, Franchot Tone, on "The Mutiny on the Bounty" set. Center, angle shot of a sculpture for a movie set; next, Jean Parker arrives at the studio. Below, portrait of Yolanda; study of hands; extras filing out of a sound stage; Wally Beery watches a scene in the making.

Scene Stealing with a Camera

THERE'S nothing like a hobby to reveal the hobbyist.

"One night last week," related Madge Evans, a smile curling around her lips, "I went to a party where they played the game: 'Who Am I?' A paper is pinned to your back with a name of a well-known person on it and you go around asking people who you are. One person replied to my question: 'You go to all the parties and everyone tries to keep out of your way.'

"Then why am I invited?" I demanded.

"Because you're developing."

"What am I developing?"

"Your talent."

"I guessed wrong a dozen times. Everyone else had found out who they were, so at last I gave up. Who was I? I was Hymie Fink—Hollywood's famous candid cameraman!

"Maybe they gave me that name because I love taking candid camera shots of my friends, catching them at unguarded moments. I do it for fun, not for meanness, so I can't give you any of my results—they'd never forgive me! The trouble with me is that I can't resist the temptation to play jokes." She shook her blonde head, dolefully, but her eyes laughed. "Every now and then I discover that I've joked with the wrong people, and I say to myself: 'I've learned my lesson. I'll watch my step hereafter.' But I must be a hard case, or something, because next day along comes temptation and I'm at it again!

"I keep my collection of unflattering prints secret, but I used to adore those they had in *Vanity Fair* of a senator asleep in a hotel lobby, some big celebrity yawning, or a very pompous somebody eating corn on the cob.

"People on sets usually hate it when candid cameramen come creeping around trying to get unposed offstage stuff, but I like it, perhaps because I know what fun it is to get.

"Yesterday, on the *Espionage* set, one of them crept up on me and caught me just as I was putting out my tongue to wet my lips after rouging them. I looked perfectly awful! But I had to laugh when I saw myself—I couldn't help it. Candid shooters never catch you when you are powdering your cheek daintily or prettily touching up your lips, but when you're making hideous faces as you must do when you are really making up!"

(Lots of imagination needed to see Madge Evans looking "perfectly awful." She was looking even lovelier than usual in a simple black



dress, accented by a bright green chiffon handkerchief.)

"I don't confine myself to funny shots. I like getting things like this one of Franchot Tone on the "Mutiny on the Bounty" set, this of Van Dyke looking over a script, or Jackie Cooper playing with an elephant. Informal shots, you know.

"Last time we were down at Palm Springs, Una Merkel said to me: 'You're supposed to be a grand little picture taker, I hear tell. Why not prove it? Take some pictures of me for my fan club.' Una and her mother posed very carefully for the things they thought the club would like. None of my candid stuff for them!

"But later we were at breakfast one morning and all the others had finished and gone. Una was sitting at one end of the table with mounds of food stretching before her all the way down the table. I sat at the other end and shot. It looked as if Una were going to eat her way right through that tableload all by herself!"

Madge started on her camera career with a little Brownie, but now she has a Leica and a Rolloflex.

"I believe everyone in the world is a potential camera fiend," she stated, seriously, "We all like to keep a record of our lives in some fashion, and there's no way so satisfying as taking actual pictures of ourselves, our friends, relatives and surroundings and the events that concern us.

"I am interested in people—that's probably why I don't get especially good pictures of scenery, and why I don't get all worked up about still life.

"We go to all the camera art exhibits, chiefly because my brother is an expert. He has six cameras, and his stuff is so good it can be enlarged to eight by ten without showing the grain. His lighting and focus is perfect. He won second prize in the Leica show at Radio City last year—and were we proud?

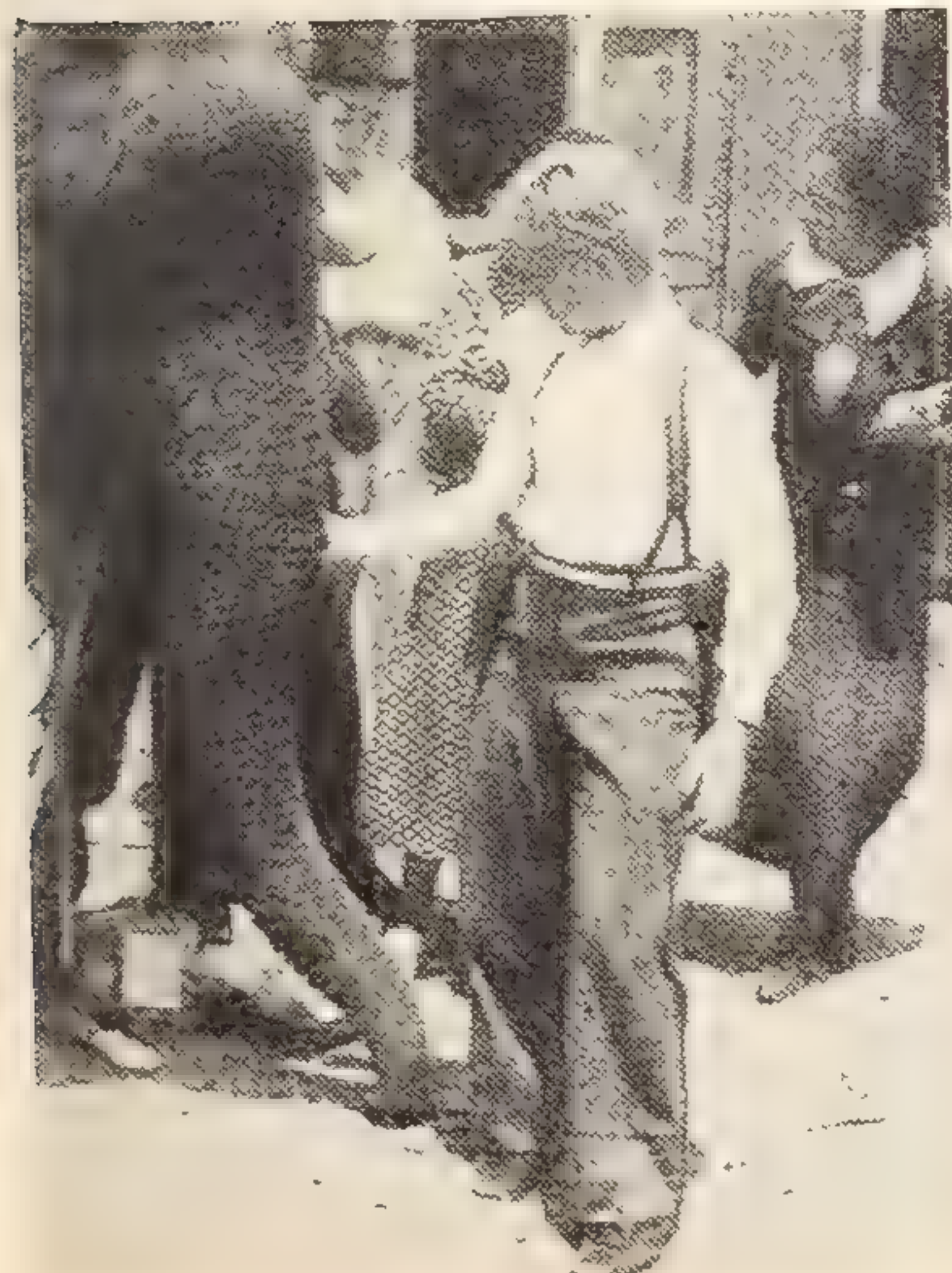
"At one of the camera picture exhibits, I saw a shot of a collar button with its shadow. They had set the button on its side and put the camera quite close to it. I stood there several minutes trying to figure out what in the world it was. I couldn't tell if it was something the size of a house, or the size of a barrel, and finally I gave up and looked at the title. It was most interesting then to note how they got the effect.

"I tried that sort of thing—like the shots you see in *Coronet*—in this study of hands and silk rose. Anyone who wants to go in for this type of thing can have lots of fun figuring out close shots of those tiny jade or ivory elephants or small metal animals people used to collect. I should think it might be fun to try for effects with mirrors in connection with them."

Madge enjoys making shots of her four dogs in action more than the still life stuff.

"Dogs won't stand still, but if (*Please turn to page 95*)

Right, Madge snaps one of her candid shots. Below, Jackie Cooper makes friends with an elephant. Lower right, Madge's brother Tom, marlin fishing.



Madge Evans, whose camera is very candid in picturing Hollywood life and her fellow screen celebrities, talks about her hobby—snapshotting for fun

By Ruth Tildesley



So says Pat O'Brien!
The unforgettable
memories of his own
jousts with the world
come to light in this
Hollywood father's
ideas of what his
daughter should know
about life and love

By
Dickson Morley

"I'll Tell My Daughter Plenty!"

PAT O'BRIEN suddenly dropped his bantering mask and paid no more attention to the gay noon-day crowd in the Warner studio cafe.

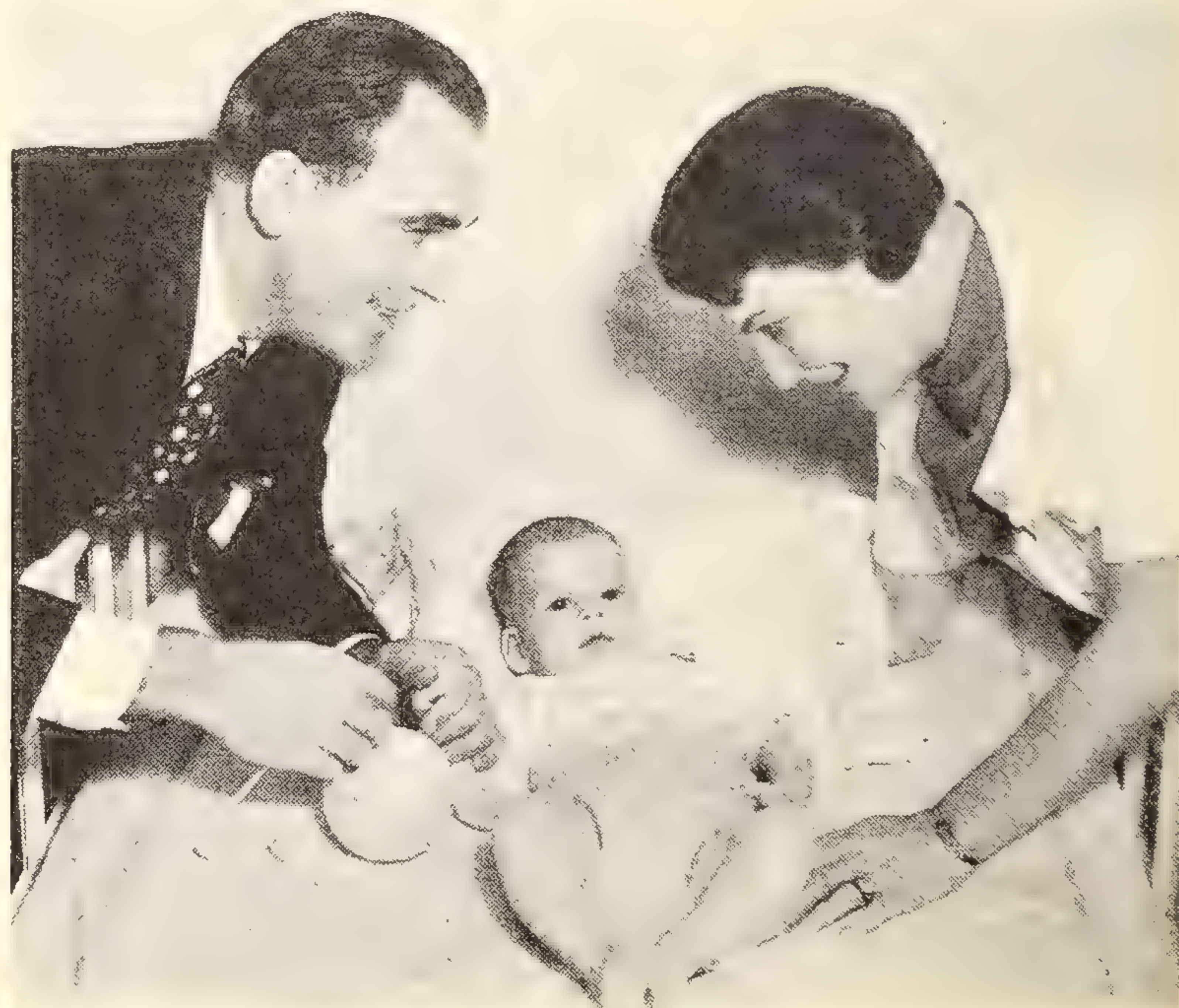
I had miraculously changed a breezy movie star into a wholly earnest, down-to-earth human being. Just by remarking, "You've been through the mill, Pat. You know the answers. What would you tell your own daughter about Life—and Love?"

There was no evasion, no hesitance. Petty subterfuges aren't in him at all.

"I'll tell her what men actually are like," he said, leaning forward on the luncheon table in his outspoken seriousness. "I'll tell Mavourneen how to find the right kind of fellow for happiness, and what she'll have to do to hold onto him."



Pat's daughter, Mavourneen, with him above, will be advised "not to be a prude, but not to be duped, either." Below, Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien with their young son, Patrick Sean.



He grinned that expansive Irish smile of his and with equal abruptness an irresistible twinkle leaped into his eyes.

"If she has that date with the guy who gets a bit fresh, I'll have already told her how to throw a left hook. And why, if she's smart, she must. I recall very easily how a well-slapped face gives a lad the correct slant on a girl; it puts him on her trail forever after!"

"If she fancies a fellow who hasn't quite settled down and who hasn't had the breaks yet, I'll advise her to pass up the stuffed shirts and wait for him. Should she fall in love at first sight I won't have fits. I'll say, 'Sweet-heart, hurry up and marry the boy; I realize exactly how you feel—your old man fell presto-bango himself!'"

The unforgettable memories of his own particular jousts with fate and of men and women as they really are swept over Pat then. He won't talk to seem important to his daughter, merely to exercise authority. But because he has had to seek and suffer and battle through to personal victories. He will be in absolute understanding with her I could see. A soul in complete sympathy, for Pat's is fortunately a remembering heart.

"I'll tell her not to demand a man without faults. She'd be gray-haired by the time she caught up with him and he'd be a dull companion. Anyway, you're crazy about a person partly for their little quirks. If he's late because business has held him up, if he doesn't notice a new hat, don't be silly enough to drop him. A liar or a cheat's out, naturally. But if he's the type who gives the other guy a pat on the back, if he likes folks and they like him, he's got the makings of a fine husband. If he goes in for football and other sports he's better than the mug who specializes in being charming at tea.

"I presume that Mavourneen will meet young people who'll claim to be 'wise.' They'll laugh at what they brand stupid customs. Well, I'll tell her not to be a prude, but not to be duped, either. I agree myself that there's a lot of nonsense foisted on the naïve. Still, after you've knocked around as I've had to, you wind up recognizing that certain fundamental truths will always be the best bet.

"I want my daughter to study men, quite deliberately. At school she'll become well-informed on a variety of useful facts. But I've discovered that nothing is more vital to a woman than love and she'll be a fool if she attempts to suppress her honest emotions, if she doesn't count on marrying and do her darndest to.

"Men aren't mysterious. They're eager for romance, for women who will live up to their dreams. They're idealists. Inspire them, instead of trying to dazzle them with superficial wiles, and there's no limit to the ambition



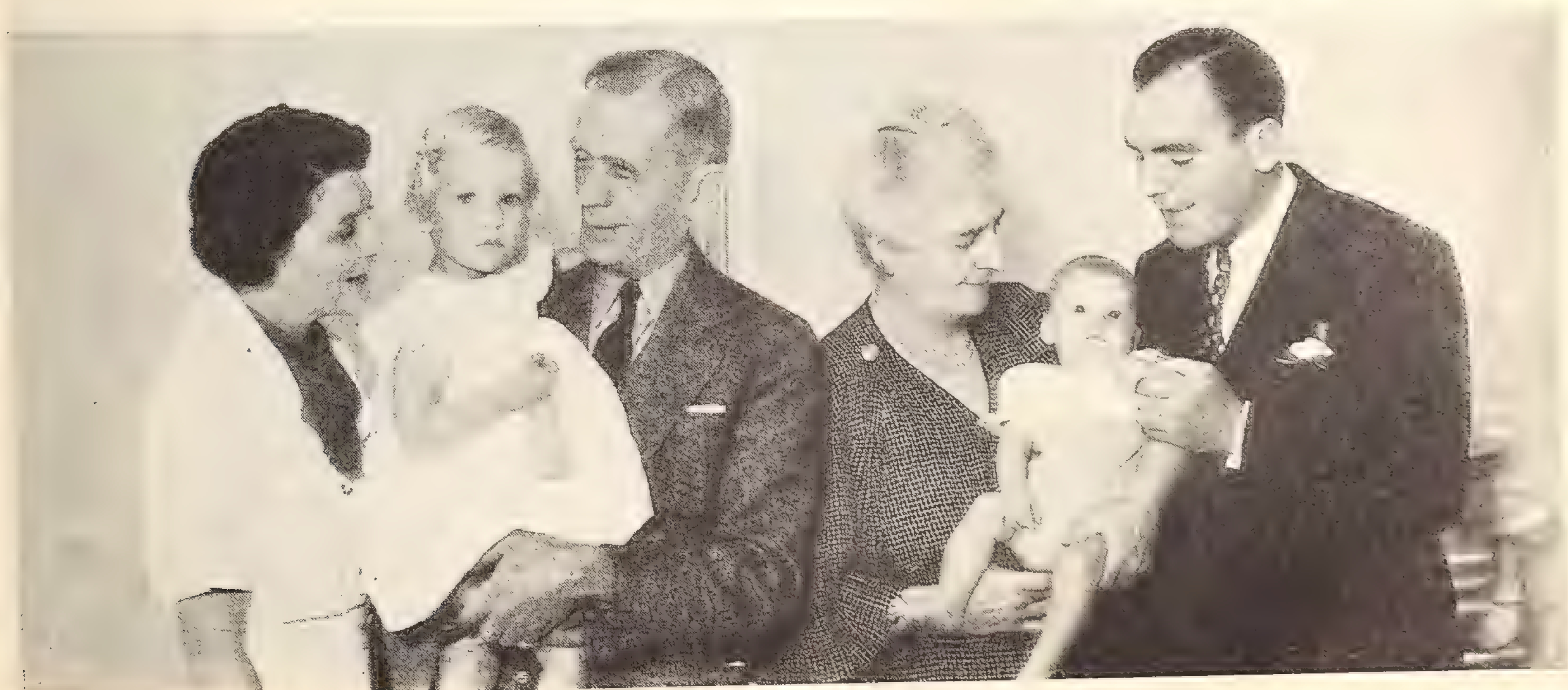
Pat is one of the film colony's most devoted papas—you see him above with his baby boy and little Mavourneen. Below, Grandma and Grandpa O'Brien visit their grandchildren, proudly pose with their son and his family.

to get somewhere that will develop within themselves.

"A man, I'll tip her off, values two qualities above all else in a woman: loyalty and virtue. It's the bunk that we enjoy being teased, kept in suspense. The flirt never intrigues us for long, and I've yet to bump into a man who admires a girl who's casual about love. Loyalty and virtue mean far more to a beau than a pretty face and a dieted figure.

"Oh," Pat added frankly, "attractiveness is desirable, obviously. No he-man sneezes at allure. But none of us are ever thoroughly enthralled, believe me, until we're positive that our women are devoted without reservations and possess unflinching strength of character."

He was talking so unre- (Please turn to page 72)





Wide World

One look at Lana Turner walking like this, left, from class to lunchroom, and a Mervyn LeRoy scout decided she ought to be in pictures. So Lana, who is 17, kept right on walking from high school to start her career in "The Deep South." Above, Clara Bow and her husband Rex Bell, seen recently at the races.

Here's Hollywood

WHEN *la belle* Dietrich came back to Paramount and found Carole Lombard was having a brand new dressing-room, combining hers and the one Gary Cooper used to have, she didn't lose any time in doing something about it. The studio is now in the process of knocking out the partition between Marlene's old room and the one next door, completely redecorating the whole thing.

BARBARA STANWYCK has presented Bob Taylor with a new cowboy outfit, which just about completes his collection. It seems that Bob has had a yen for cowboy garb over a period of years and has collected every imaginable costume to be worn on a ranch. And now that he has a ranch of his own, he's in his element because he can sport a completely new outfit every Sunday for the benefit of his guests.

IT SOUNDS too fantastic, but that lion cub Clark Gable brought back from Arizona was really captured with nothing but a lasso, strapped to the back of his horse, and brought to town in the rumble seat of his car. It has taken up its abode on the studio lot, where a cage was moved in specially for it, but the darned thing not only is eating Clark out of house and home, so to speak, but has the audacity to snarl at him every time he comes near it. So Clark is donating it to a local zoo.

NO ONE can quite figure out just why John Boles had that clause inserted in his Universal contract to the effect that he was to have no singing rôles. Fact is, John feels he has been at it for so long, he's entitled to a rest from the strenuous training required by any singer. But the funny part about it he just can't keep

from warbling now and then and between scenes on the set; it's not unusual to find the entire cast and crew gathered round while John renders an informal concert. And the studio doesn't dare record a note of it!

JEANETTE MACDONALD is spending all her spare time practicing dance routines for her next picture, "Firefly." And it's the first time Jeanette has danced since her stage debut with Ned Wayburn way back when. Jeanette recalled the other day that Wayburn came to her one day during her engagement, after listening to her song and dance number for the show, and told her she'd better stick to the dancing—that he doubted she'd ever be a singer!

JUST to put an end to all that talk about trouble in the Bette Davis-Harmon Nelson household, the two of them are at present vacationing in the desert, where they're working on plans for a new home.

THE Loretta Young-Eddie Sutherland romance is definitely off. Religious differences seem to have entered into the split more than anything else.

IN SPITE of rumors to the contrary, Dorothy Lamour is really married to Herbert Kaye and they're furnishing an apartment which they'll move into at any minute.

Double feature for news cameras! Cary Grant and Ginger Rogers step out together, and Hollywood lens snappers get two luminaries with one flashlight.

Lively gossip about the
social and studio doings in
the movie capital

By
Weston East

Wide World





Seeing themselves as you, you, and you will in "Singing Marine," are Hugh Herbert and Dick Powell, doing a neat mirror trick, above. Right, Jane Bryan, who ascends high places at top speed. Jane's played in five pictures. Her sixth will be along soon, and Jane Bryan herself will be its star, no less.



KAY FRANCIS and Delmar Daves have been playing Boy Scout to a very talented but hitherto undiscovered young wood engraver named Paul Landaker. When Kay first met the man and his wife, she became very much interested not only in his work but in his charming personality. So Kay invited them to be her guests at Arrowhead one week-end and then found she had to rush back to town on some pretext or another, leaving the Landakers at the resort. During their absence, Kay completely refurnished the small cottage in which they had been living as a surprise. Also through the efforts of Kay and Daves, some of his finest pieces are up this year for the Guggenheim award.

HELEN VINSON was so upset when she moved into Lilyan Tashman's house in Beverly Hills recently, by memories of her once very close friend, she couldn't stand it any longer and is having the entire home redecorated. Incidentally, Helen and her husband, Fred Perry, made

a friendly arrangement whereby neither of them will go into retirement during their long separations and that's why we're seeing Helen around at the night spots lately with one escort or another.

CARY GRANT, who is working on the next stage to the set where "Shall We Dance?" is being filmed, dropped around to see Ginger Rogers the other day between scenes. And he was completely bewildered to find not one but twenty-four Gingers on the set. It's all a gag for a dance routine scene, but Cary had quite a shock for a moment, trying to pick out the real girl.

FRANCIS LEDERER spent two whole weeks in New York, prior to the opening of Margo's play, "Masque of Kings," coaching the exotic star in her rôle. Having seen the play five times, Francis insists Margo is terrific. And it's all a good joke on RKO, who did not renew her contract last year, now that Sam Goldwyn has signed her to a picture contract at three times her former salary.

BOB BURNS has just purchased a large piece of property in his home state of Arkansas, where he plans to establish a boys' camp. Dick Powell has also recently purchased property there, which he'll do up into a farm. And speaking of Bob, there's absolutely no truth to all this talk of a romance between him and his secretary, Harriet Foster. Bob is still so grieved over the death of his wife, right on the eve of his success, he isn't romantically inclined toward anyone at the moment.

THE Paul Munis have just been presented with a new and unusual puppy—a French sheep dog. It's a very unusual breed, similar to the English variety, but black in color. This makes three dogs in the household—Simon, who is an airdale and eight years old, "Schnitzie," the tiny schnauzer, and the new puppy. And with their growing dog family, they are becoming more

Not a self-portrait! The painting is of Joan Crawford. The artist, whom many say resembles Joan, is young, gifted portrait painter, Azadia Newman.



and more puzzled as to what they're going to do with them in their new house at Playa del Rey, with its beautifully landscaped gardens.

WE'RE told on the best authority that Bill Powell was hibernating at the home of friends in the desert, during his recent absence from town when his studio was trying to locate him. And what's more, Jean Harlow and six other people were keeping him company. And further, it was none other than our blonde Jean who prepared the meals and kept house generally for all eight of them during their sojourn, and had the time of her life doing it.

KATHERINE DEMILLE had an amusing experience the other day. Several years ago, Katherine had gone in for poetry in a big way, and had stored all her efforts away in an old trunk. The urge to write came upon her suddenly and she decided to look her work over. One poem particularly intrigued her. She decided she just might have some kind of a future after all, as it looked pretty good to her. But it had an awfully familiar ring to it and it finally dawned on her that it was an obscure poem of our friend William Shakespeare's she'd copied in her own handwriting. P.S. Katherine has decided not to go in for poetry, after all.

ON THE last day of shooting of "Captains Courageous," young Freddie Bartholomew shyly handed his favorite person, Spencer Tracy, a gift. It proved to be a miniature of himself, which he'd had especially made. And in return, Spencer presented Freddie with an entire Leica developing set, which Freddie has gone in for in a big way.

Pat Paterson has a perfect right to be proud of her trim figure when she relaxes in the sunshine. She's a sprightly nymph by nature, and she revels in the water sports that help her keep those gracefully slender lines.



Stretching for beauty is a smart old Hollywood custom

By Elin Neil

Be Firm with Your Figure

PRETTY PAT PATERSON is always a bright spot on the Hollywood panorama. And it would take a lot of looking to find a lovelier picture than Pat in a bathing suit, basking in the sun after an active session of aquatic sports in her own swimming pool.

I don't blame you a bit if you envy Pat's trim figure. But I blame you a very great deal if you don't make the most of your own. Figures can be controlled with a little effort along the right lines, plus will-power, if you've encouraged the kind of appetite that revels in fattening foods.

It's a mighty good thing for all of us that Summer arrives once a year and we have to come out in the open, figure-atively speaking. How will you look in your bathing suit or your shorts and halter? Can you live up to the expectations of the young man whose fancy you captured in the Spring-time or will you attract new fancies your way? That all depends on you!

If you have figure faults you've managed to conceal, or merely overlooked, go to work right now to correct them. Your worst enemies are slumps and slouches. If you've let them play havoc with your figure and carriage, now's the time to drive them into oblivion. Stretching will do it.

I believe every woman living envies the grace of a cat, even if she doesn't like its other characteristics. Notice

the way a cat stretches and how much she seems to enjoy it. It's that stretching habit that gives her grace, more than anything else.

So take a tip from kitty as well as from me and stretch your figure to its most graceful lines. Make yourself as tall as you can and be proud of your height. Swimming is fine for the figure because you are always reaching forward and stretching yourself out as you skim through the water.

Of course, if you've allowed yourself to slump, so there are too many inches settled down around your waistline, you have to train your lazy muscles back to the job of holding you in. The usual effect of slumping is that your back curves in at the waistline, abdomen protrudes, and hips seem larger because they're raised too high. You are likely to carry your head too far forward, encouraging round shoulders and a double chin. You need stretching exercises to straighten out that back, strengthen "tummy" muscles so you naturally look smaller and better proportioned in the mid-section area, and to bring your chin into line.

I am going to give you my own favorite stretching exercise. It's fun to do, besides being effective. Begin by doing a few arm swings to get your muscles limber and relaxed so they'll get the most out of the stretching.

Stand with your feet two feet apart. Raise your arms shoulder high at your sides, straight out, palms to the front. Then swing your arms back and around in little circles so you rotate your shoulders.

After you've made a dozen circles, raise your arms high over your head, then let them drop toward the floor, keeping your legs straight and bending from the waist. Your head drops down with your arms, perfectly relaxed. Now swing your arms back and forth between your legs as if they didn't belong to the rest of your body. Then straighten up and raise your arms high above your

head. Then do the same thing to both sides, swinging your arms back and forth over each leg, instead of between them.

Now you are relaxed and ready to stretch. Bring your feet together. Raise your arms above your head and reach for the sky. Hold your thumbs together, fingers stretched straight, and reach up—up—up as high as you can. Twist at the waist to make your reach higher. Be sure to hold your "tummy" in, your chin up, your hips down. Your chin should be parallel with the floor and your ears in a line with your up-stretched arms.

When you feel just as tall as you possibly could be, drop forward from the waist and reach for the floor. Keep your legs perfectly straight. Stretch down with those fingertips, so you feel a pull in your "hamstrings," the tendons behind your knees. Relax just slightly, then reach down again and again as if you were giving the floor little pushes away from you.

Now straighten up, do a couple of those relaxing backward arm swings, rotating your shoulders, and reach for the sky again. Alternate that stretching upward and downward. It's fun to do. And once you get the feeling of holding your body as it should be held—head high, back straight, "tummy" in and hips down—carry yourself that way when you move. You'll feel so elated and naturally graceful that you'll want to make it a habit, and you'll feel uncomfortable when you let yourself slump.

I've talked a lot about posture because it's so important to body beauty, whether you're thin or chubby or normal in weight.

If you're overweight, change your diet habits. I don't believe in starvation diets, the kind that allow you enough of one kind of food to appease your appetite and deprive your system of other foods that supply chemicals it needs. Actually, you can lose weight by eating potatoes and nothing else. However, that's not recommended. You want to feel your best as well as look slender, so don't risk your health for the sake of losing a few pounds.

You should eat meat or fish once a day, provided it isn't fried or too greasy in itself. Substitute wholewheat or rye bread for white bread and hot biscuits. And, above all, stop eating when you are no longer hungry, no matter how much you are urged to take another helping.

And use your will power at cocktail time. When you say "Make mine Manhattan," or "Martini, please," you're going back on your best reducing intentions. All alcoholic drinks are fattening, tall ones included. Alcohol holds liquids in your body, creates sugar and stimulates your appetite. The worst offenders are rum, brandy, whiskey and gin. Beer is not only alcoholic, but it's a fattening food besides.

If you can do it without losing your disposition and friends, go on the water-wagon while you're trying to reduce. And the next best thing is to drink dry sherry or unsweetened wine (champagne or alicante, depending upon the pocketbook that pays the bill), while the rest of the crowd is downing cocktails, highballs or "quick ones."

Perhaps you need to put on weight to give your figure the right proportions. It's best to eat normally at meals instead of stuffing your body with more food than it can digest at one time. Eat between meals. A glass of half milk and half cream taken in the middle of the morning and afternoon will help add pounds. Lie down after meals if you can conveniently do so. And it's a good idea to eat easily digested food just before you go to bed at night. Food digests best when your body is at rest. Avoid nervousness, as that's one of the chief causes of underweight.



Thrilling as the flowers themselves — Tenfold Carnation perfume by Hudnut.

A 1937 perfume favorite is Richard Hudnut's Tenfold Carnation. Personally, we pick it for a winner because it's such a rich, lingering, flower-true fragrance. There's a hint of sophistication that makes it equally delightful for gala Summer evenings and day-time smartness. The carnation is an aristocrat among flowers since it's not grown in large fields but is carefully cultivated in small quantities. And it's at its distinctive best in Hudnut's Tenfold Carnation. We recommend it to you who want to express Summer gaiety plus fashion awareness in the fragrance that creates your perfume personality.

WE'VE been enthusiastic about Admiracion soapless shampoo treatment ever since that grand aid to hair beauty made its debut! Either the Olive Oil or Pine Tar type strengthens the hair so it's in excellent condition to take a permanent wave, besides dissolving dandruff and giving your tresses a healthy gleam. However, since some women like to feel lather on their hair, Admiracion has just brought out Foamy Oil Shampoo. It has all the virtues of the original and it lathers luxuriously. There's a new Admiracion Tonic, too, that promotes healthy lustre and counteracts the electricity that makes hair hard to manage.

IF YOUR hair is dyed or bleached, you'll never be without Lechler's Moorish Hair Pencil, once you've tried it. It instantly hides the "tell-tale" streak along the part with a pure vegetable coloring that washes out with the next shampoo. You simply moisten the tip of the pencil with water and apply it in the same direction as the hair grows to make the area that needs re-touching match the rest of your head.

Femi-nifties

Keep Your Beauty in Tune with June!



Style matches beauty in Helena Rubinstein's new costume lipsticks.



First aid to beauty is McKesson-Robbins' Albolene Solid.



Your coiffure as you like it—thanks to a Eugene permanent!

IF YOU'RE one of those women who like to have things "just right," you'll revel in Helena Rubinstein's new costume lipsticks. They come in six subtly brilliant shades especially created by Madame Rubinstein to make you look your loveliest in the season's smartest colors. The cases are so attractive you'll wield your lipstick with pride! The slender swivel cases are Thistle Pink, Delphinium Blue, Lotus White, Mimosa Yellow, Carnation Red, Licorice Black, and Gooseberry Green. Any one of the six lipstick shades may be had in any case. You'll probably want several to vary with your costumes, and they're inexpensive enough not to strain your beauty budget.

WE'RE going to tell you a bed-time story that begins with babies. If you've had one or more of your own, Albolene is nothing new in your life. It's that pure cleansing and lubricating oil used in hospitals and recommended to mothers to keep baby's skin smooth, soft, immaculately clean, and free from irritation. Only recently, this gentle yet remarkably effective oil has been made into a cleansing cream for our own faces called Albolene Solid. It removes make-up completely and penetrates deeply enough to soften and remove deep-pore dirt. Bed-time cleansing with Albolene Solid makes your skin feel soft, smooth, fresh and baby-clean. Try it!

WHEN you go to the beauty shop to get your next permanent wave, be sure you know what goes on your hair. That's the best insurance that your wave will be a real joy instead of a regretted mistake. The

large manufacturers have perfected their processes to the point where the risk is really taken out of permanent waving—provided you do your part. It's up to you to see that the supplies used in waving your hair are the same ones the manufacturer made to go with his machine. For instance, when you ask for a Eugene wave, (one of the very best), insist on Eugene sachets. They're uniform in size and each contains exactly the same amount of waving lotion, so all of your curls turn out alike. And that is one of the foremost secrets of successful permanent waving. Another is absolute control of heat, which the Eugene machine provides.

Charm Chap

Continued from page 23

daughter of one of Hollywood's most respected agents, fall in love with her and marry her.

They met at a party given by Martha Sleeper. Muriel (Ray calls her Mal), arrived late. Alone. Ray was with another girl, who was in another room playing backgammon. When Mal was introduced, Ray was sitting at a table with three men, playing bridge. The three men remained seated when the introductions were made. Ray stood up, bowed, and immediately dropped out of the game. He took Mal home that evening. The girl he brought originally was taken home by a friend, because Ray suddenly had become very "ill."

or other as far as he was concerned. Tomorrow he would have a job. Fate in the form of Joe Egli, assistant casting director of the Paramount studios, tapped him on the shoulder. Egli had seen his face only too often. It just so happened there was a part open in "Bolero" and Ray was just the man for it.

At seven o'clock the next morning, an excited young man, trying to hide a rented tuxedo under a long overcoat, burst into the Standard Oil Office: "I'm Ray Milland," he gasped. "I was supposed to start here this morning but I just got word that a relative in Oklahoma died and I have to go and bury him. I'll be back in a few

sweetly, but very firmly, from the rear.

"Twenty dollars," thundered Ray.

"Twenty-five," came back the woman in even sweeter tones.

"Thirty dollars and not a penny more," Ray shouted, and swore under his breath. The table was sold to the woman with the sweet voice for thirty-five.

After the auction Ray went back to Mal and sunk down dejectedly in the seat next to her.

"Oh, darling," she exclaimed, "wait until you see the sweetest little sewing-table I just bought. I outbid a nasty old man and got it for *only* thirty-five dollars!"

The only time the Millands almost came to blows, a horse was the cause of it all. Back in England, after quitting King's College, spending six months on a potato boat, a chance to work for his uncle, who was a breeder of fine horses, brought Ray home again. It was this training in expert horsemanship that helped to get him into the ranks of the King's personal bodyguard. He might still be a member of the King's finest if his horse hadn't run away with him one day and disgraced him in front of the Prince of Wales. Ray couldn't blame the horse because the horse hadn't been celebrating with friends in an English "Pub." And Ray had. He was supposed to have escorted his highness back to Buckingham Palace, but somehow Ray and the horse arrived thirty minutes ahead of the others.

Because it was his birthday, Mal decided it would be nice to give Ray a surprise party. To get him out of the house, she suggested he go down to the Riviera stables and ride "because he loved horses so much." Poor Mrs. Milland didn't realize what she was getting herself into. The guests arrived at six. Seven o'clock passed. Everyone but Mal began to get nervous when Ray failed to appear. Mal knew all those little quirks in his nature and just smiled tolerantly. Finally at eight, even she began to show signs of unrest. Just then the door bell rang.

On the porch stood a strange man in overalls. Over his shoulder, out in the street, Mal caught sight of a large truck.

"Is this the house where Ray Milland wants the horse delivered?" he queried.

"Good grief, *no!*" shrieked Mal, forgetting she was a lady and the dignified wife of a supposedly responsible movie star. "Take that animal away. I sent my husband out to *ride* a horse, not to buy one. Just say that Mrs. Milland has changed Mr. Milland's mind."

Rich or poor, happy or miserable, eventually the Millands always wound up laughing. When Paramount adjusted his salary after his splendid work opposite Claudette Colbert in "The Gilded Lily," Ray decided it was time to take another trip to London. This time, however, he would have a charming wife, an excellent wardrobe, plenty of money in his pocket.

On the boat the Millands received sensational attention. Waiters hovered around them through every bite of food. Special wines marked their place at the Captain's table. Special dishes were prepared in their honor.

"You see, dear," he said to Mal, complacently. "It's the same all over the world. The minute a person gets important everyone makes a fuss over him. They never were so nice to me before."

On the last night out, the Captain sent a note to the Millands. He told them it had been a pleasure to have them on board and Mrs. Milland was such a charming, gracious and beautiful woman—it had been



Wide World

Who said it's work? On location at Mt. Rainier, Tyrone Power and Sonja Henie, stars of one of Hollywood's off-screen romances, are playing in a film together.

They were just overgrown kids when they married. Ray was struggling to make a name for himself and Mal tried desperately to adjust herself to married life.

When they separated, Mal went home and Ray dragged his miserable self back to England. It sounds humorous now, but at the time it was anything but funny. He only stayed away four weeks because he couldn't stand the climate in London—and the laundries! It never occurred to him that he might be missing his wife. His first job back in Hollywood was with the studio who had kept him under contract at a small salary and never given him a chance. M-G-M this time paid him one hundred dollars a day for ten days, in a picture with Charles Laughton and Verree Teasdale called "Payment Deferred."

Again no work, and back he went to England. This time he worked there in "Orders is Orders" for Gaumont-British, also "The Singing Kettle" and "This Is the Life," for British Lion. Then the laundries and the climate got him again. On the money he made, he lived in Hollywood almost a year. Finally, in desperation Ray applied for a service station job with the Standard Oil. Every morning he was the first one at their employment office and the last one to leave. Finally, came the great day and he was told to report at seven o'clock the next morning, ready to take over a station. Overjoyed, Ray walked whistling down Hollywood Boulevard. Life was just a bowl of something

days. Please keep the job open for me."

Ray *did* expect to be back in a few days, working for Standard Oil. The part lasted six weeks. Then, two days after finishing, he was put into "We're Not Dressing." After that came the contract that has taken him to the enviable spot he occupies today. In the meantime he began courting his wife again. She didn't make it easy for him to get back. But once she saw that he really had learned his lesson and both of them had grown a bit, she decided it was time to forget the past.

Recently the Millands furnished a charming Colonial bungalow out on Kings' Road in Hollywood. Never did two young people have so much fun digging up antiques, one trying to outdo the other in bargains. Everything they said or did seemed to be funny. Life was almost too much fun to be real. One night Ray rushed in excitedly from the studio. He had just heard that some rare old furniture was "being sold for a song," out in Pasadena. Nothing would do but their rushing right out there—without even waiting for dinner. On the way out Ray explained to Mal that he would sit down in front, but she should remain way in back—"because she was shy and didn't understand about auctions."

When a Colonial cherry wood sewing-table was put up for sale, Ray thought it would be just the thing for Mal.

"I bid ten dollars," he said in a stern voice.

"Fifteen dollars," said a woman's voice

a pleasure to give her all the extra care and attention possible!

When they landed in England the first person Ray heard from was—Connie Bennett. She wanted him for her leading man in "Everything Is Thunder." Not only did she want him, but she called the Paramount studios in Hollywood personally and pleaded with them. But Paramount were too ambitious for Ray to allow him to remain away so long.

Aside from his "crazy" streak, which is just his way of showing happiness, Ray is one of the best-read, best-dressed, and best-poised actors in Hollywood. His one great fault is his lack of tact at times. He can be very blunt when a thing offends him. And he is easily offended—especially by women. He hates silly women, cheap women, and badly groomed women. And it annoys him to the point of getting up and going out if he sits near anyone in a public place who deliberately attracts attention. He is never late himself and he dislikes waiting for others. He doesn't take his career too seriously and yet he does everything possible to improve himself. He resents being put in the "arty" class. He doesn't go in for big cars or even small swimming-pools and his phone number is listed under his own name in the telephone book, where anyone can call him. The Millands seldom go out socially and seldom entertain. They don't need the whole world for an audience because they are the best audience in the world for each other. Ray originally went to work



Eyes that tell a story. Peter Lorre, as Mr. Moto, Thomas Beck and Virginia Field (remember her grand portrayal in "Lloyds of London"?), in "Think Fast, Mr. Moto."

as a screen actor more or less as a lark.

Back in England when his aunt died and left her favorite nephew seventeen thousand dollars, that favorite nephew decided right then and there that he only lived once and he couldn't take it with him. So he "toured" Europe as Europe has never been "toured" before. Upon his return, with his remaining fifty dollars he took Estelle Brody, an English picture

star, to dinner at Ciro's. She induced him to try his hand at extra work, and because he needed the money, he was agreeable to trying anything.

"When I found out that people actually got paid good money for standing up in front of other people and making faces, it was too good an opportunity to pass up," says Ray. "And I've been making faces ever since."

Tony's Terrific!

Continued from page 34

girls, it will be just as easy for you to muscle in on Mrs. Simpson right now as on Alice Faye. Of course there are days when Alice will go coy or feminine or something and tell everybody in sight that Tony Martin is just so much poison to her and she never expects to see him again. That means that you will probably see them the following night at the Fox Wilshire watching the cinema—Alice and Tony and a box of candy. For next to Alice Faye, Tony loves candy, and never goes to a movie without supplying himself with plenty. (He has a trainer come in every morning for two hours as an antidote.) But what's a romance anyway, without a lot of scrapping? Their quarrels usually start over something very petty, (oh, I don't have to tell you about young love in bloom, and you don't have to tell me, either); and then Tony will say, "All right, Frances, I mean Alice, if that's the way you feel about it." Tony used to go with Frances Langford, remember?—and no girl likes to have her boy friend's last girl thrown in her face. "That's the way I feel about it, Rudy," Alice will snap back. "Oh, I mean Tony!" And Alice used to go with Rudy Vallee, so you have a general idea of how Tony feels about that. So bang will go two receivers on two hooks. And Alice will swear that she will never see Tony Martin again, and Tony will swear he never even heard of Alice Faye, and the next night they will go to see "Love is News" and hold hands, and eat a box of candy, at least Tony will.

And what about Hollywood's new screen lover? Tony Martin was born in Oakland, California, (a native son, no less), quite a few years after the turn of the century, and his proud parents named him Alvin Morriss. And you can't blame a

guy for not wanting to be called Alvin, as soon as he is old enough to do something about it. Tony was educated in the public schools in Oakland and though he had a body built for football and a mind for mathematics he did very little about it—his one and only love was music. He quickly perfected his playing of all wind instruments, studied theory of music, and



Spencer Tracy takes his turn at "KP" duty in "They Gave Him a Gun."

was constantly organizing school orchestras. After high school he entered St. Mary's College to please his mother.

But it was while he was at St. Mary's that he did his first broadcast and won a puff from a radio commentator, on a program then that switched to different colleges; and one night St. Mary's was on the air. There was a colored boy in the college who was supposed to sing *That's Why Darkies Are Born*, on the broadcast that night, but right before the important event he got terrific stage fright and Tony was shoved on at the last minute in his place. Tony was a knockout. He got a lot of good radio publicity that gave him the confidence he needed.

When he organized his orchestra, which was destined to go barnstorming over the country, eventually landing at the World's Fair in Chicago, he called it "The Red Peppers."

Tony made two trips to Hollywood before he finally "clicked"—so let that be a lesson to you impatient young folks who want to do everything in five minutes. His Metro contract came to nothing, and ditto his RKO contract.

Tony was released from his RKO contract, without having made a picture, on March 10th, 1936. The following day he received a call from his agent telling him that he was to go on the Sunday night program at the Trocadero, along with Dixie Dunbar, Fats Waller, and other professional entertainers. Tony had never sung without his orchestra and was pretty scared, but his sixth sense told him that now was the time to do or die, and he did. Before he left the Trocadero that night he was signed to a Twentieth Century contract by Darryl Zanuck, who knows a good bet when he sees one.



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Even for a little thing like a laxative, the doctor has a definite set of requirements. Before giving a laxative his approval he considers it from every angle to make sure that it meets his demands.

Read the specifications listed below. Will your laxative check on every point?

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:

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- It should be thorough.
- Its merit should be proved by the test of time.
- It should *not* form a habit.
- It should *not* over-act.
- It should *not* cause stomach pains.
- It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

Go right down the list. Ex-Lax checks on every point. It meets the doctor's demands fairly and fully. So much so, in fact, that many doctors use Ex-Lax in their own homes. Ex-Lax has literally millions of friends. It is the most widely-used laxative in the world.

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Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative. You will find that it is mild and gentle. You will find that Ex-Lax is *not* upsetting. Yet it is completely effective. Moreover, you will appreciate the pleasant sense of well-being that follows such a thorough internal cleansing.

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Once you try Ex-Lax, you'll say good-bye to harsh, nasty cathartics, for it tastes just like delicious chocolate. All drug stores have Ex-Lax in economical 10c and 25c sizes.

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When Nature forgets—remember
EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Tony's ambition is to play a newspaper reporter in a picture. He knows just how it ought to be done, and if you've got time enough he'll practically do all of "Front Page" for you. He spends several hours a day, when he isn't working on a picture, with a dramatic coach, and the plays he likes to study are ones in which the leading man is a hard-boiled, gum-chewing, loud-swearing newspaper reporter. When he isn't studying to be a newspaper reporter he is turning radio dials.

Tony is one of Hollywood's eligible bachelors, has never been married, but thinks it might be a good idea. He lives alone in a very attractive Hollywood hillside home, except for Dolly, a Bedlington terrier, who was named "Delilah" by

Gracie Allen. Dolly likes nothing better than a breakfast of beer and steak. If by chance there is no radio program to listen to when he is around the house Tony will do a crossword puzzle. He has a weakness for crossword puzzles, and because of them can quote the dictionary to you at length. In fact he knows almost as much about the dictionary as *Messieurs* Funk and Wagnalls. He loves fan mail, reads it all, and personally answers as much as he has time to answer. He is six feet tall, weighs 175 pounds, has dark brown eyes that do things to susceptible women, (and aren't we all), and wavy black hair. He very much resembles a young Ricardo Cortez. He likes girls who sing—Frances Langford and Alice Faye and—Alice Faye.

Five Hollywood Wives—Gracie Allen Burns

Continued from page 31

most important problem," she continued, "is creating an atmosphere of comfort as well as beauty in the home. When you are furnishing for the first time, your eye is so taken with little novelties in furniture, cute little things that are decorative—but difficult to use, if you know what I mean.

"For instance, coffee tables! How many homes do you walk in that have little pieces of wood covered with glass serving for a coffee table? Perhaps, you may even think this is a minor item. But the hostess doesn't live who doesn't wish she had a table and ash-trays big enough to really hold cigarette boxes, large ash trays, and enough space left over to make room for a cocktail glass or two. Yet our first inclination is to make our living, or drawing-room 'pretty' with tiny little tables and even smaller ash trays. We've really tried so hard to make everything in the house *usable* as well as effective.

"The second problem in managing a home as far as the professional woman is concerned is *making* the time for it—not finding the time, making it.

"It doesn't make any difference how many servants you have or how well trained they are, there are certain things in connection with a home a woman must do herself. You can't cheat on this. The feeling is there, or it isn't—and that's all there is to it.

"Of course, in a *first* home there is a grave danger you'll overdo the personal touch. The brand new housekeeper is prone to stick her eager nose into too many things. I suppose I would do that, too, if I had the time, because there's not a thing from gardening to cooking that doesn't interest me. But the movies and the radio have luckily spared my household too much of little Gracie's personal touch.

"You see, as eager as I am to learn everything—my time is so budgeted! I'm being forced to learn things gradually—and I'm glad. I guess the servants are, too. And George. And the children.

"Our day here begins around seven in the morning. If George and I are working, Ronnie and Sandra come in while we are dressing—and we dress as well as we can under the circumstances. Sandra adores to watch me make-up. And George gets Ronnie while he's shaving.

"We usually have breakfast downstairs for the sheer unadulterated joy of breakfasting in our new breakfast room. For years we used to have orange juice and coffee on a tray—but not since we acquired a special room for breakfasting, believe me!" Gracie laughed.

"It is during this rather hectic meal, (the children come down with us), that I make my first official move as a house-

keeper! Don't laugh—but I plan the evening meal by simply telling cook what I want for a main course.

"Do you know," she went on, "I think I shall stick to that idea. It is a good one. You know enough about your evening meal not to look too surprised when the *entrée* comes in—and you aren't bored figuring out the accessories which your cook can probably do a lot better than you can, anyway—unless you happen to be a dietician. I also like to order and plan the flowers.

"Perhaps other people don't notice, but I have a peculiar feeling about flowers. I don't like them too formal, or too obviously from the florist. As long as we have flowers in the garden, I like them used in the house, and I prefer them in low bowls—not in hedges you have to peek around to see your dinner partner or who is sitting next to you in the bridge game.

"With the meat and the flowers out of the way," Gracie went on, "George and I head for the studio, the make-up man, three hours of work—and then lunch promptly at twelve o'clock. We have to insist on a prompt noon hour because half the time must be devoted to rehearsing the radio program for the end of the week. And then before I return to the set, it is very important that I call home and find out whether Sandra's taking a nap—or whether she's gone to the park. If she's been put to bed early, I know she's been naughty. If she's at the park, I know she's been good."

It wasn't Gracie the housekeeper talking now—it was the devoted mother whose devotion to the going-on-four-year-old Sandra and the nineteen-months-old Ronnie is the grandest thing I know about this delightful woman.

"You know," she smiled, (and I think she was secretly amused at the whole idea), "Sandra is an awful fibber. I mean, she's something terrific! I think she's going to grow up to be a scenario writer. I never saw such an imagination. It is impossible to trip her because she has the answers all figured out in advance.

"The other evening I asked her if she had been to the park that day. Her nurse had already informed she hadn't. But Sandra blithely assured me she had! I said: 'Whom did you play with?' And she came right back with 'Joany Benny'—that's Jack Benny's little girl who plays with Sandra all the time. 'What did Joany have on?' I baited my young hopeful. 'Oh she looked *sweet*,' Sandra said—and that was that. Now you really can't punish a child who uses her mind that quickly! Anyway, I know Sandra hates to fib to me. She always lets me know she's sorry by

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• (*below*) Snapped on the staircase of the Crystal Garden of the Ritz-Carlton during the Duchess of Leinster's recent visit to New York.



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throwing her arms around my neck. And George says why should we throttle a coming novelist, anyway?"

"Then you don't believe in discipline?" I asked just to see what Gracie would say. I have a hunch she thinks she's firm with the children.

"Indeed I do believe in discipline when a child is really being rude or naughty. It isn't fair to children to let them grow up little heathens. Another thing George and I can't approve of, is treating our children differently from other children just because we happen to be professional people.

"For instance, take this fad among the movie people of taking reels and reels of baby's first tooth, his or her first step, or the first time she slapped the nurse in the face! Cute? Several of our friends have these movie cameras, and I think Ronnie and Sandra would not mind being photographed in the least. But we haven't a movie camera in the house, principally because I think there's such a thing as disciplining parents, too. I don't care how adorable children may be, there's no need for your guests to suffer through a feature-length film of Junior in his diapers! We take kodak pictures, instead."

But you have the feeling the pictures closest to Gracie's heart are the memories she's storing away of Sandra's arms around her neck after she's fibbed—of the first time Ronnie jumped over the sides of his crib.

"Oh, yes," said Gracie, "where were we in this treatise of the perfect housewife at work and at play? Well, an evening with the Burnses is just one of those things. After an early dinner with the children, (they make us eat something with them), and a later one ourselves, we'll either go down to the corner movie, or sit here in front of the fire and admire our home! Not very exciting, but oh, so satisfying."

"But surely you entertain a great deal in this new home?" I prompted. "And don't think we're going to skip over the hostess problems lightly, either!"

"Oddly enough, we haven't entertained here as much as we planned to," she admitted. "You see, immediately after we moved in, Sandra was ill. Then George and I had to make a hurried trip to New York. When we came back some of the

furniture was still to arrive—and then we started work on a picture. We've had a few informal dinners, of course."

"And how are the pointers coming on?" I persisted.

"Promise not to laugh and I'll tell you something. I think I've stumbled onto something really good in the hostessing line. This isn't new—but it is always good: keep your parties small and congenial. And then—skip the old 'guest stand-byes' in planning your meals."

I wanted to know what in the world was "an old guest-standbye."

"Think back how many company meals you've eaten of chicken, turkey, roast beef, squab, or filet steaks. Think how many *hors d'oeuvres* you've consumed before a heavy meal. This 'fancy' food is what I mean by the old guest-standbys. These are all the little things the hostess insists on doing 'extra' when she's expecting dinner guests. If I have learned one little hostess secret I'm proud of, it is in trying to treat guests as though it were no trouble at all to have them!

"Perhaps it may be twice as much trouble to prepare good pot roast and good potato pancakes than in having the proverbial turkey or squab. But I like the simple routine. It looks so unplanned. George helped me on this, too. He said the majority of men prefer the simple food they eat every night in their own homes—or else they wouldn't be eating them so often. And of course, it's the men who have to be pleased with a dinner. The women are dieting, so what?"

"So that's really the only little tip I've learned on my own. I know George and I were flattered to death the other evening when Jack and Mary Benny came over for dinner. We had the best meat balls and mashed potatoes you ever ate—and Jack was so relaxed after dinner, he went to sleep! How's that for being the perfect hostess?" Gracie kidded.

I think it's swell. I hope Gracie and George invite me to dinner some night for meat balls—even if I would be too interested in the evolution of radio's most popular feminine personality into a darn good housekeeper to go to sleep and flatter Mrs. George Burns, wife, mother, and hostess extraordinary!

"I'll Tell My Daughter Plenty!"

Continued from page 63

strainedly that I took care not to interrupt. Seldom does a star bare his innermost feeling so.

"We men are so anxious to be proud," he continued emphatically, "so I'm going to tell Mavourneen to show her boy-friends many reasons why they could be terrifically proud of her. Men hate intolerance—I want her to be tolerant above all things!"

"And another thing—we're proud of a woman who's clever. I am purposely collecting an excellent library so my Mavourneen will be well-read. Then I'll take her traveling so she'll be cosmopolitan. I hope she won't be guilty of artificiality; men can't stand pretending and a woman who is well-informed doesn't bother vamping by putting on acts.

"She'll arouse more male pride by being domestic, by being capable. Men wish to save their loved ones from as many humdrum, tiring chores as they can. But gosh—! How we swell up at the recollection of how our wives or sweethearts came through in a pinch. Before I could persuade my wife to gamble on me she cooked and sewed for herself, and she was carving out an acting career simultaneously.

What a pip she is! It was plain that she'd be an elegant home-maker. Today, on the cook's day off, oh boy—!

"I'll tell my daughter," Pat resumed, calming down a bit, "to be athletic, to be a sample of robust young American womanhood. So she'll sidestep sicknesses. She must acquire a sense of humor, too, for being able to laugh off disappointments rescued me from quitting near the beginning. And certainly she'll be informed of the solace of prayers.

"But I shall not lecture her on smoking and drinking and staying out too late! If we've made any kind of a go of raising her, she'll have common sense, an instinct for behaving as a well-bred woman does.

"The chief advice I'll give Mavourneen, however, is: *Be as much like your mother as possible!* Her mother is the essence of loveliness. Her mother has background, has always been a great student. Yet she also has culture without snobbishness, and graciousness without deceit. And oh, marvelous kindness! I intend to say, oftenest: Hang on to your mother's every word. Burn incense to her ideals!

"It's my theory that parents do their

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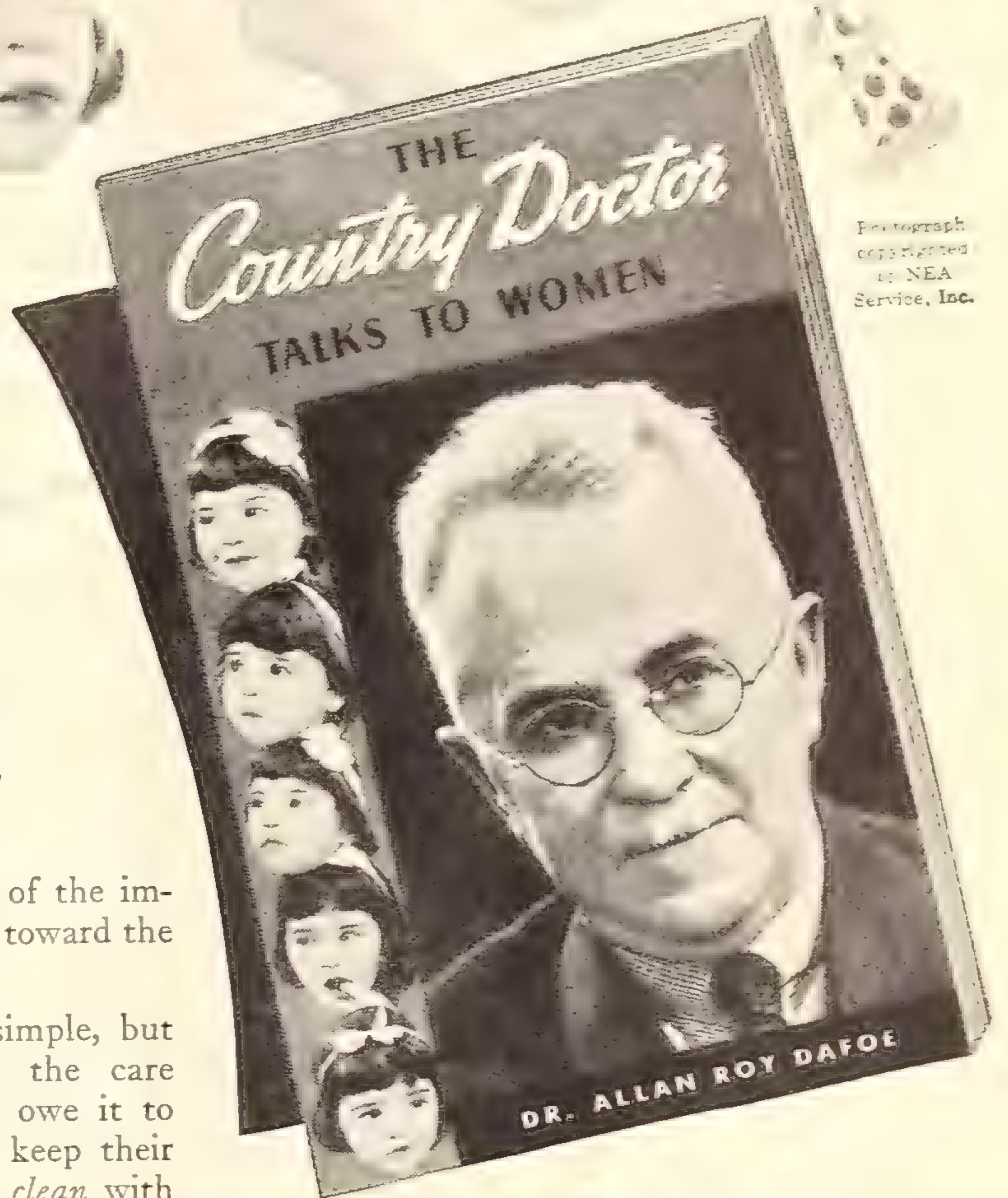
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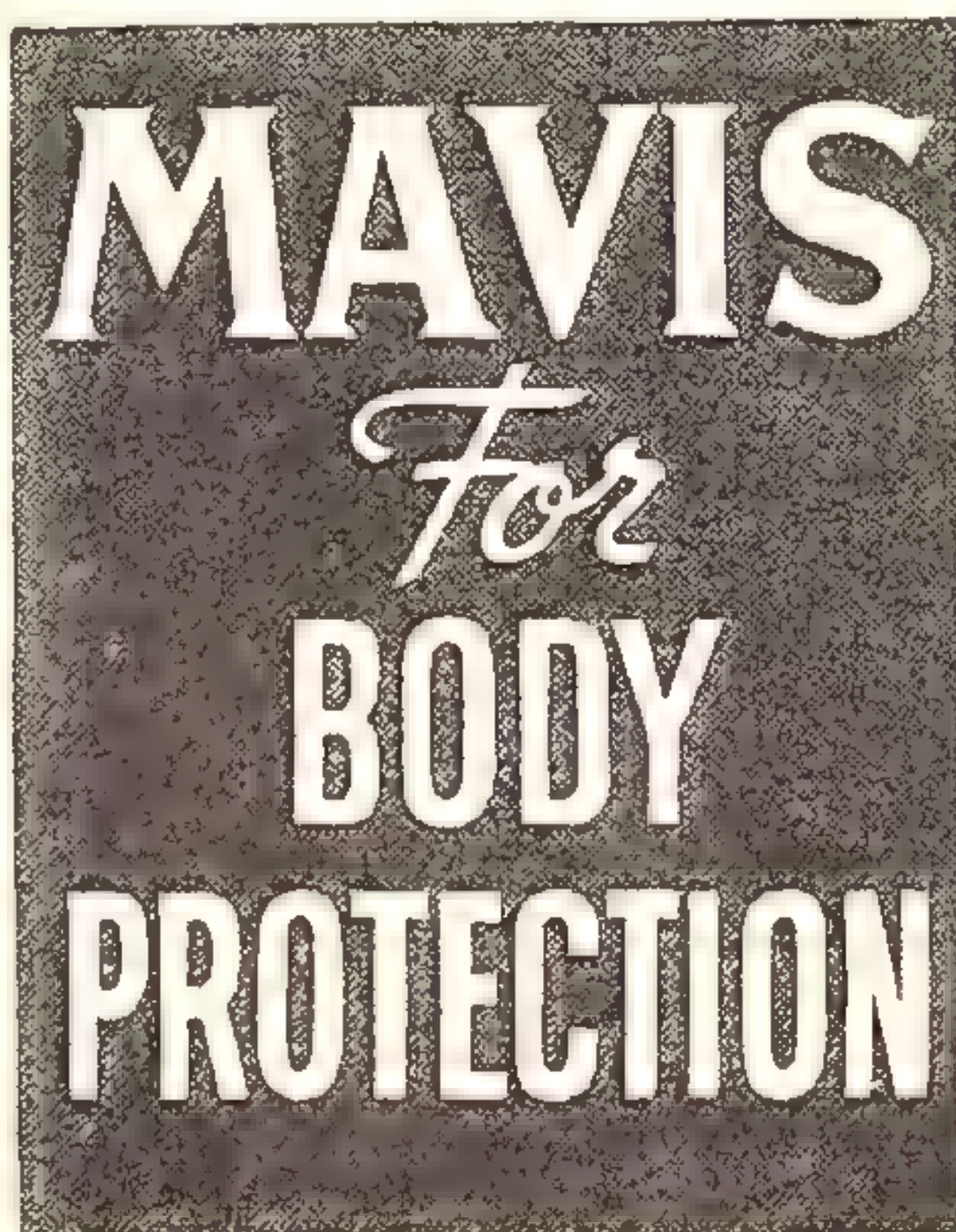
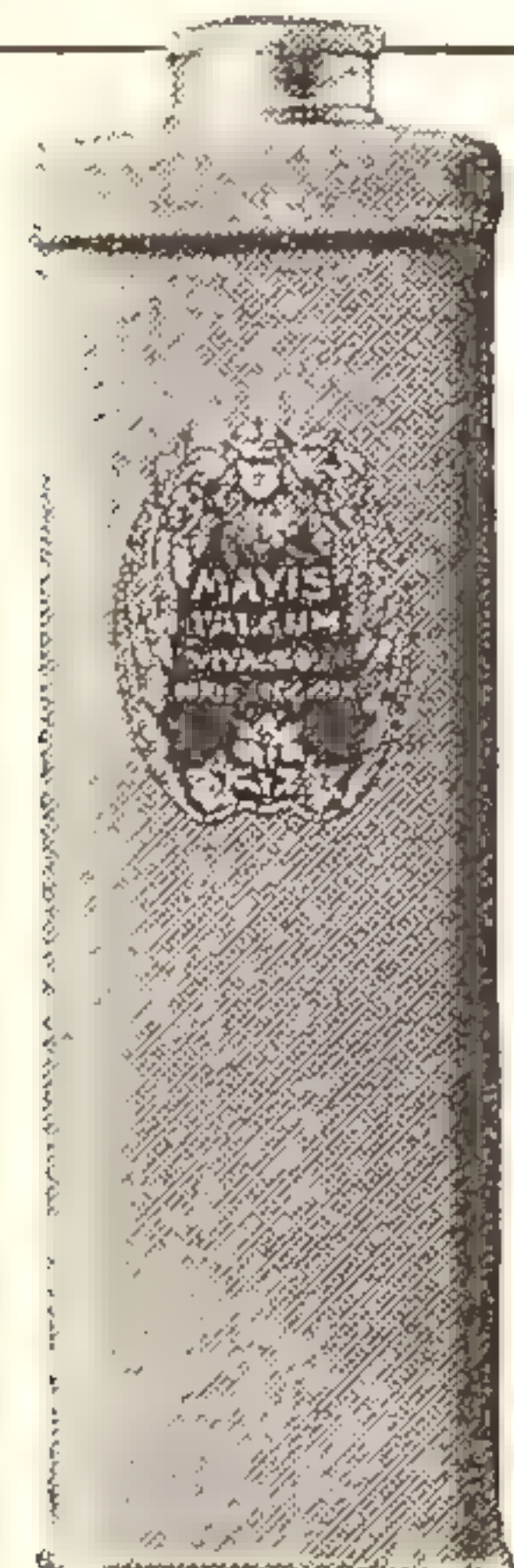
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influencing by setting the pace. You can bet I think twice before I do anything—since we've had our baby. Here's another goal of mine, by the way. In the thirty-five years my own mother and father have been married I've never heard a harsh word between them. They must have had disagreements, of course; but they've had so much consideration for me that they've controlled their tempers at least when I've been present. I want to duplicate that record."

Pat wasn't even remembering his luncheon. He didn't hesitate for a cigarette. Rather, he rushed on with his heretofore hidden thoughts.

"When my daughter falls in love I won't interfere." He returned to this angle, to stress it. "Young lovers oughtn't to be thwarted: I've no right to pick her husband and I shall not demand that he come to me and ask for her 'hand.' Nor shall I invite him into the parlor to investigate his salary. That's to be their affair."

"Supposing," I said, "she wants to strike out from home on her own. What'll you do?"

"She can have a career if she wants one. We plan to send her to a convent and then to college. Then she can try any-

thing—except Communism. If she goes in for that I'll slug her. Certainly I've no objection to her becoming an actress; but if she has an innate fondness for acting I'll tell her that she'll have to make the grade *on her own!* I'll never introduce her as my daughter so she can secure rôles. I want her to *fight* her way up the ladder.

"I'll remind Mavourneen that the dumbest thing to do is to accept flattery as gospel, that the finest thing in this world is honor, and that the swellest girl is the one a guy can trust a hundred per cent. When she's grown up she must be a woman a real man will want. And if she isn't I'll be as awfully disappointed as she'll be herself. *Ultimately I'll judge myself by the woman she becomes.*

Royal blue eyes went mistily sentimental at the thought of the two-year-old child waiting for daddy to come home from the studio. "Today," he admitted, permitting himself a sigh, "she's so cute and helpless that all I can tell her is how crazy I am about her." His voice was huskier. "She's like—"—and he searched for the apt phrases until he found them—"a delicate vase, a beautiful bud." Self-consciously he concluded, "How do you like a mug like me crackin' about vases and buds?"

What's Left for Janet Gaynor?

Continued from page 25

try to make an official appointment you bump into back-stage difficulties. Janet is politely willing to receive the press, shortly it develops that she is temporarily indisposed, or vacationing out of town. Then she sends word asking about your "angle"—she won't speak for publication on a number of pertinent topics.

For instance, first of all you probably wonder what she has to say about love. She has represented the young dreamer of dreams so exquisitely. She married once, and then her union with Lydell Peck broke up. She hopes for another wedding, doesn't she? A chance to erase a memory that never should have been? In her private life Janet has been the true belle of Hollywood: she could weigh her discoveries about men and others could certainly profit by what she has learned. You are informed that she has no statements to make on the subject of love.

Soon you uncover other facts. Janet would reveal much about herself if she would openly discuss how it feels to be independent at last of long-term contracts. But she will not talk along this line.

She is one of the few stars who climbed from the bottom rung. She hasn't forgotten that once she was an extra: so she could advise ambitious girls what to do, and what to cautiously avoid doing. In the past few years she has been delving into metaphysics. Always an avid reader, she has discarded fiction for books which search for the meaning of life, which extol consideration of cause and effect as the road to self-realization. Janet is checking this theory and analyzing herself as she has never bothered to do before.

She may seem a clinging-vine, but Janet has never been weak. She is vibrant with emotion. But now she is perceiving that instincts are not always the best guide.

But she sends word to the reporters that she will not be quoted on any of these provocative matters. At first they mutter that it is a weird way for her to behave when she needs to hold onto the spotlight. Then they recall that she has never taken them into her confidence.

Janet admits this. She is a mystery who materializes as a delightfully sophisticated,

enchanted redhead. You have never seen Janet, as she actually is, on the screen, nor have you ever read accurate interviews with her before. But it isn't her fault. She hasn't been deceiving. It's all due to the peculiar circumstances surrounding her.

Meeting Janet is one of the genuine pleasures of Hollywood. She is so much more fascinating than she's been in her films so far. She is brimming over with magnetism. She tumbles out her thoughts. I am always particularly amused by the way in which she strides about a room as she talks. She almost punches across her points when she is aroused. The domination of that so mentally alive brain with her ultra-feminine daintiness is irresistible. She looks fragile and proves to be thoroughly capable.

She hastened to explain herself when I dropped in on her in her studio dressing-room recently. At Selznick, she wasn't as elaborately surrounded as her former studio domicile. But there was an air of honest gayety about Janet that I hadn't seen for some time. Technicolor was a stimulating challenge. It opened up a new field.

The reason she was so inaccessible to the press while she was at Fox is this. She found herself a standardized sales-product. She was making so many millions for the company that they wouldn't let her stray from the mold. Quite naturally they wanted to preserve the illusion that she was as naïve as her rôles indicated. Therefore, Janet couldn't go far beyond the birds and the bees in her discussions for publication. When her marriage crumbled the news was played down as much as possible. Janet wasn't to give a single interview on why—for presumably her fans would lose faith in her if she admitted she had stumbled upon disappointment in love in real life. She and Lydell Peck had little in common, incidentally. It was an impetuous mating without sufficient foresight into their respective traits.

There has been much speculation as to just why she finally left 20th Century-Fox. The pet star of the former regime, she didn't continue with Darryl Zanuck for long. Here is the truth: Janet was offered a new contract. She had no misunderstand-

*"It really began
with this snapshot"*



"I'd heard Sid mention his sister, but she meant nothing to me, naturally—until one day I picked up this snapshot on his desk.

"I asked him who the choice number was, and felt a little embarrassed when he said she was his sister Molly. But I guess he forgave the fresh remark, the way I began to treat him like a brother. I even loaned him money.

"He said he'd rather I'd take the snapshot than come mooning around his desk all the time, so that's how I became the owner. How I became the owner of the girl herself is another story—but it really began with this snapshot."

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ing with the new head. Among the rôles suggested for her was the lead Barbara Stanwyck did in "Banjo On My Knee." But Janet is tired of waifs, so she decided against that part. And finally left the lot, not eased out nor in a huff, but because she believed it would be the smartest move. She has fitted into schedules for a long time. She doesn't want to be confined to regulation programs any more.

She is an enthusiastic movie-goer herself and she has been watching the acting progress of other women until she burns with determination to mature interestingly, too. She knows that she is somewhat handicapped by her youthful features, that she could go on and on being the sweet, wistful *Cinderella*. Will she be accepted in parts that require the intelligence and variety she has within herself? She is risking a fortune when she picks the first picture that isn't a typical Gaynor tale. In "A Star is Born" she blossoms forth in modish style and presents some of her clever imitations. It is her first step in her new scheme.

The sane manner in which she has saved her money is another illustration of Janet. With all her acclaim she has never even employed a maid! When she is working she has a studio maid. But she has rented a simple, comfortable house in Hollywood, rather than splurging in Beverly Hills, and there she and her mother reside without an entourage. Janet has a cook who is housekeeper, also, and a chauffeur who's been with her since she purchased her first big car eight years ago. She has a gardener, because she loves flowers. She has no blasé secretary; a favorite aunt has assisted her with her fan mail.

To prove the sincerity of her goal Janet is now building the first home she has ever owned, and it's in Hollywood. In all her years of stardom she has never bought a home!



Bobby Breen gets a pointer on how to hit a baseball from Lou Gehrig, star of the New York Yankees.

"I saw right away that a large Hollywood income was never permanent, so I started saving. I want to travel, and then still have enough to live nicely on." She has never bought jewels. But lately she has evidenced more concern about clothes. She's never had an extensive wardrobe, because she's had to dress according to her type. But today she wears her ermine, cut in swagger lines, with a dash. It's most flattering for an evening at the Trocadero. Yes, Janet is even going out more frequently! She is remembering that she doesn't have to suppress herself, be in bed at the stroke of midnight. Janet doesn't want to continue being "just Janet." She would like to sweep the fans off their feet with the unknown, completely grown-up personality which her close friends have really always preferred. Because she scored so tremendous a hit Janet was instantly stamped as a *Cinderella*. She had an invaluable, pliable personality. She can take direction magnificently, and so she was molded into a shy princess in make-believe.

But while she was assisted, and advised as every girl with outstanding ability is, it was Janet's own determination which carried her ahead. She has a fierce zest for obtaining what she wants, and in her middle 'teens she decided that she wanted to become the greatest star in the movies.

In high school in San Francisco Janet was adored by the boys. Invariably the center of the fun, she danced divinely and there was a tempting twinkle in her limpid brown eyes, a halo sheen to her dark red hair. She was cute without being coy as too often she's had to be in her pictures.

When she graduated she had to do something. She isn't the type to remain placidly idle, even if she seems she might be. Janet marched downtown to a fashionable shoe shop and came back to announce that she was on the payroll there. (The work wasn't

HURRY-HURRY!

Be Sure to get your copy of
wonderful New Dance Book

by **ARTHUR MURRAY-**

World's Greatest Dance Instructor- Learn the
Latest Dance Steps from this Expert —

FREE!



Start Now

IT'S DARLING OF YOU TO GIVE ME THIS DRESS, AUNT EM - I ONLY WISH IT WOULD COVER UP MY PIMPLES - AND MAKE ME A GOOD DANCER



OH, I HAVEN'T BEEN 'ROUND MUCH TILL NOW —

I CAN'T BELIEVE REALLY ME - MY, E I'M GLAD I ATE THO YEAST CAKES!



SAY - YOU'RE THE PRETTIEST GIRL AND THE BEST DANCER HERE - HOW COME I NEVER MET YOU BEFORE



I'LL SAY SO - THAT BOOK SURE MAKES EVERYTHING CLEAR

FEW DAYS AFTER
LOOK, JANE - IT'S REALLY EASY TO DO THIS RHUMBA MOTION



(TO HERSELF)
ISN'T IT JUST MARVELOUS HOW HER FACE HAS CLEARED UP

4
WEEKS
LATER
LOU SENDS HER CARD FILLED WITH LABELS FOR DANCE BOOK

inspirational enough.) She became an usher at the neighborhood moving picture theatre. And it was then that she suddenly knew she had to become an actress.

Janet was never poor. She persuaded her parents to move South to Hollywood, and she broke into films by the extra route.

Pretty soon Janet was doing Westerns at Universal. A rôle at Fox came up, and when Janet smiled through her tears Frank Borzage, who was to direct "Seventh Heaven," recognized that indefinable camera spark in her. He went to bat at the front office to secure her for his leading woman. But before he could get his cameras grinding, Murnau, the noted German director, arrived from Europe and was given a choice of the studio's players. Murnau demanded Janet as co-star for George O'Brien in "Sunrise." For six months she slaved on this one rôle, half that time actually in costume and the rest of the while preparing and studying. It was a liberal education in acting that she gained from Murnau, who insisted upon the best and who recognized her potential talent. Because she was rushed into "Seventh Heaven," and it was released before "Sunrise," its never been publicized that Janet made her follow-up hit first.

No feminine star in Hollywood, aside from Mary Pickford and Norma Shearer, knows more of the actual technic of picture-making than Janet. When she steps on a set there is no guessing. She is positive of what she'll do, of every nuance of her scene. She has her "rushes," the day's scenes, run over and over and frequently requests an opportunity to improve her rendition. She has a marvelous story sense as far as scenarios go. But she has never had last say on her characterizations until now.

"It is rather an appalling responsibility! For years it was up to the studio to uncover



Andy Devine's son Tad seems to inherit his dad's knack of stopping the show. He did here, when Mrs. Devine brought the lad to see Andy and Director Arthur Lubin.

suitable vehicles. I often disliked what I was assigned. I hate to repeat, and I have been too typed to please myself. When I recall some of those awfully gaga productions—I!" She dimpled into a wry smile.

Janet swears she doesn't want to marry again. But I don't put much stock in that vow. She visualizes herself as an efficient bachelor woman. She said to me, "Many people achieve, in many professions. But few ever find a grand romance—the lover without a flaw!"

She really isn't domestic and so she fancies settling down isn't for her.

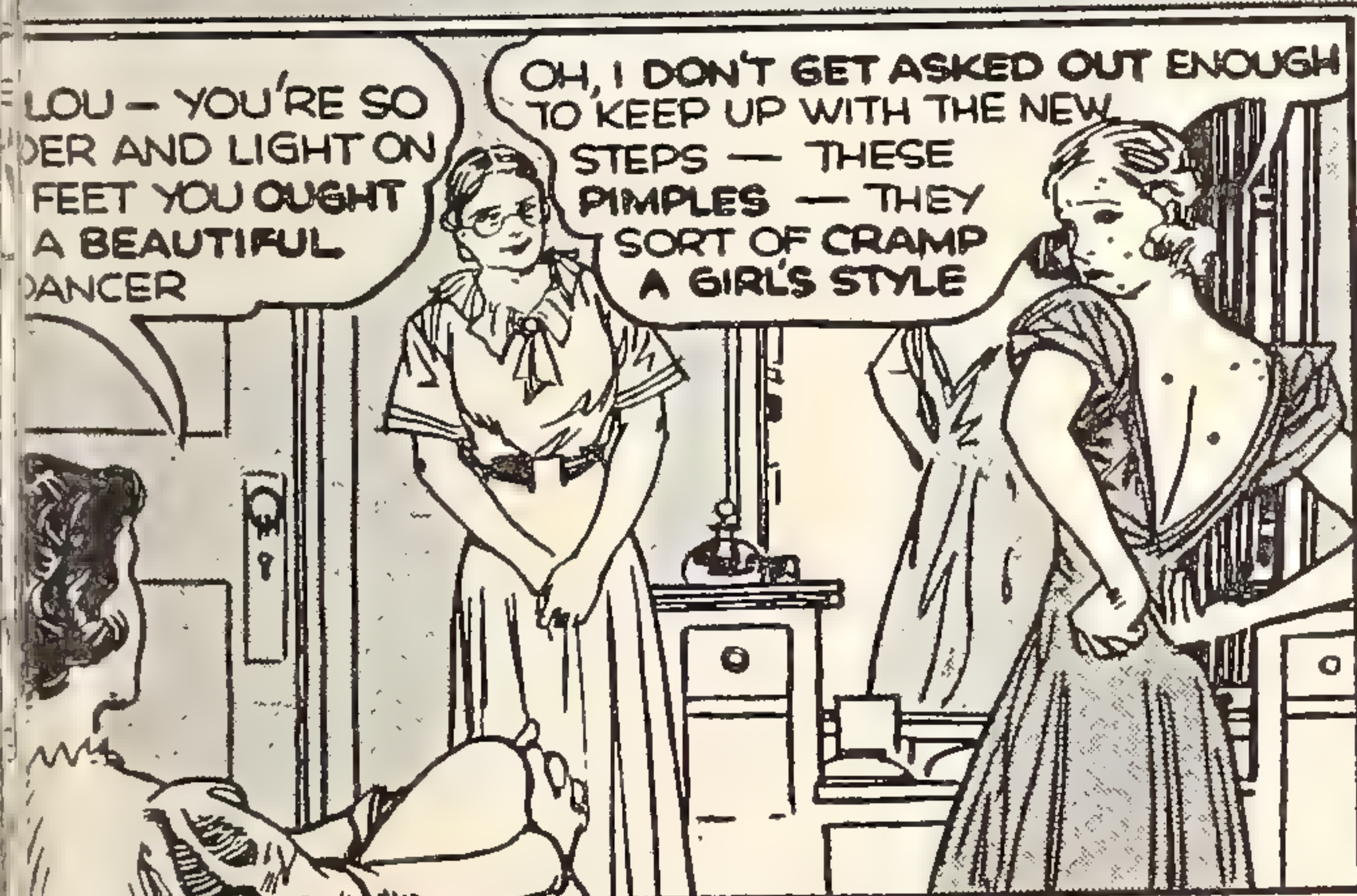
She won't confess it, but I am sure she is resolved to climax her life as every woman wants to. Somehow, someday he

will pop up unexpectedly from somewhere! And Janet will find her "grand romance."

Meanwhile, Margaret Lindsay and Ramon Novarro are her two closest Hollywood friends. She revels in lying on the beach, in acquiring a tan that will beat theirs. She's been turning down Broadway suggestions for a stage début and turning out water colors while she scans the scripts offered her. Under an assumed name she entered a gollywog of her own conception at a local university arts exhibit; when it was hung in a spot of honor she almost went into her hula right there in the gallery before it.

Didn't you know she is the best hula dancer in Hollywood?

to Clear up your Skin! Be a Good Dancer! WIN POPULARITY!



GET THIS FREE FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARD FROM YOUR GROCER

Don't wait another day! Start now to save yeast labels for wonderful book of 20 dance lessons by Arthur Murray!

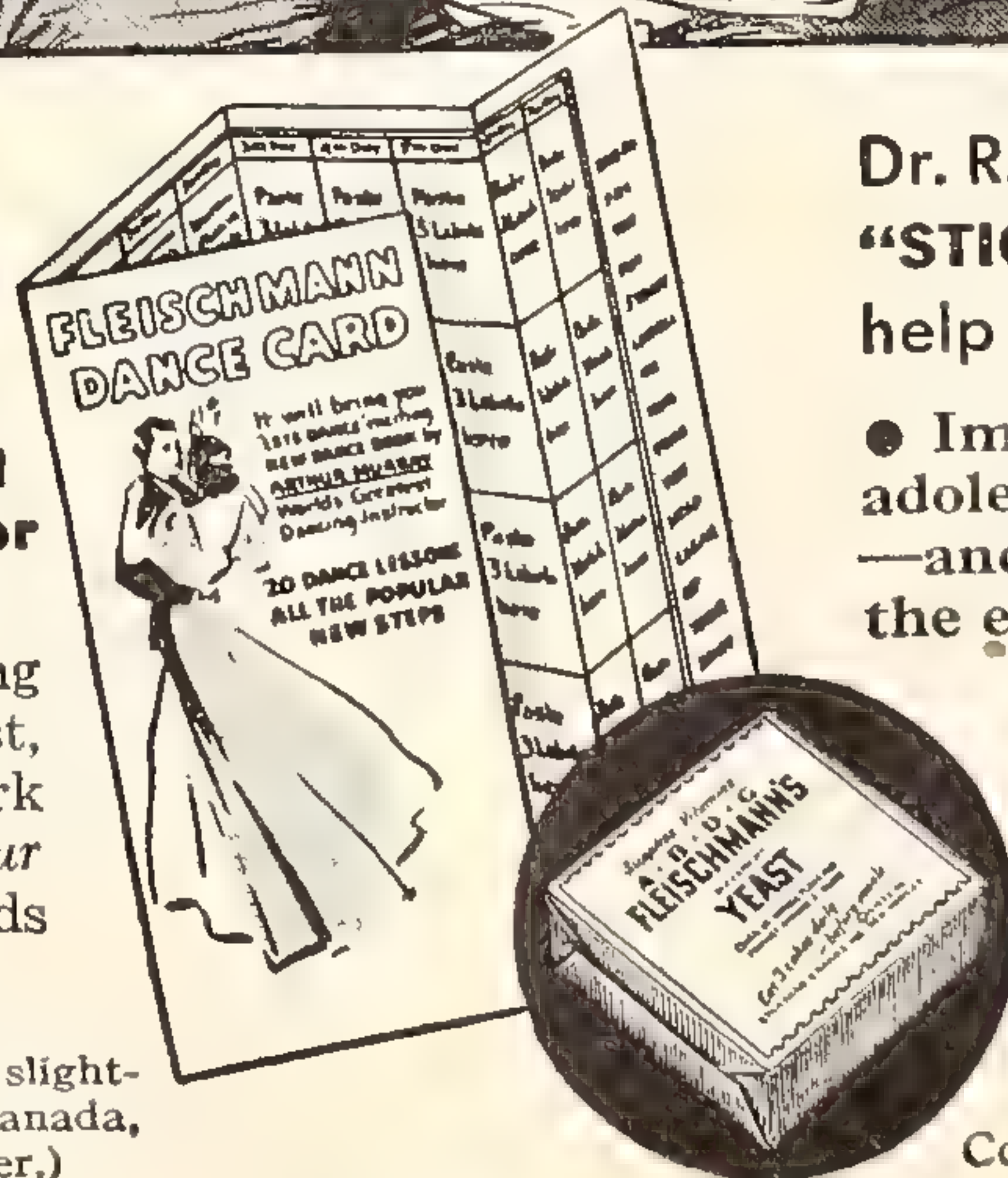
This book is *not* for sale. The way to get a copy is with Fleischmann's Yeast labels.

Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily for 27 days. Peel the label from each cake. Paste these on the free Fleischmann Dance Card you can get in your grocer. Send it in.

If your grocer has no Dance Cards, save your 81 labels and send them in an envelope, or pasted up on plain paper.

Address envelope containing labels to Fleischmann's Yeast, 701 Washington Street, New York City. And be sure to include your name and address. (This offer holds good until August 31st, 1937.)

(Details of securing Dance Book differ slightly in states west of Denver and in Canada, see newspapers or ask your local grocer.)



Dr. R. E. Lee, well-known physician, says: "STICK TO IT, and Fleischmann's Yeast will help to correct ADOLESCENT PIMPLES."

● Important glands develop after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25 years of age—and final growth takes place. This disturbs the entire system. The skin gets extra sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, and unsightly pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast helps to free your skin from pimples by clearing these skin irritants out of the blood. Eat 3 cakes every day—a cake about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water.

Copyright, 1937, Standard Brands Incorporated

"You tell her, Edith"

"Who, me? Never! Let Jane do it"

"NO, I CAN'T. YOU TELL HER, MADGE"

"Not me. I elect Doris"

"Why should I? Anne's the one"



JOAN must be told! But who will tell her—and how? No wonder each one of her friends tries to pass the problem on to the next one!

It's a hard, thankless thing to tell a girl that she is personally unpleasant to be with on account of underarm perspiration odor. It seems inexcusable that she should have to be told, in these modern days!

It's so unnecessary to offend in this way. For you can be safe *all day, every day*, in just half a minute. With Mum!

Harmless to clothing. You can use this dainty deodorant cream any time, you know—*after* dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to

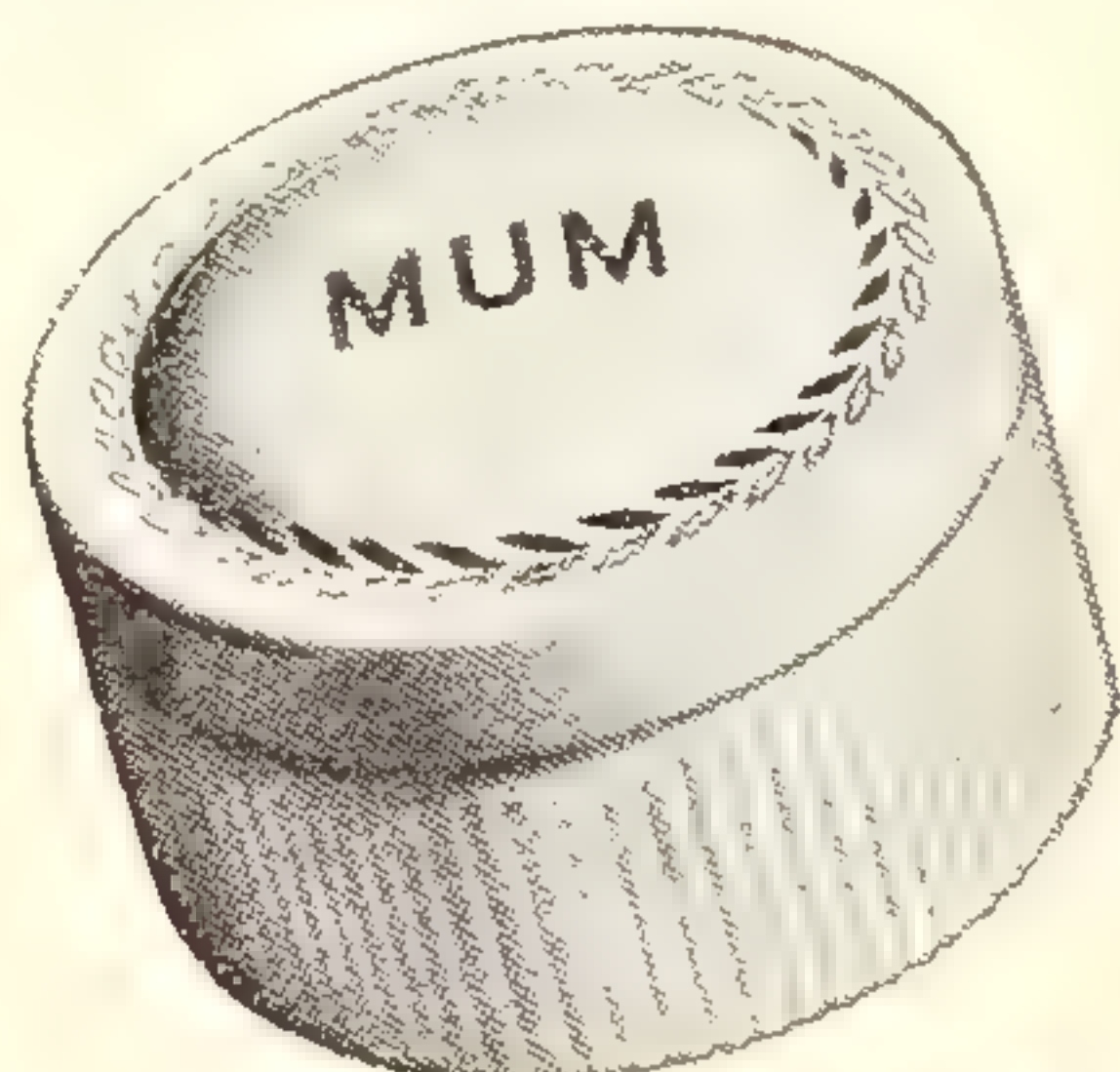
clothing. Mum is the only deodorant which holds the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. Another important thing—Mum does not prevent the natural perspiration itself—just the unpleasant odor of perspiration.

Are you making it uncomfortable for your friends by your own carelessness? Play fair with them and yourself by making Mum a daily habit. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM



LET MUM HELP IN THIS WAY, TOO. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy complete freedom from worry about this source of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

Stepping Out with Fred Astaire

Continued from page 29

the studio would have suffered a quarter of a million dollar loss. Fortunately it was only a defect in the wiring that caused that conflagration and little damage was done. But in the midst of all the excitement—while the stage was being sprayed with water, while the smoke was still as black as midnight, while firemen were shouting and hacking away at the roof with pick-axes, George quite calmly walked on the set, walked up to the fire chief and said: "'Ow much longer are you going to be? Mr. Astaire is waiting."

During the sequence in "Shall We Dance?" where Fred is doing his first ballet on the screen with Harriet Hctor, he came to a very difficult passage where a certain step had to be timed to perfection with the music, lights, and camera. Fred, poised in mid-air, was trying to explain just what he wanted to Director Mark Sandrich. George came along and stood directly between Fred and Mark. When he didn't move away or show any signs of talking, Fred stopped everything and turning to George said: "George, what is it you want? Is there something important on your mind?"

"What color is your son's eyes and 'air, sir?" asked George blandly.

And it was George who gleefully awakened Fred at the usual six o'clock one morning and said: "Just wanted to tell you, sir, the studio called and said you could sleep an 'our later."

Because he has so little time for relaxation when he is on a picture, Fred looks forward to getting home at night in time to hear the dramatized version of the horse racing events of the day. This is almost a ritual with Fred and no one dares speak to him and the dinner hour is postponed until the broadcast is over. When the Grand National Steeplechase was announced over the air, the broadcast took place at five o'clock in the morning—Hollywood time. The night preceding the broadcast Fred worked until two. It was necessary for him to remain at the studio and supervise an orchestral recording, whose play-back he would dance to, when he did his number for the camera.

Promptly at five o'clock A. M., while it was still dark, a weary and sleepy-eyed Fred Astaire reached over to the radio at his bedside and turned it on. For a moment he lay there quietly, waiting for the set to warm up. Then suddenly over the air came the sound of music and a voice singing. As it grew louder, Fred recognized a recording of his own voice, singing—"Night and Day!"

Just as certain unscrupulous columnists announced that there was a feud existing between Ginger Rogers and Harriet Hilliard, when Harriet was put into "Follow the Fleet," so did the same story re-occur when Harriet Hctor was hired to do her ballet with Fred. Ginger and Harriet Hilliard were such good friends, Ginger even turned her portable dressing-room over to Harriet when Ginger wasn't using it on the set. When Harriet Hctor arrived at the studio, Ginger Rogers was one of the first to bid her welcome. Fred himself has something to say on the subject, because he makes no secret of his admiration for the Rogers capabilities.

"Ginger Rogers is a great personality," says Fred. "And a very versatile one. She can do almost anything. Ginger lends herself gracefully to everything. Having done so many pictures together we naturally get along very well. Ginger has an in-

instinctive feeling for whatever a dance calls for and can always be depended upon to give it what it takes. No one can ever accuse Ginger of being anything but the real person she is."

Fred, who devoted many years to dancing on the stage, never thought there would be a place for dancing on the screen, when he came to Hollywood. Having a definite flair for acting he was all prepared for an acting career. But being Fred Astaire, when he danced in his first picture, he was so terrific he's been working harder than ever, ever since. In each of his pictures he has tried to introduce at least one type of dancing that he has never attempted on the screen before. In this present one, he introduces the ballet. And Theodor Kosloff, a past master of the ballet who was called in to be technical advisor on the ballet school sequences, says that Fred is so light and so lithely built, his grace is reminiscent of Nijinsky. If Fred wanted to devote himself to the ballet he could be equally as famous.

But Fred doesn't want to devote himself to any particular kind of dancing. He feels there is greater freedom in all types and kinds. During his dancing career, Fred has practically danced on everything but a needle-point. Tables, chairs, bridges, stairways, on carpets moving through the clouds, and now just to be different in "Shall We Dance?" Fred and Ginger do a whole routine on roller skates. And then just to be sure that he isn't trying to let himself off too easy, Fred also does a song and dance number in the engine room of a large ocean liner. Tons of steel machinery, moving in electrically controlled rhythm to the tempo of music, provide the background. That's the way with Fred Astaire. He can even get rhythmic sound effects out of a ship's boiler room.

Fred's love for fine horses may have



You rarely see Fred Astaire, one of the hardest working of stars when on the set, relax like this. But this is different; his mother is visiting for a studio look-see.

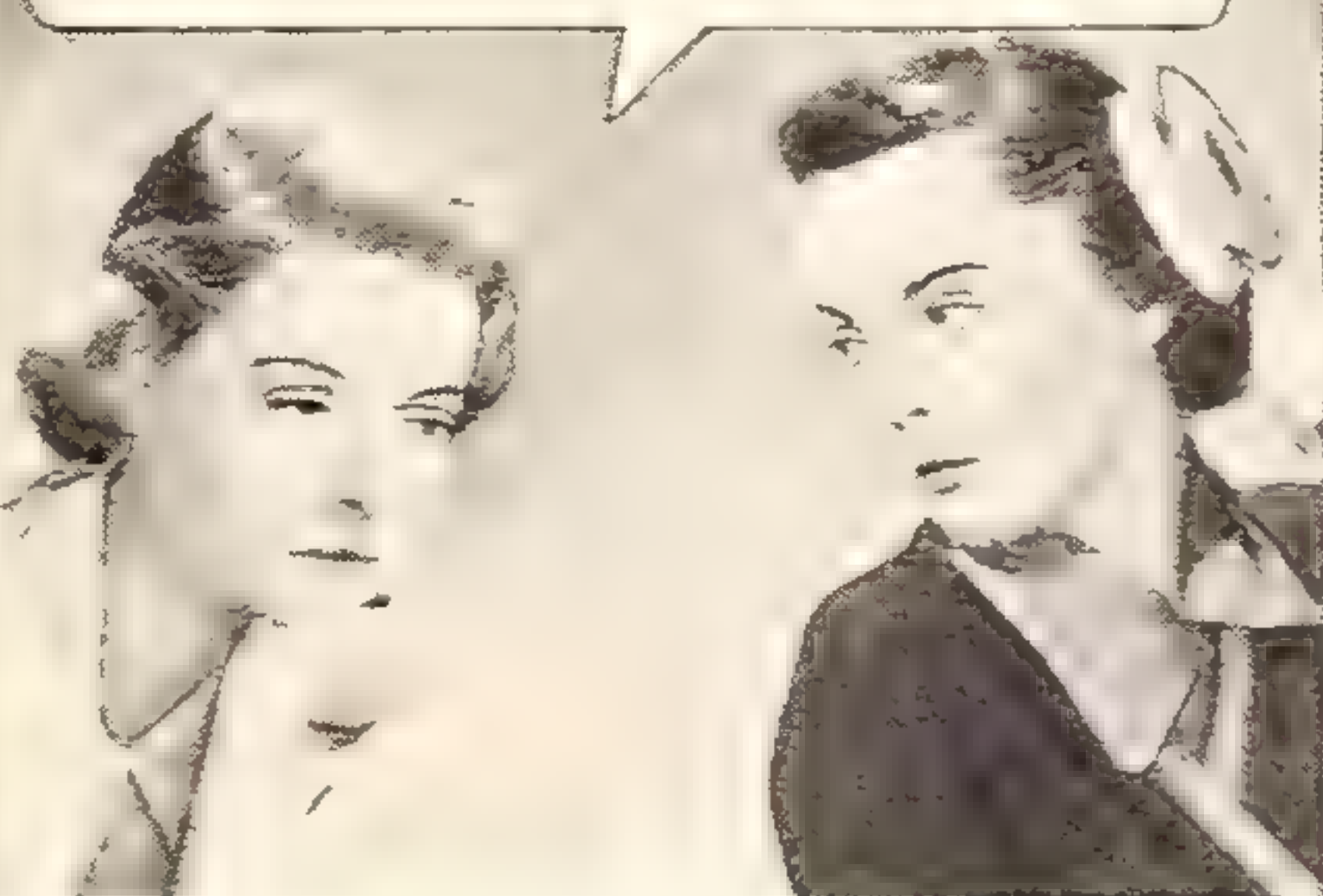
something to do with his cowboy complex. Believe it or not, the sophisticated, polished, immaculate Fred Astaire would really like to do a horse opera. Whenever there is a western set on the lot, George always comes to Fred and tells him about it. When they were making "Outcasts of Poker Flats," Fred stopped by "just for a minute" to "just say hello" to Preston Foster. Kiddingly he asked Preston if they needed any extra players.

Someday when Fred is ready to rest his dancing feet, he's going to settle down seriously to the business of raising fine horses. But it wouldn't be at all surprising if he were to make at least one horse racing story before that time comes. And speaking of horse races, Fred is personally acquainted with every turf star of importance. He gets just as big a thrill out of meeting them, as his legion of fans get out of seeing him.

I SEE A DARK MAN GOING OUT OF YOUR LIFE!

THAT NIGHT

THAT FORTUNE TELLER WAS CERTAINLY RIGHT ABOUT THAT DARK HAired MAN, SUE! I HAVEN'T SEEN TOM IN WEEKS!



O I THINK I KNOW WHY, ANN! AND IF YOU'LL TAKE SOME SISTERLY ADVICE, YOU'LL SEE DR. LANE ABOUT YOUR BREATH!



ANN, TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. LET ME TELL YOU...

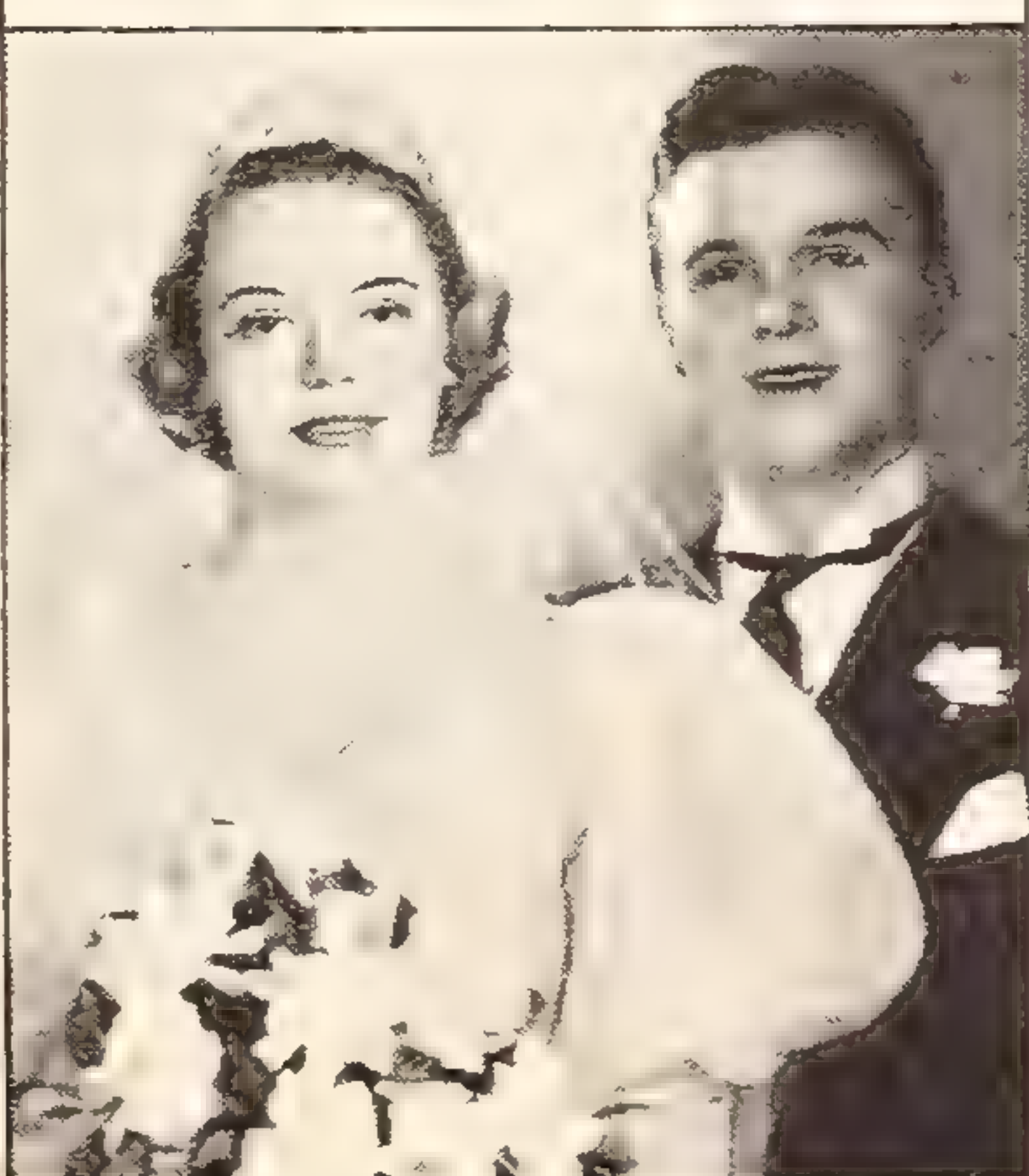


"HOW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH"



"I advise Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes the cause—the decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between your teeth which are the source of most bad breath... of dull, dingy teeth... and of much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle."

THEN... THANKS TO COLGATE'S



NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

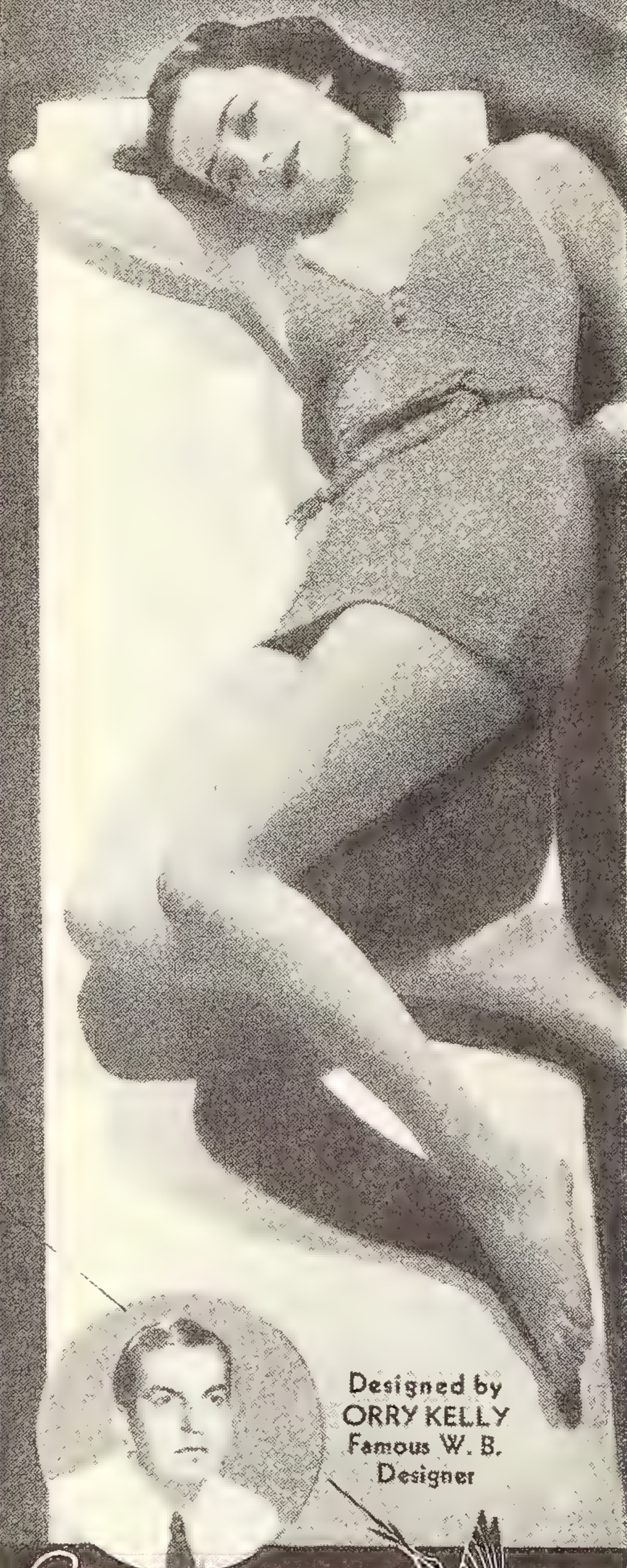
... AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!



Continued from page 27

Olivia De Havilland

Loves to dive and swim . . . her latest film is Warner Bros. "Call It a Day." Her latest swim suit is a Catalina, of course.



Designed by
ORRY KELLY
Famous W. B.
Designer

Styled FOR THE STARS OF HOLLYWOOD
Catalina
SWIM SUITS

Style 4600 . . . At better stores everywhere. Or write, giving weight and choice of color. Retail price \$6.00
PACIFIC KNITTING MILLS
443 SO. SAN PEDRO STREET, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

THE STORY UP TO NOW

The seemingly impossible becomes a reality for Marsha Drew, script girl, when the immensely popular Keith Knowles, borrowed by her studio for a starring rôle, invites her to dance and dine with him at a Hollywood night club. But Marsha's anticipations of a thrillingly gay evening of entertainment materialize as a confused pattern of anxiety when Keith, imbibing too freely, insists upon driving her home. There is a collision, in which the actor's car and another are damaged, but, fortunately, no injuries suffered. Marsha diplomatically clears Keith of all blame. She induces him to park his car outside her apartment, and return to his home by taxi. The car, of conspicuous design, remains at the curb, as Marsha slips into her apartment to retire for the night.

tears welling in her eyes. Keith Knowles was talking with a group which included the director and the elegant Beatrice Brown, while Frank Martain and Lucile Hendricks were engaged in their usual cute little juvenile tricks. Marsha was out of things. Invisible again. No one at all. She waited. If Knowles saw her at all he gave no sign of recognition. She stood there waiting, very miserable.

There were takes. Retakes. Longer waits between scenes. Finally, Knowles wandered away from the group. Marsha went up to him. He didn't seem awfully glad to see her. He seemed a stranger—miles away. Not at all the man she'd had dinner with the night before—nor the man who had been so funny at breakfast.

She told him what had happened. He was crisp. Almost business-like. Very sorry. He'd speak to the head office. Of course. Why the whole thing was ridiculous!!

He did go to the right people. Marsha knew that. But she knew that no one believed him. It was just the thing to say—and he said it. That was all. They still felt that a girl of Marsha's sort was not the girl they wanted—at the stupendous salary of thirty-seven fifty a week as script girl at Super Films. That was that.

The next blow came when the apartment house superintendent told her and Eleanor that the owners of the building had rented their apartment to some personal friends. And there were no others for rent in the building.

There were others in Hollywood. Of course. But Marsha and Eleanor had done a lot of looking around before they had decided on that small apartment. And they had spent a lot fixing it up. A corner cabinet. A small book shelf. New chintz at the windows. Oh, well! There were other places to live.

Eleanor decided she'd live at the Studio Club. You meet a lot of people there. Marsha didn't like the studio club. So they separated.

It had been cheaper, living with another girl. She had got along all right with Eleanor, too. She felt bereft, now, and very much alone.

She didn't have much money. It had taken nearly everything she made to live in fair comfort, to dress presentably, to have friends in for an occasional meal.

No work. And no home. And no room mate! Other folks got along—alone.

She found a very tiny one-room apart-

ment in a less desirable building. The room was small. There was a couch instead of a bed that disappeared in the wall. A tiny kitchenette—once a closet—was an inadequate substitute for the tiny kitchen and breakfast-room she had had before.

She was glad the radio belonged to her. It was such good company. She placed it on the rather rickety table between the two narrow windows. She unpacked her books, put them on the table and on the floor. Hung her clothes in the narrow closet. Even her brightest dresses seemed shabby. Something nice would happen—

Nothing nice happened. The men sued for damages to their car. Knowles settled, anxious to have the thing cleared up. And from his conversation Marsha gathered that he almost believed, now, that she actually had been doing the driving.

Keith was very nice—for a few days. He sent roses the day after she moved in. But she was out most of the days that followed looking for a job, so she didn't enjoy them a great deal. He took her to dinner at La Maze—and though she enjoyed the dinner she felt that he wasn't thinking about her a great deal. She knew she loved Keith. She thought of him practically all the time, weaving little dreams of him into the stories she read, into the songs she heard over the radio. He was always the hero, the mysterious "he" of the love songs. And that wasn't a great deal of fun, either.

Marsha applied for fifty jobs. She knew she looked crisp and efficient and business like. She brushed her hair until it shone. She was glad her skin was nice-looking. She'd find something soon, of course.

She went, first, to all of the studios, starting with the biggest and ending with the quickest. First she applied as script girl. Then as stenographer. Whether, as they told her, there really were no vacancies, or whether her reputation preceded her, she never knew. Perhaps too many relatives of the executives were just then out of jobs. Maybe the girls who had jobs were holding on to them, leaving no opportunities for new girls. Marsha never found out. She didn't have a Persecution Complex. She didn't think she was being mistreated or discriminated against. She knew only that she didn't have a job, that her money was running low, that she was alone and very, very miserable.

She didn't know that Lou Page had made trouble. She knew only the pleasant stream of her life, her Hollywood Holiday, in which she was so happy, was changed suddenly into something dark and murky.

She didn't see Keith Knowles. She wouldn't go to him for help or sympathy. She never knew whether he tried to get in touch with her—for her erstwhile superintendent of the apartment house forwarded no messages.

She didn't see any of her old friends. The boys she had known didn't seem to like her as much as when she had been gay and carefree. And, besides, when you are interested in one man—even if you never see him, other men seem grey and colorless. Eleanor had made new friends at the Studio Club. Eleanor had a way of making new friends and shedding the old ones. No fault of Eleanor! She had always been like that. Always would be.

From a studio, gay with life and color and romance, to long days of tramping the streets looking for a job. Long evenings spent alone in a little, drab rented room, and worrying whether even that little rented room could shelter her for many more weeks. Marsha's slender savings

ew smaller, even while she went without
e food that she actually needed.
Her dresses got too loose in the waist
nd. Her cheeks grew too thin. Her eyes
d faint purple shadows under them.
Suddenly, she knew a new side of Hol-
wood. When she had arrived there she
ad had no trouble at all in landing a job.
irst with a commercial firm. Then with
e movies. She couldn't understand why
e couldn't get a job, now. But she couldn't
et one.

And so, under the brilliant city, the city
glamor, she saw lurking the grey
adows she had only heard about.

She learned that, for every Hollywood
ccess there are a hundred Hollywood
ilures. For every triumph a hundred
heartaches. She learned of a whole group,
whole city of disappointed people.

Marsha saw, with her own eyes, a thou-
nd beautiful girls who couldn't even get
he smallest kind of jobs—jobs that would
ave barely supported them if there had
een enough to go around. And these girls
eren't the "beautiful but dumb" sort
ther. They were small town girls and city
irls. Girls from good families—social reg-
ter stuff—with college degrees or finish-
ng school backgrounds. And girls from the
ther side of the track, too, who gladly
ould have given everything they pos-
essed in the way of virtue and honor and
chics for a chance at success.

Marsha learned that beauty goes a-beg-
ing in Hollywood. That Virtue is its own
—and only reward. Pretty girls—girls who
ad won beauty contests in their home
owns—were unable to get a chance even
nce a week as an extra in the movies.
They would have felt triumphant if they
ould have got the job of waitress in one
f the little kiosks that serve you in your
ar—and where the pay is usually tips, only.

Marsha answered advertisements. And
vent to agencies. And took a chance in
asking for a job in every possible-looking
hop. And, as the days passed, she began
o look discouraged. And she knew that
as not the way to get a job. You might
eel discouraged and still get something—
ut she knew that to succeed you had to
ide your own discouragement. She remem-
ered when she had felt young and gay
nd careless and happy. Yes, she could have
anded anything then. Now, her clothes,
which had always been inexpensive, but
ad been fresh and crisp and smart, lost
heir beauty. The sleaziness of the material
ecame evident. Black grew rusty. Brown
ever lost its dusty appearance. Blue grew
bit purple. Her hats began to droop just
little. Even her favorite beret got into
discouraged folds.

She remembered stories about girls who
ad killed themselves. In Hollywood. One
ad jumped off of a big Hollywood sign.
Others had chosen a famous bridge. Others
ad taken a drug or a lethal potion. She
was still so very young. She didn't want
o die. And yet—

She thought of Keith. Spending money
n the Trocadero. Gay. Careless. Good-
looking. She could visualize his lean profile,
his almost aquiline nose, his straight brows.
She knew just how his hair grew on his
forehead. What would he do, she wondered,
f some night she went into the Trocadero,
wandered over to his table, where his odd
assortment of guests were gathered to
rink his champagne. Would he welcome
her? Or not remember who she was?

Once she saw his car. She thought he
was at the wheel. The car whizzed by too
fast for her to be sure but the tweed-clad
driver was carelessly correct enough to be
Keith.

Failure! Failure! Failure! She didn't
want to fail. She didn't want to join the
grey ranks of those who no longer cared
what happened to them. And she didn't
know what to do.

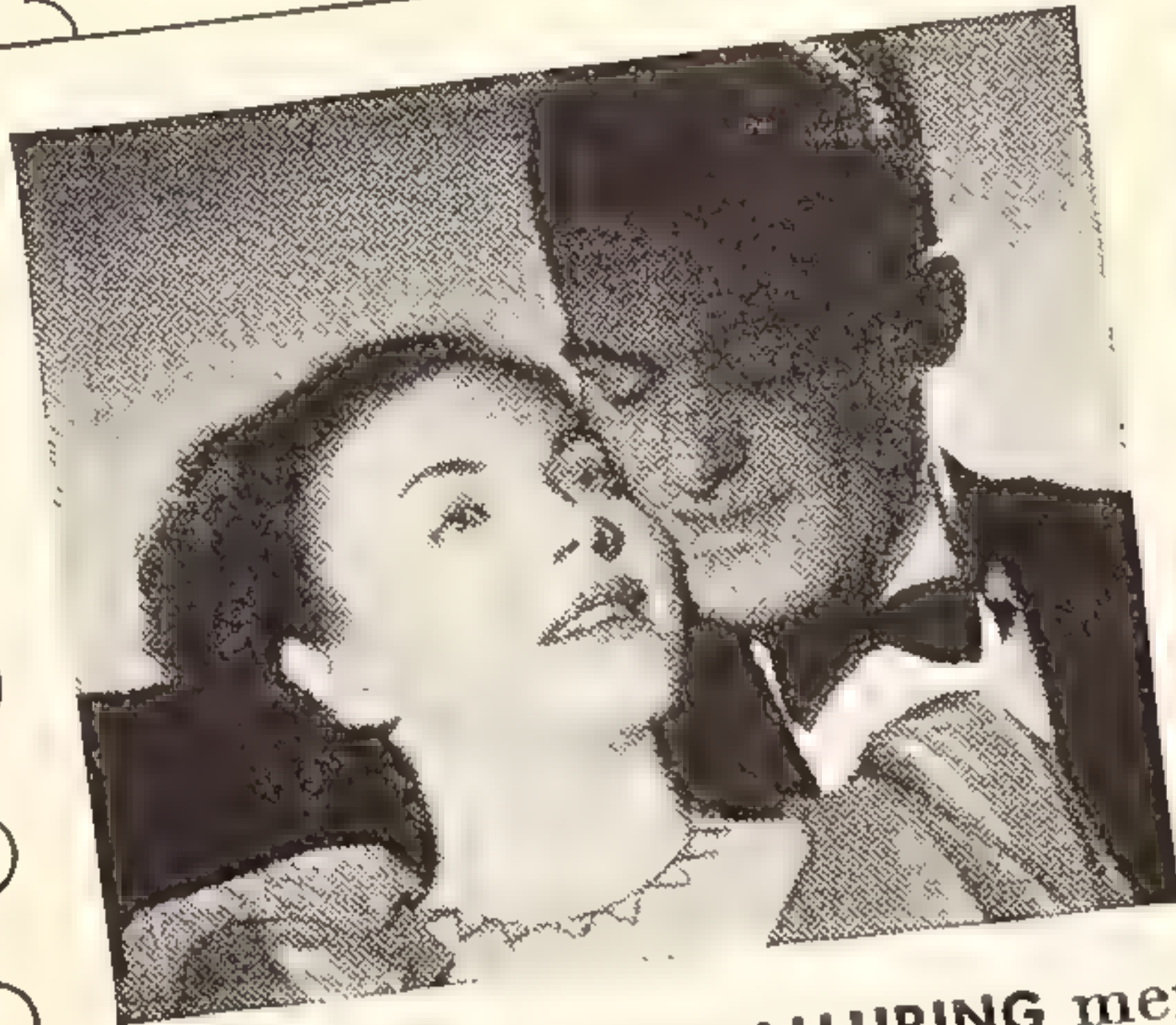
Now Her Date Book

TELLS
THE STORY!

WHAT A DIFFERENCE
SINCE SHE KNOWS
THIS LOVELIER WA-
TO AVOID OFFENDIN



MEN JUST CAN'T STAND a girl
who's careless about perspiration
odor! So why take chances?
Cashmere Bouquet Soap makes
it so easy to be sure. Its rich,
deep-cleansing lather keeps you
so sweet and clean, removes every
trace of body odor; frees you
from any fear of offending!



HOW MUCH MORE ALLURING men
find the girl who bathes with
Cashmere Bouquet . . . who is
always fragrantly dainty! But re-
member, only a soap like
Cashmere Bouquet, scented
with the costliest perfumes,
can bring you this lovelier
protection. You won't find it
in ordinary scented soaps!

CASHMERE BOUQUET

SCREENLAND

She began doling out money to herself by the day. A hamburger and a roll had to do for dinner. Luckily, fruit was cheap in Hollywood—but soon there wouldn't even be money for oranges. And you can't live on oranges—even in California.

And now she knew she must sell her car. It was her one real asset. She had no furs or jewels, such as women supposedly are always selling when times grow hard. She had thought of the car as part of herself. You've got to have a car in Hollywood. Street cars never seem to go where you want them to. Buses are uncertain. Her little old car, five years old when she bought it, had been cheap enough in the beginning. She had never even thought of getting rid of it—except, perhaps—a sort of dream—trading it in for a better car.

She took it to a second-hand dealer. Stood by while he told her what was the matter with it. As if she didn't know! She knew, only too well, every one of its peculiarities—almost as if it were a person instead of a machine. She even *liked* the way it bobbed around a bit in low, and didn't really go very fast in high, even when you pressed very hard on the gas. It was her car! And now she sold it—into slavery. It seemed an inhuman thing to do.

She took the grimy roll of bills the man handed her. Wiped her eyes with a rather rough handkerchief she'd washed out the night before, and walked home. She cried herself to sleep that night.

Even the money from the car wouldn't last forever—didn't last forever.

What, when even it was gone? She wouldn't—couldn't—write home. There were enough responsibilities there. And they thought she was independent, getting along fine, on her own. She wouldn't ask for charity. Oh, she knew it was an all-right thing to do—a lot of people did it. But she couldn't. Something sturdy in her ancestry forbade her asking for or accepting charity.

Cheap lunch-room meals. An occasional talk with a girl or boy who was as badly off as she was. Stories of young people who had looked at Hollywood—from a distance—as a golden city—to find it was gilded, instead. And the baser metal of its composition was not beautiful.

Hollywood Holiday, indeed! Marsha could hardly believe, now, she had been carefree and happy and gay. Those days at the studio, sitting on the set and working with her script book, exchanging careless greeting with stars and featured players and directors. She had been invisible, even then, but she had been a very real part of a busy, bright world. And Keith Knowles! Her adventure with him remained a thing separate from the rest. A golden thing—in spite of its ending.

What was its ending? She didn't even guess—now!

More days of asking for jobs. She asked hopelessly now. With a hopelessness that never would get anything for her. And, sensing that—she became more despondent and blue. She couldn't even read. She'd read a few pages, find she hadn't concentrated, hadn't known what she was reading, tossed the book aside. Gay Hollywood, indeed!

She had her temptations—if you can call them that. That is, unsavory-looking men flirted with her but that was all. Most of Hollywood's temptations are in the imaginations of the fiction writers, Marsha found out. There are too many pretty girls here to make the capturing of any one of them a triumph. There are some cases of girls being pursued, in the old-fashioned manner. More than likely, it is the girl who does the pursuing.

None of which helped Marsha very much, now. She grew more to herself—within herself. She spun out little dreams. If she could only write these! She remembered how she had once hoped to write

stories for the screen. Some of these imaginings, if she wrote them out—. But she didn't have the energy nor the spirit nor the ambition to write them. She dreamed them, idly, instead. And days went by. And the car money was spent—

And now there was no more money. And no more assets. What now?

She wandered out, that bright, sunny morning, not knowing what to do at all. If she only had her car she could have gone out one of the picturesque roads, lost herself in the country, in the farm district around Santa Ana or in some of the ocean scenes that spread so unexpectedly so very near the city. But the car was denied her. Everything was.

She stopped at a lunch stand and had a cup of coffee and a hamburger on a roll. She hoped it would allay her hunger for lunch as well. Her head ached a little. She kept pushing her hat over her eyes—the little felt hat that had been so smart only a few months ago. She hardly watched where she was going.

She was crossing the street when it happened. She hardly knew, later, how it did happen. She began crossing, without watching very closely. And suddenly she became aware that an old man was crossing with her—and that a big car was looming down on them both. Entirely without thinking how she did it she pulled the old man to one side. They both tumbled, unhurt, on the hard surface of the street. The car whizzed by!

She sat up, looked around. The man was getting to his feet very slowly. She rushed to him.

"I'm so sorry I had to knock you down—" she began.

"That's better than if the car had done it," he said. "You really saved my life, my dear. I'm very grateful, even at my age that I'm allowed to go on living."

That was funny! She wasn't grateful. She was surprised, even now, that self-preservation had been so strong.

They brushed themselves off.

"Wouldn't a cup of coffee make you feel better?" the old man said.

"Yes, it would," Marsha told him. Funny—all the people in the world she might have helped—and it turned out to be a little old man, with thin hair and a slight limp.

She thought he'd take her to a cheap lunch room. He chose a very decent little restaurant, instead. She felt just a little guilty when he ordered a plate of sandwiches—though they tasted awfully good when they came.

The little old man was very nice! And he wasn't dressed shabbily at all, she noticed. In fact his suit was of very good material—though he didn't seem to care if it needed pressing. He talked of a lot of things, gay things, in his gentle, low voice. And he didn't ask a lot of questions nor try to get fresh at all.

When they had finished eating, Marsha thanked him. Well, that was that. And then the little man said something else.

"My name is Hallett," he said. "You may have heard of my son, Plummer Hallett." Plummer Hallett, one of the biggest producers in Hollywood! "I'd like him to meet you. I know he and his wife would enjoy talking with you as much as I have. Could you come to dinner, say this evening? I know they aren't busy. If you aren't busy—"

Marsha hesitated a minute. She didn't want to intrude. After all, she didn't know the family—perhaps the old man shouldn't ask strangers in.

"I'll send my car for you," he went on. "Better still, I'll call for you myself. If you don't mind an old man driving. It's only in the morning that I walk—for exercise—though the exercise wasn't very good, this morning—except the meeting you, my dear."

"Do you think your son would like—" she began, timidly.

"He'd love meeting you," Mr. Hallett said. "And he'd never forgive me if I didn't insist on your coming. Besides, he is looking for a story for Betty Lawrence—and something you told me just now—an idea you'd made up—seems to me to be the germ of a story idea. I'd like you to tell my son about it."

Marsha stammered an acceptance. Of course this wasn't real. But it was pleasant. Maybe the weeks of suffering had gone to her head. Maybe she was delirious. Maybe she was back in the Hollywood Holiday again.

"I'd love to come," she said.

"Seven o'clock," said Hallett, and she gave him her address. Thank heaven her dinner dress was still good. She hadn't had any need to wear that in a long time.

(To Be Continued)

Luck—and Lombard

Continued from page 22

lady, for example, unless you have lived—unless you know what life is all about? You must go through all the heartaches, all the hardships, all the criticisms before you know the really important things that contribute to success."

We were sitting in the charming sitting room in Carole's new home in Bel Air. A cheerful fire was burning in the fireplace. Carole was curled up on a comfortable window-seat, almost completely obscured by two dachshunds, a Pekingese, and Josephine, the cat. They slept on, undisturbed, blinking a sleepy eye happily now and then when Carole would unconsciously stroke one or another of them affectionately.

"Look around you today at your most important stars of the screen. Most of them have at least ten years of disappointments, so-called 'bad luck' and struggle back of them. Norma Shearer, for example, has been in pictures for ten years; Greta Garbo ten years; Joan Crawford thirteen years; Janet Gaynor fourteen years.

"Joan Crawford is one of the outstanding examples of a girl who had every obstacle imaginable to overcome on her long climb up. But Joan had made up her mind to become a star. And instead of sitting by, waiting for good luck to come along, she spent every minute of her spare time doing something to prepare herself. She studied everything she could lay her hands on. She took tennis lessons, realizing that physical fitness was an important asset. She began to think about her clothes, studying her personality and deciding which styles best suited her. And now that she has won her struggle, she is still continuing to improve herself. During the past few years, she has taken up French and music.

"It isn't only the battle to attain success that you have to consider. You have to work hard to retain it—to progress. There are very few important people of the stage or screen who haven't worked just as hard after they became successful. The late Marilyn Miller, for instance, at the height of her success, took a dancing lesson every day of her life. Sylvia Sydney reads every book she can lay her hands on pertaining to acting and the theatre. Libby Holman takes a singing lesson every day and she has just recently taken a course in shorthand and typewriting. Jean Muir, who has been one of the most successful young actresses, is right this minute taking a college course at U.C.L.A. They all realize that the most important thing is to keep

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alive—constantly to keep the mind active and alert."

And Carole herself, as I happen to know, has made an intensive study of story construction, realizing, as she does, how important the story behind each picture is to any actress. In addition to that, Carole has made a game of analyzing people. Every clerk in a shop, every actor, every person she encounters in her daily life, comes in for his share of probing—because Carole knows that people on the screen must be real, and she is preparing herself for any characterization that may present itself during the course of her career.

"Getting back to this 'luck' business," Carole went on, "you might have called it bad luck or a bad 'break' when Gary Cooper, after his limited acting experience on the screen, was being tested for a rôle in 'Wings,' the picture which later made Richard Arlen, Clara Bow, and Buddy Rogers famous. Naturally, Gary was hoping for one of the more important parts in the film. He probably was somewhat disappointed when he was placed in a small bit—the part of an aviator who lost his life after his first flight. But the truth of the matter was, as Gary would be the first to admit today, that small part did him more good than any rôle he could have had.

"You might also call it 'luck' that Gail Patrick was the only girl out of five brought to Hollywood as the result of a contest, who has been successful. But I have known Gail for a long time and I can tell you it has only been because she has worked hard at the business of building up her personality, learning the technique of acting, etc., that she has forged ahead.

"When Gail first came to Hollywood, she was a charming little girl, fresh from a small town in Alabama. Her hair was wrong, her clothes were wrong—there was



Admiral Richard E. Byrd, left, and Jack Warner, center background, were volunteer "extras" in "Kid Galahad." The noted explorer is seen greeting Humphrey Bogart.

nothing about her that would cause her to stand out from any group of girls. But Gail has a brilliant mind. And she also has that grim determination to succeed at anything she tackles. Gail didn't particularly want to be a motion picture actress. But finding herself on the verge of a screen career, she made up her mind that she was going to succeed before she did another thing.

"Then began a long siege when Gail wrestled with fashion books, dressmakers, hairdressers, etc., so she would look right. She took dancing lessons for her posture and to learn how to hold her hands. She

studied diction. Many a night Gail cried herself to sleep at the seeming futility of trying to be beautiful, when she was sure she wasn't—of trying to dress 'right' when it seemed everything she did was wrong. But Gail knew what she wanted, and spent every minute of her time getting just that. It meant plenty of hard work. It meant giving up parties and good times. But as a result of that concentration, Gail has actually made herself one of the most beautiful girls in Hollywood today."

And, I, for one, know that Missy Lombard played no small part in lending a helping hand to Gail. Carole is like that.

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"I remember the first of my so-called 'bad breaks,'" Carole went on, reminiscently. "I was 15. I had just been signed to play Edmund Lowe's leading lady. Naturally, I was thrilled beyond words. But when I saw the finished picture on the screen, I was so humiliated I ran out of the projection-room in the middle of the picture. I was so bad that they later threw me out of the studio. And the worst part of it all was that I realized they were right! I wasn't *ready* for success. I hadn't prepared myself to receive it. At the time, I was horribly disappointed. But it was that incident that caused me to go directly backwards—doing small parts and working up to the point where I had experience back of me.

"There was another time when I felt sure 'luck' had turned against me in a big way. It was when Cecil DeMille was casting the picture 'Dynamite.' I was dying to play the leading rôle opposite Charles Bickford. But they told me I wasn't smart enough to play the part. I was crushed. My heart, I felt, was completely broken. But now I realize it was the greatest break I ever had. It made me work much harder. I know now that I wouldn't have been good in the part if I had gotten it and probably wouldn't have been signed to the Paramount contract, which subsequently brought me the opportunities I desired.

"And when I was finally signed to that contract—the ultimate goal of every young actor or actress, I felt that 'luck' had really come my way. My good break had finally arrived. Little does anyone realize that a mere contract doesn't make for success. It took me a good many years of hard work, surviving pictures and rôles which could have killed me, and fighting for those things at which I knew I could succeed, to get to the point in my career where I am today. It was a constant pulling on my own resources that kept me from sinking.

"I found out, then, that the best thing I could do was to forget about luck and go to work. And that is my advice to you young people who want a career. First, decide upon the thing you want above everything else. Second, concentrate upon that one thing. Third, work at any and everything that has a bearing on that goal. Budget your time. Make every minute count. And, above all, remember it is only your own efforts to succeed that will bring you 'luck'!"

The First True Story of Irene Dunne's Baby

Continued from page 21

baby, and I am going to dye the eggs." You've never seen such sulking as went on. The cook and the maid and the nurse were rather distant to Miss Dunne on Easter morning when Missy stuck one of Irene's dyed eggs in her mouth and was a little bit sick. She could have sucked *their* dyed eggs all day and never felt it.

But the greatest change Missy has brought to the Dunne-Griffin homestead is the breakfast hour. When Irene is working on a picture she wakes at six-thirty, has breakfast and a bath, and it is all very dismal because six-thirty in the morning is not a very happy time no matter how you look at it. The house used to be as quiet as a tomb at six-thirty with Irene cross and ready to snap and wondering why the devil she ever chose a screen career with such ungodly hours. The servants went around on tip-toes with long faces. But no more. No more. Missy is an early riser, and is at her very best at six-thirty in the morning. Her tray is brought into Irene's room

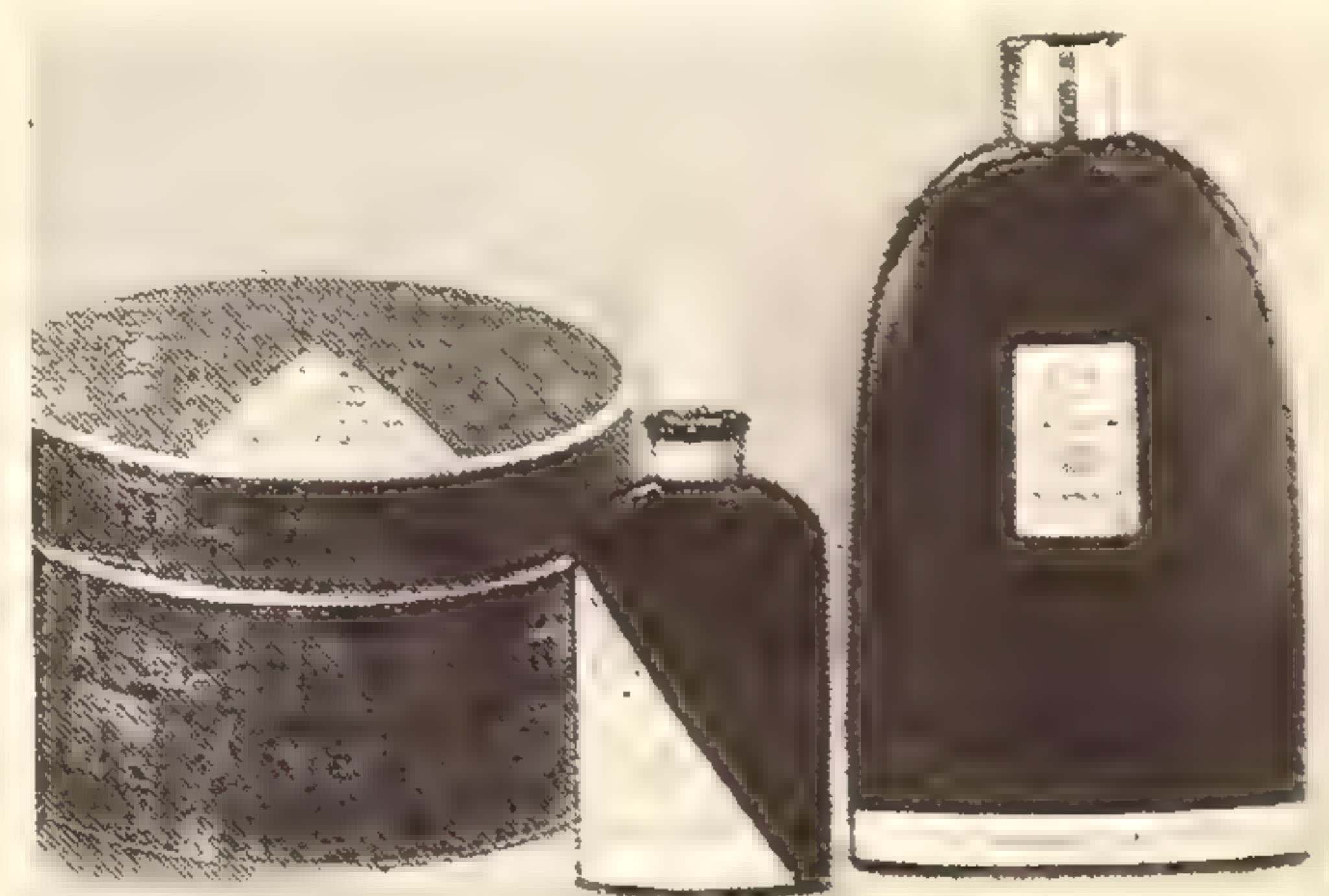


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and the two of them breakfast together merrily. Missy jabbers away in her double talk and when Irene laughs she out-laughs her. It's like a gay party. No tip-toes and no sour faces, and not a cross look out of Irene even when Missy shoves a piece of buttered toast in her face and upsets her milk on the bed. When she is dressed and ready to leave for the studio Irene will say, "Missy, come kiss Mummy goodbye." But Missy won't come. Missy is a smart kid. She knows that the longer she refuses to kiss Mimi goodbye the longer she can keep Mummy with her. But finally, cornered, she gives in, and Irene with a nice sticky kiss on her cheek dashes for the studio—stopping in the driveway of course, and then in the road in front of the house, for frantic goodbye waves. She who used to be so prompt is now rarely on time. The studios are thinking of writing Missy a letter.

Irene tries so hard not to show that she is proud of Missy—but Dr. Griffin makes no bones about it, he is bursting with pride. Irene will tell you that she doesn't think people are interested in other people's babies, but no matter how hard she tries the conversation eventually works around to one of Missy's latest escapades. She is keeping a baby book of all of Missy's "firsts," and very sadly just the other day pasted Missy's first engagement ring in it. A friend of the family in Chicago, it seems, sent Missy a small diamond ring, asking her to be his future bride.

Irene can hardly wait to get home from the studio these nights to find out what Missy has been up to during her absence. What her new picture, "High, Wide, and Handsome" is about she's a little vague. She has to be home before seven to see Missy eat her purée. No, she isn't proud of Missy—not much she isn't!

Paris

Continued from page 55

Fernand Gravet returned from making his first English-speaking film for Warner Bros. in Hollywood, "The King and the Chorus Girl." He is most amusing in his impressions of Hollywood. Then, out of the dim past has emerged the familiar features of Sessue Hayakawa.

It seemed like the good old days when I watched Sessue Hayakawa working at Joinville, near Paris. The famous author, Maurice Dakobra, on a tour of the world met Hayakawa in Japan and succeeded in luring him to France to play the lead in his film "Yoshiwara." So out at the studio he is working on what I'm sure will be an Occidental come-back. In studying him, the same enigmatic mask of a face is there, and time seems to have left scarcely a mark on his placid features. It was interesting to hear his experiences. During the last few years he has been in Japan. He formed his own company to make films there and produce plays in a Tokio theatre. They gave the old classics and Hayakawa translated American plays into Japanese and produced them. Knowing the Japs like to spend a week-end or endless hours in the theatre, I asked him how he managed it.

"Oh, I would present three American plays during the evening. It worked out very well, for out of the three they would surely like at least one or possibly two." His French is not so fluent so I wondered how he would get along playing in a French talkie. He enlightened me thus, "I play the part of a poor coolie who is hopelessly in

love with a gorgeous Geisha girl. I can only admire her from afar and generally have to take the rich young officer in my rickshaw to see her." So we will be treated to Hayakawa's matchless pantomime while the others burst into speech. The part of the Geisha is played by a lovely little Japanese lady named Michika Tanaka. She looks as though she had just stepped out of an old Japanese print in her beautiful, rich robes of a Geisha. An interesting example of a modern Japanese girl, she speaks several languages fluently. Has made films in Vienna and Berlin. After singing in "The Geisha" and "Madame Butterfly" in Vienna she became quite the idol of that city by the Danube. In fact she married a rich Austrian and before coming to Paris to play in this film was a great success singing in London. There seems only America left for this dainty young lady to conquer, so no doubt she too will harken to the golden call of Hollywood.

Very soon another one of our fair Parisians will be bursting onto Hollywood. She is Danielle Darrieux. Not yet twenty, she is a huge favorite on the stage and screen in Paris. She played opposite Charles Boyer in his last French film "Mayerling," and since its release has always said no to Hollywood offers. The poor darling could hold out no longer so when she finishes her present film she will start on the long trek to California.

"Oh dear, oh dear, and I've never been further away from home than Coney Island! A wild flutter of the most beautiful hands in filmdom and—surely you have guessed it. Yes, my dears, it's Zasu Pitts.

After making an endless number of films Miss Pitts took unto herself a holiday. No sooner did she land in London than she was snatched up to do a film. This done, she decided to scamper over and see what Paris and a bit of Europe look like. More and more bewilderment and surprise that people would take such an interest in her. Aside from all that, she wants to play serious parts, but each time she gets serious the audience bursts into laughter so she has about resigned to her fate of being a sad-eyed comedienne. Even when talking to you casually she seems on the verge of tears.

Volumes have been written about her hands and, as an artist, I must add my nickel's worth of their praise. They rise and fall, flutter and fly away with each emotion. When you are settled to watch them in a moment of repose, off they flutter again. All this European trip meant a lot to her, for she misses nothing. I would like to be a little mouse in a corner and hear her describe the trip to her children. They are

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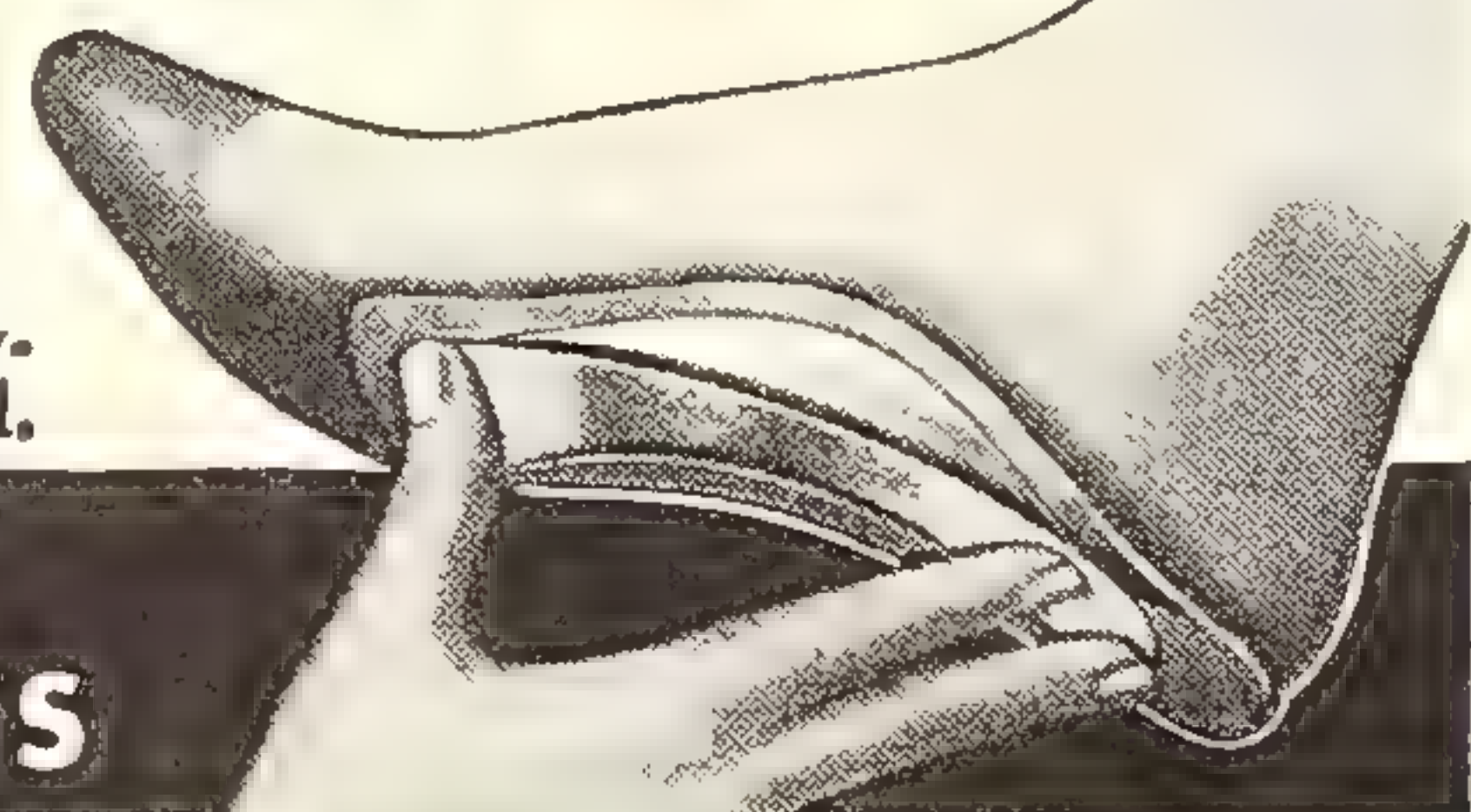
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"One hundred from Mr. Kalkas!" he shouted ignoring Dixie's bid, but she came back at him belligerently.

"One hundred and fifty to be excused!" Steve's eyes flickered dangerously but his smile was fixed.

"Two hundred!" he said softly, and Dixie hesitated a moment caught by Eddie's warning glance.

"Three hundred," Jim shouted thickly. "The voice of an art collector!" Eddie grinned as he turned to the orchestra leader. "Turn your spot on the gentleman, Mac, and see if Dixie wants to raise the ante again?"

Dixie's eyes followed the spot to Jim's table. Maybe it was only the mother in her, she thought, that made her want to go right over to him and put her arms around him. He was so very drunk and young and in such a dire need of a shave, and for all the flippant smile of him there was something hurt and bewildered in his eyes.

"No objection!" she smiled. It was so absurd the way her heart lifted as she took the gardenia from Eddie and waved it toward Jim.

KING OF GAMBLERS

A Paramount Picture
CAST

Dixie.....Claire Trevor
Jim.....Lloyd Nolan
Steve Kalkas.....Akim Tamiroff
Eddie.....Larry Crabbe
Jackie.....Helen Burgess
George Kramer.....Porter Hall
Temple.....Harvey Stephens
Parber.....Barlowe Borland

Adapted from the novel by Tiffany Thayer. Director, Robert Florey.

Copyright Paramount Pictures, Inc., 1937

Steve turned from his contemptuous scrutiny of the young man to stare at Dixie.

"Four hundred," he said evenly.

"Five!" shouted the young man.

"Six," Steve said, and as always his desire for the girl was fanned by her disdain of him.

But it was as if she hadn't heard him.

"Sold down the river to the bearded gentleman with the velvet collar," she laughed, and before Eddie could stop her she was on her way to Jim's table. "Here you are, Colonel. Five hundred dollars and this beautiful little blossom is yours."

"Five hundred, eh?" Jim grinned at her unsteadily. "A pittance, a bit of dross." He plunged his hand in his pocket and drew out a roll of bills. "You count 'em, Delilah."

"I'll do the counting," Eddie was frowning now aware of Steve's eyes watching him. But there was nothing he could do, for there was exactly five hundred dollars in the roll.

"Be seated, Dixie." Jim rose and held out a chair for her with a flourish. "And nobody's gonna kiss you, my fair wench. You're gonna sit here unknissed for ten minutes. That's what I bought, the privilege of seeing nobody kiss a girl. Right now you're the only unknissed woman in the world. All the rest are, what saith the poet? 'Harpies drinking from the hearts of men.'" He leaned over the table and took her hand. "Only you're not like that. I was thinking of somebody else. You're like the Blessed Damozel, looking out from the gold bar of Heaven."

"All right, Longfellow. It's bed time." Eddie clapped his hand down hard on



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Jim's shoulder, watching Steve uneasily although the man was smiling again in that bland way of his. He beckoned to a waiter. "See the gentleman to the door." He ordered.

Jim rose unsteadily.

"Your technique's as offensive as your face, my friend." He lurched a little as he stood there trying so hard to attain dignity. "They can both bear changing."

His fist went back but the waiter was sober and too quick for him. And Dixie couldn't help that small cry as Jim went down.

"What's the idea?" she protested hotly. "The poor guy's already taken it on the chin for some dame. That's why he was drinking."

"Get him out of here." Eddie turned grimly to the waiter. "Dump him in a cab and--"

"Wait a minute. You're not so smart." Dixie stared down at the card that had fallen out of the boy's hat band. "I should think you'd have learned long ago that you never got any place beating up newspaper men. He's Jim Adams of the *Times*."

"The *Times*!" Eddie whistled. "And right when they're after us, too! Listen, Dixie, you've got to see this thing through. Wheel him around the park until he comes to. If you're nice he'll listen to reason." He whipped a roll of bills out of his pocket and thrust them in her hand. "This'll pay for the cab with something over. Will you do it, kid? For me?"

"I'll do it, but not for you." Dixie's voice was hard but it changed as she looked at Jim struggling to his feet. "Come on, Beautiful! We're going to toss off a sonnet." And for all the laughter closing around her words there was tenderness there, too.

He was different in the morning after she and Jackie had whipped up breakfast and brought it in to him. Harder somehow and more flippant, as if he'd got a hold on himself again. He laughed as he jerked his head toward the canary's cage in the window.

"That canary's voice is changing." He looked at her as if he had never seen her before. "Obviously a lot happened last night, though I don't seem to remember much about it. Well, it was very sweet of you, whoever you are, to take charge of the remains. I wonder why you bothered?"

Jackie gave him an indignant look and left the room but Dixie said simply, "I'm Dixie Moore, and if I like anybody, I like 'em and don't know any law that says you have to know 'em ten years first. Aren't you going to be late getting to work?"

"Very late!" Jim grinned. "In fact, five days late. So I rather expect they have given up expecting me."

"Listen." Dixie watched him as he struggled with his tie. "I've sized up a few people in my time and I heard you talk last night. Whatever this punch is, roll with it. And if you'll listen to mother, you'll shave and get your clothes pressed and go and see the girl."

"What girl?" Jim's lips tightened. "Did I say anything last night about--"

"Mister, I'm telling you, you were the pearl among gentlemen. But whenever a brother with a fairly high boiling decides every night is New Year's Eve, it's usually a case of *Cherchez la femme*."

"Thanks, Miss Holmes, or may I call you Sherlock?" Jim tried to cover his embarrassment with the flippancy and was glad of the interruption when the phone rang.

"Get it, Jackie, will you?" Dixie called. "Do you know a George Kramer, Dixie?" Jackie called.

"Oh, my gosh! That's my boss!" Jim choked on the cup of coffee he was drinking. "Now how in the name of--I don't want him to see me like this."

"Have him come right up, Jackie." Dixie turned to Jim. "Then why did you have me phone him last night and tell him where you were?"

"I was feeling open-hearted, wasn't I?" he protested. "I guess I didn't hold back anything." He took a grip on himself as the older man came in. "Go ahead, Warden," he laughed. "I'm not afraid to die."

"Jim, this isn't a laughing matter," the editor said as Dixie went into the kitchenette for more coffee and toast. "I know it was an awful wallop, Joyce running off and marrying another fellow, but why the devil couldn't you have reported in London and then gone on your binge?"

"I didn't have the proper kind of insides, George." Jim looked away from the kind eyes searching him. "London's where Joyce and I planned to go after we--she's always been crazy to go there. Maybe if it hadn't happened just the day I was to sail I wouldn't have been such a weak fish."

"Do you realize you've passed up what may turn out to be one of the biggest news stories in history? Listen, son, perhaps you can still get there before it breaks. As yet you're the only guy the big boss knows who grew up in the same town with our American celebrity. I'm taking it for granted you still have that five hundred he gave you for expense money."

Dixie coming in with the pot of fresh coffee paled as Jim put his hand in his pocket.

"Gosh, George!" Jim's face was as stricken as his voice.

"Don't tell me it's gone!" Kramer said sharply. "If it is, it's the end of you with the *Times* and every other newspaper."

"It's all right." Dixie's words came rushing after that first awful moment. "I took it away from you. The Palm Parade's no place to flash a wad like that."

"Ohhhhh!" Jim clutched her wildly. "Dixie, you're a sensation."

Jackie was mourning over a run in her stocking when Dixie dashed into the bedroom.

"Give me that three hundred and twenty dollars of yours, will you, kid?" she asked, rummaging through her own bag. "With what I got here it ought to make five hundred easy."

"Has it got anything to do with that kid out there?" Jackie demanded. "I could save three hundred and fifteen by having your head examined. That only costs five. Of all the sentimental bird brains!"

But Dixie only laughed as she ran back to the living room.

"Dixie, there aren't any words for a kid like you," Jim stammered.

"Well don't invent any new ones." Dixie laughed. "Because I've heard 'em all and I'm very sensitive."

So that was the way they parted with Dixie as flippant as Jim himself, for it wasn't in her code to go over the deep end for a man who couldn't see her for the dust another girl had thrown in his eyes. Only at the end when he came back for that quick, shy kiss it was almost more than she could stand.

And afterwards when Jackie came in to her and announced blandly that she was on her way to Havana, Dixie knew that she had given Jim more than that five hundred dollars she and Jackie had saved between them. She had given him Jackie's confidence in her along with it and Jackie's respect. For when she tried to reason with her, the girl who had always been so guided by her advice looked at her coldly.

"Aren't you forgetting about pots and kettles and glass houses?" she demanded. "At least I don't have to fork out dough for a man."

It didn't seem to matter so much after that to do things the way she had always thought she should do them. After all she was alone now and who was there to care if she went out for lunch with Steve, and afterwards when Parker, his secretary, showed her the apartment Steve had fixed up for her with her own canary singing at the window and Steve's word to her that there were no strings attached to it all, only his hope that one day she would marry him, Dixie shrugged and decided not to be a fool.

That little apartment she and Jackie had shared had been so small and shabby and there wasn't anything left to be desired in this new one. She'd have been a fool if she hadn't taken it, Dixie thought, with Steve as good to her and as undemanding as her own father would have been, if she had one. Only she'd have gone on a diet of bird seed for Jim, if he'd wanted her.

Maybe if you couldn't get the man you wanted, the trick was to try to want the man you could get, Dixie decided with that hard, new philosophy that had come to her. Funny how wrong you could be about a man, she thought. She liked Steve now and she wondered if she would have loved him if it hadn't been for Jim.

Then one night when she was alone at the Palm Parade she looked up as a man slipped into a seat across from her and saw that it was Jim. She couldn't talk at first, seeing him there and the difference in him. Harder and stronger, somehow, and so much nicer, too, with all the flippancy gone and that new look in his eyes when he looked at her.

They said all the little things, the meaningless things, and Jim's smile softened as he thought of London and the night he had run into Joyce and her husband. He was so grateful now that he had seen her again for suddenly he knew that she didn't matter, that she never had mattered really, and that there was a girl back in New York who did matter terribly. Only he had been a fool then and didn't know it.

It was enough now to sit and grin at each other like a couple of fools and try to say something only to stop and grin again. And it was like coming out of an enchantment when the cigarette girl stopped at the table and whispered something to Dixie.

"Jackie!" Dixie's whisper came shocked and frightened as the girl moved away. "Jim, something awful's happened. She's in a hospital. Grace says she was picked out of the river and she's dying."

It didn't take long to get to the hospital but even those few minutes meant so much less time with Jackie. Even Dixie knew she was dying as she stood looking down at her, trying to make out the pitiful fragments her lips tried to tell them. And then with Dixie's arms holding her and Dixie's tears warm on her cheek, Jackie shuddered convulsively—and died.

She hadn't committed suicide. Dixie knew that. Jackie wasn't the kind of a girl who'd walk out on life no matter what had happened to her. And there were all those bruises on her body that made it look as if somebody had beaten her.

There wasn't much to go by, only that strange name, Big Edna, and the scrap of paper in her bag with a telephone number on it. Jim took that and went out into the hall to telephone his office.

"Find out who's number that is," Jim asked the paper's switchboard operator, and waited. He whistled as the girl made her report and went slowly back to Dixie.

"That's J. G. Temple's number!" he said, and then as Dixie looked questioningly at him! "He's the guy who leaped out of a window in the Werner Building the other day."

"Oh!" Dixie said. She remembered then

"I'd be an eskimo!"



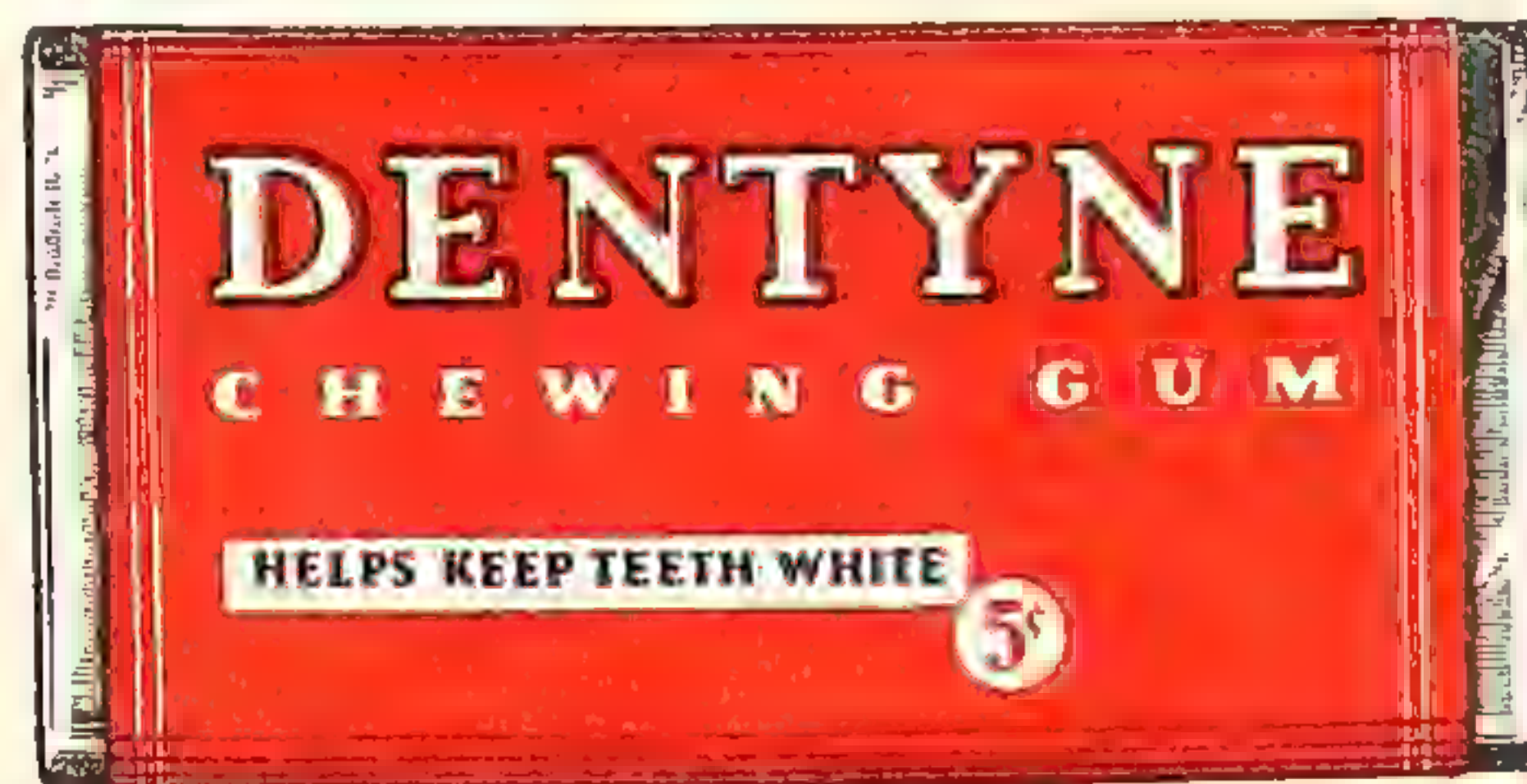
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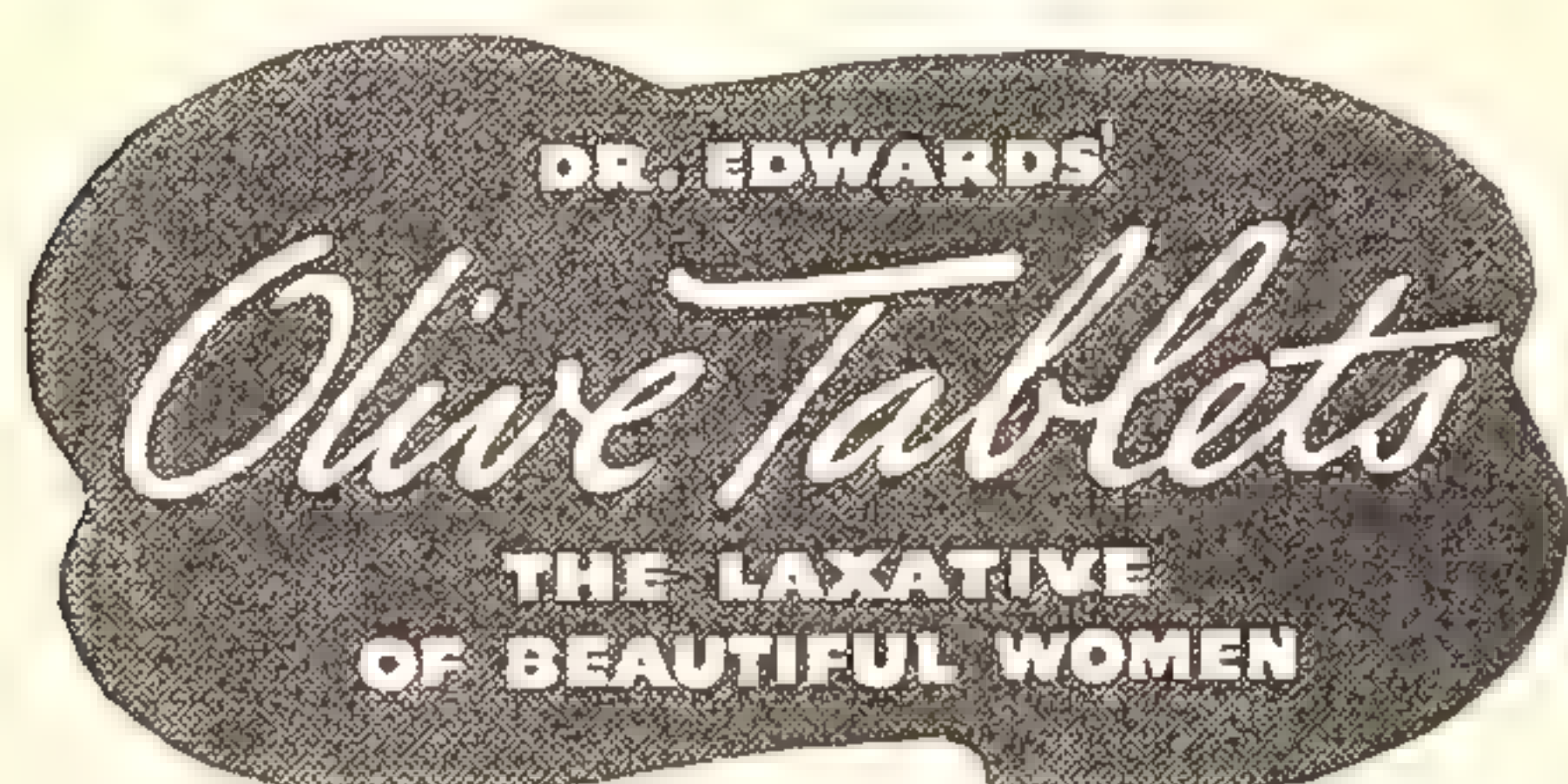
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STORES

reading about the supposed suicide in the paper but it hadn't meant anything to her and she probably wouldn't even have remembered it if it hadn't been that Steve owned that building and his office was in it.

"It looks pretty bad to me," Jim said slowly. "I've got the office checking on those names, too, and right now we're going over to Temple's apartment and see if it isn't too late to find out something."

A valet was packing Temple's belongings when they got there and though at first he was suspicious and noncommittal when they mentioned Jackie's name he softened at the evident distress in Dixie's face.

"I've got to know if Mr. Temple knew her," Dixie said. "She was my very best friend, and it's to help her."

"They were married on the way to Havana," the valet said, and his voice broke. "And they were so happy together."

For a little while neither Dixie nor Jim could talk but their silence drew them even closer than any words could. They belonged to each other now, and because Jackie had meant so much to Dixie she meant just as much to Jim too. He called the office then and when he came back she saw his face was drawn and anxious.

But there was reason for that look. Finding out who Big Edna was made Jackie's death more sordid than ever, for she was the woman who had made headlines in the recent vice investigation.

When Jim left her to see what he could discover in the woman's house Dixie held close to his hand and tried to tell him about the apartment she had taken from Steve. But there wasn't time.

Later Steve came to see her and he was curiously gentle with her when he found her weeping though he said very little when she told him about Jackie's death.

"Jim Adams was with me when I saw her," she said slowly. "He's trying to find out who did it."

"You might have come to me, Dixie," Steve said evenly. "Suppose from now on you let me handle it."

But there wasn't time for Dixie's answer, for the bell rang and Dixie was at the door before the maid could answer it.

"You fall into a gold mine, kid?" Jim asked slowly, looking around the lavish apartment, but Dixie gave him a quick, imploring glance.

"I'll tell you about it later, please," she whispered.

"Kind of you to put yourself out this way, Adams," Steve said as he wrung his hand. "Dixie's been telling me about it."

"No use my going over it again, then," Jim said slowly, "if you know." He didn't trust this man's eyes or his smile either.

But Dixie was already taking the small bundle he was holding and he was helpless.

"Are these the clothes you telephoned about?" she asked, and before he could stop her she had opened the package and held up the pitifully torn dress. "Yes, it's Jackie's." And she couldn't help that small cry.

Steve was staring hard at Jim now.

"Did they just let you walk out of this place, wherever it is, with these?" he asked slowly.

"No—" Jim's voice came noncommittally.

"Well, what did you find out?" Dixie asked impatiently.

"I found out who killed Jackie," Jim said slowly. After all, if Dixie trusted this man he must be all right. "It was the woman. But it's a man who's really responsible. Someone she acted for, who sent Jackie there. She was talking to him over the phone but I didn't get his name. Only his phone number. But that isn't much good either, for I didn't get the exchange.

Only thing I know is the number 1010."

"1010." Dixie repeated the number after him. "Seems to me I heard a number like that once."

Steve was smiling now in that easy, almost lazy way of his. "Well, now's the time to remember if you're ever going to." Even as it kidded her his voice was caressing. He turned to Jim. "Have you been to the police with any of this?"

"Not yet. Temple's supposed suicide is mixed up in this too. It might even lead to the fellow the District Attorney is trying to find. The man they figure responsible for those slot machine murders a month or so ago."

Steve held on to himself then. With Temple and Jackie out of the way he had nothing to fear, he told himself. If only this newspaper man would look at those deaths as suicide as the police had done! Well, maybe another suicide would have to be added to the list. Maybe another man could fall from a window in the Werner building.

"Why don't you go to the police?" Dixie asked Jim.

"Nothing doing," he laughed. "And let every other paper in town in on it? I'm after a scoop!"

"Look here," Steve said suddenly. "Suppose I call the police commissioner. He's a good friend of mine. Maybe Big Edna's been arrested by this time."

Jim gave him a quick searching look. "Why, that sounds okay," he said slowly.

"Well, Adams," Steve put down the telephone and picked up his hat and coat. "I'll be seeing you in half an hour. The commissioner will be at my office. Goodbye, Dixie, you'll be hearing from me."

He spoke lightly and his eyes were dancing as if he were amused. But Jim didn't wait long after him.

"Look, Dixie," he was putting on his coat. "I don't think I'll wait here. I've got a couple of things to do."

"But Jim!" Dixie's eyes grew wider, the way a child's eyes will when they are hurt. "Is it because of all this—" Her eyes went around the apartment. "Don't you want to ask me any questions?"

"Listen, kid," Jim held her by the shoulders. "I'm still on Jackie's assignment. And when I finish it up I'm going back here, give you the beating of your life, and then marry you quick. Now, do you want to ask me any questions?" And he gave her a quick kiss and was gone.

Suddenly she went to the maid.

"Do you know a phone number that ends in 1010?" she asked. And then as the girl shook her head, "It can't be my bank I'm thinking of. That's always something and eighty nine cents balance, and it can't be my car license for I haven't got a car. This thing has me going around in circles!" She stopped suddenly. "Circle, that's it. Circle! Circle 1010!"

But whose number was it and where had she heard it? Suddenly she had an inspiration and dialed the number, and then as a voice answered a new fear clutched at her heart. For it was Steve who answered her. Steve! Strange how in that moment it was her first impression of him that she remembered.

Steve frowned as he put his receiver back on the hook. He didn't like that click he had heard as he answered the phone. They would have to work fast.

"Remember," he looked up at Charlie and Joe, "gats are out. This has to look like an accident, the way Temple's did. And Jackie's, too." He stopped as the door opened and Jim came in.

"You're late!" he was smiling blandly now. "Sit down. The commissioner's taking his time about getting here. What do you say we have a drink while we're waiting? I have a trick bar in there that might amuse you."

"Fine. I'd like to see it," Jim said, but he didn't stir.

"I have some special Bourbon," Steve began, then he stopped as his phone rang again. His voice lost all its calm and suaveness then.

"Yes, Fred. Yes, I get you," he said to the switchboard operator downstairs, then he banged down the receiver. "Bolt the outer door, Charlie. Joe, give Parker two buzzes. The cops!"

His hand fumbled in the drawer of his desk for a moment and he put something in his pocket.

"This is the second time you've slipped up today, Kalkas," Jim said evenly. "You weren't as smooth as you thought you were in the apartment. You brought Big Edna's name into the conversation before either of us mentioned it to you."

"So you thought that was a slip?" Steve grinned. "Don't you think I knew you'd be just the kind of half-baked hero to stick your neck out like this if I dangled the right bait in front of you?"

He leaned against Jim so that he felt the bulge of the automatic he was holding in his pocket. Then he moved with him toward the door of his private elevator shaft.

But before he could open it, it was opened from the inside and Parker stepped out.

"All right. You're not going down the shaft the way I planned, Adams," Steve said slowly. But you're going to land in the morgue just the same."

"So that's how you did Temple in, you murdering—" Jim shouted, and brought his arm up sharply, sending Steve's hand shooting from his pocket and the gun flying to the floor.

It was a free-for-all, but Jim was younger than the other. He managed to hold them off until he heard the police breaking down the office door, and as Steve rose frantically he grabbed him and held on to him.

But Steve freed himself with a lurch and took a quick step to the elevator and Jim saw only that quick flash of him as he hurtled forward and screamed as he fell down the empty shaft.

Only when the police swarmed into the room with his editor behind them and Kramer trying to hide his emotion thumped him on the back a half dozen times as men will when they are moved and called him, "You suicidal dim-wit!" in that exuberant way, did Jim stop to think beyond the horror of that falling body.

"Who tipped you off?" he demanded.

"Dixie, of course," Kramer smiled. "There's a girl!"

But Jim wasn't waiting to hear what sort of a girl Dixie was. He was racing through the door and towards one of the public elevators when he saw her running toward him.

"Jim!" she gasped. "Oh, I thought it was you they dropped down the shaft."

"It was Steve," Jim said. "Only he dropped himself. He thought the elevator was there and it wasn't."

"I did it, then!" Her voice came in an appalled whisper. "I brought the elevator down just—just before. Steve had showed it to me once when I was here and I thought I'd get to you somehow."

"That's all right, honey." Jim put his arms around her again, and because his heart was so full of her and her nearness and sweetness and because he was a little ashamed of being such a softie even in front of Dixie his words came with their old flippancy. "You'll probably get a reward big enough to support me in comfort for the rest of my life, honey."

But Dixie was a girl who had been around. She knew men. And it was the words in Jim's heart she was listening to as she lifted her mouth for his kiss.

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PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE EYEBROW PENCIL



Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

father clock fitting into a modern setting. Her bedroom is done in delicate shades of green, rose, and gold. Here lives Moon-glow, a parrakeet whose green-blue feathers fit into the decorative scheme perfectly.

"I bought Moonglow at Woolworth's in Beverly Hills for four dollars and fifty cents—and a little more for his tall stand and cage," said Margot, caressing his shining wing with a coral-tipped finger. "He doesn't like to stay in his cage. When I brush my hair, he walks up my arm and perches on my shoulder; when I've finished, he walks sedately down again.

"I suppose I should have called Moonglow 'Criminal Lawyer' for one of my pictures, since my baby chow makes such a hit with his 'Michael Strogoff' name! I wouldn't call Janie anything but Janie—it seems to suit her so well." Janie is a small black Scottie, who follows Margot everywhere and insists on sitting on her foot whenever that foot is still.

"I must tell you about a dish my English friends always ask for," observed Margot, presently, when we were back in the library. "It's not served at a formal dinner, naturally, but I have it sometimes for an informal meal when a few intimates are coming.

"It is real English curry. I buy two or three pounds of the best mutton and dice it up in small pieces, like large poker dice. Put this in a pan with 2 diced carrots and 4 diced potatoes, (large ones). Add 2 oranges, 2 apples, 3 bananas and a quarter of a pound of sun dried raisins and a few grapes. Cover with enough water to come up half an inch above the mixture.

"The curry powder must be mixed with 2 heaping teaspoons of vinegar, (if you want it medium; more if you like it very hot), to make a paste. Then let it all simmer for three hours.

"The rice is boiled separately for about twenty minutes. Pour cold water on it to help separate the kernels, sift it, and put it back into a semi-hot oven to bake out the kernels. It must be nice and dry.

"When it is served, the curry comes in on a silver dish, the rice in a separate bowl. Chutney sauce is served with sliced bananas in another bowl. With it all, I always have hard-boiled eggs, and finally chopped onions mixed with the yolks."

Another favorite dish in the Grahame household is Bombay duck.

"But this is difficult to get," sighed the blonde actress. "It's a Chinese dish, some sort of dried fish. It looks horrible, but it is divine! I don't know how they do it.

"I adore Mexican food, and go down to Olvera Street as often as possible. Did you ever taste Mexican crabs? There's a proper dish!"

MEXICAN CRABS

Boil 2 crabs and when cold remove the meat.

Rub together 2 tablespoons flour and 1 tablespoon butter; when smooth thicken $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, and when it reaches the boiling point remove it from the fire.

Add to it $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika, level teaspoon salt, 1 saltspoon white pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped tarragon leaves.

Mash the yolks of 4 hard-boiled eggs together and work in the sauce. Add the crab meat, mixing all thoroughly. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft bread crumbs, 1 tablespoon chutney syrup, mix all together and fill the empty crab shells with the mixture, dotting the top of each with a little butter and dusting with a little grated cheese.

These crabs may be put into a frying

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asket and plunged into hot Crisco for two minutes, but they are nicer if baked in the oven for 15 minutes, or until they are a delicate brown on top.

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Margot evidently believes with Grace Moore that you can't do enough for a really good cook!

"My severest critic is my butler," confided Margot, her hazel eyes dancing. "He's an ex-actor who used to play with Al Jolson. After one of my pictures, he will come to me, clear his throat, and say: 'I had a very pleasant evening last night, Miss Grahame. I saw Hollywood's finest actress.'"

"That is my cue to say: 'And who is she?' very innocently.

"Miss Margot Grahame," he returns with a bow. Then he launches into a criticism of the picture in general—the direction, the camera work, the other actors, and finally he comes back to me. It isn't all honey—sometimes he tears me to bits. But I like it!"

Scene Stealing with a Camera

Continued from page 61

they are intent on something you can often get good pictures," she pointed out. "We have a mean trick of throwing their ball into the swimming pool. The dogs love to get the ball and each one wants to be the one who gets it first, but they all hate water, so they first stop and look at it, then chase it around the rim of the pool, tell each other: 'It's your turn!' but finally one says: 'We'll never get it if we go on like this!' and dives in. In the meantime I have a lot of amusing shots."

Angle shots are among Madge's favorites.

"I suppose going to camera exhibits imbues you with the ambition to get the unusual angles. I used my Leica to get this shot of men and cameras on the camera boom, and this downward shot of the sound man. I shot directly up at this goddess on the back lot." She selected another print. "This portrait of Yolanda I made with my Rolloflex."

"However, I've discovered that you can fool people with prints. I took some pictures of a friend's dogs. They weren't really good because the light wasn't right, but I thought I'd like to send them to her for Christmas anyway. Tom said: 'Don't have those enlarged, they aren't good enough.' But I took them down to the camera shop and asked them to make the prints up on sepia paper, sort of soft focus, with a nice little frame. They looked so important that my friend thought them wonderful and is still under the delusion that I took a good picture of her dogs."

Most people are self-conscious when they see a camera and think you intend to point it their way, Madge finds.

"But I try to keep talking to them until I get an expression I want and then shoot," she confessed. "My mother is the most amusing subject in the world, because she hates to be taken and makes the most terrible faces while she's trying to compose herself!"

"I never shoot on sets because I think

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there's a rule against it, and strange as it may seem I try to observe rules. Besides, suppose I got something they didn't want me to get and it happened to get out of my hands? How could I ever explain or make it up to them?" With which remark, she drew out a shot of Vilma and Buddy Ebsen rehearsing a number for "Broadway Melody." "But I had permission to take this," she smiled.

"Often on sets where I'm working I notice the cameraman doing something that looks interesting, and I wonder if I could do anything on that order and then can scarcely wait to get at my camera to see. I'm crazy about shadows, and cameramen use them to paint their pictures. I see a shadow fall on a character in a way to suggest a mood, and I try that, too. I don't suppose I ever captured quite what I was after, but it's the race that matters, not the goal.

"I rather like these shots of my brother fishing, and this one of a commercial fishing boat, or this one of a property man working on a tent set at M-G-M, because they seem to have that quality of informality that belongs to candid camera art. I like to catch people in places where the results look interesting, to have them doing something that absorbs them; then if I have enough light on their faces without making them squint, I shoot!"

Beloved Brat

Continued from page 51

sometimes," says Willie, the Wither's cook. But also a girl who loves to yell her head off, who has a veritable passion for animals, who appreciates air-rifles and marbles and collects villainous-looking knives, who goes tearing around on a motor-glide at thirty-five miles an hour and, though on the whole tractable, sometimes forgets orders in a frenzy of wild spirits and leaves her own protected motor-run to go scooting and shrieking down a car-infested highway. In short, a girl who never did lick that thing next door, but would have made a creditable stab at it, had the need arisen.

People assume that a child star must be disagreeable. It's hard enough to keep any child unspoiled, they reason. In the case of these darlings, applauded, pursued, cooed over by millions, it's fairly impossible. To this one can only answer, the impossible happens. Shirley Temple, Freddie Bartholomew, Jane Withers remain unspoiled. Why, nobody knows. The attention which turns the heads of their older colleagues leaves them as it found them.

Jane is unimpressed by the limelight. She's always known it, so she takes it for granted, as a young prince might take his royalty for granted, or a young pauper his poverty. Acting is fun. But so are lots of other things. She has a dozen outside interests, equally absorbing—flowers, dolls, animals, games, knitting, baking, reading, drawing, furniture-building, fishing with her father, hiking with "Uncle Jack" Trent, her bodyguard, "who used to be a really and truly cowboy ranger," she informs you, eating him up with her eyes. "Some day we're going to play a Western together, and do desperate deeds on a ranch." When she finishes work, she never mentions movies. Except for her weekly visit to a theatre, it's as if they didn't exist. Given the choice for her Saturday treat, she will pick a slapstick comedy or a musical, and will drag her parents through the length and breadth of Los Angeles for the pleasure of hearing Martha Raye or Patsy Kelly yell.

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She refused to say whether she prefers her dogs to her dolls, lest she hurt the feelings of the latter. "Of course you can talk to the dogs and they'll answer. Now Danky, a fox-terrier, you've never seen anything like it, he can almost talk. If I say: 'Danky, which one of these dolls do you like best?' 'I'll go this way—' She cocked her head and all but pricked up her ears. "And really he goes and sniffs one of the dolls and then he licks it. And he just can't stand to hear anything squeak. The minute he hears it, he tries to tear it to pieces. But when I say: 'Danky!' he kind of sits up, and he was very shameful. "My dolls can't talk so well, but they can listen. If we were at home, I couldn't tell you these things. Some way they'd hear out it and think I liked my dogs better. I'd really rather not say." She prefers character dolls to flaxen-haired beauties and yearns over the homely ones. "Please, mommy," she'll beg, five percent guile but the rest pure feeling. "I want to give her a home. She's too ugly for anyone else to buy." A new animal, be it only a humble kitten, sets her quivering with joy. When they're crammed in more cramped quarters and she headed for pets, Mrs. Withers would promise: "As soon as we have our own place, the sky's the limit." Now they have their own lovely place, set in an acre of ground. Jane gave her O.K. on seeing that overlooked the practice grounds of the

U.C.L.A. football team, whose mascot she is. When her mother is sometimes moved to protest at the rapidly growing menagerie, Jane wags a reminding finger. "Say not so, mommy. The sky's the limit, and I haven't got an elephant yet."

She designed her own henhouse—knotty pine, "with double-decker bunks for the chickens. They never get a chance to ride in trains, so they ought to have their fun at home." Every morning she dashes out, crowing like a rooster to get the hens off their nests so she can see how many eggs they've laid. "And they lay so many we hardly have to buy a one. Isn't that nice of them?"

She owns four dogs and a fifth has been promised—a Dalmatian coach dog, known to Jane as a "polka dot dog." She's a profound admirer of the British way of speech and, on learning that the coming puppy was English-bred, was overheard to "hope that he'd bark with an English accent."

Her champion Irish setter, Lord Redfield, gave her some unhappy moments. "He doesn't like me," she told Uncle Jack mournfully. "He wags his tail and bites at the same time."

"He's just shy, Jane. Here, take this brush and brush him. He'll like that."

She approached, a little slowly but steadily, and gave the chestnut coat a tentative stroke. Red rose on his hind legs, taller than the child, and laid a paw on her shoulder. She turned to Uncle Jack, dawning delight on her face, and he nodded encouragement. But when Red's second paw flopped to her other shoulder, it was more than her bursting heart could stand. She dropped the brush, and any interested spectator might have been treated to the sight of a child, waltzing a large red dog around the lawn and shrieking at the top of her lungs: "He likes me!"

But the thrill of a lifetime came the other day. "I went out to ride my motor glide, and I'd been riding just about five minutes. But first I must tell you, daddy gave me a cowboy suit for Christmas, and Uncle Jack gave me a real cowboy hat and boots. And I also got a rope with these. Well, I usually carry the rope on the handlebars of my glide, but this time I forgot it. And I was riding just about five minutes, when all of a sudden I looked up, and there in front of me stood a REAL—LIVE—deer."

Her own eyes big with awe, she paused to let the miracle take effect. "Well, I didn't know what to do, so I jumped up and down and screamed: 'Uncle Jack, Uncle Jack, there's a deer.' And the little deer gets scared and he doesn't know there's a fence and he kind of knocks it and his little tongue starts bleeding. Then he runs across the street, with the cars all whizzing by, and I thought he'd be killed, I'd have died, but thank goodness, he wasn't, and next thing he disappears in the woods on the other side of the road. Whew!" She slumped in her chair, and was up again. "But just think! If I'd had that rope, I could have had my deer."

"Don't you think he's happier, roaming in the woods where he belongs?"

It was hard for Jane to give up the deer that might have been. "Isn't an acre large enough for him to roam?" she asked wistfully. "Besides being safe and three square meals a day?"

Uncle Jack Trent says she has only two faults—picking flowers and signing autograph books. To Jane, he says, a flower begs to be picked, whether it's on her neighbor's lawn or her own. And an autograph book thrust under her nose is sacred, whether it means blocking Fifth Avenue traffic or snatching her meals between one signature and the next.

She can't understand why her elders don't see it her way. On her recent cross-country personal appearance tour, children waited for hours outside theatres to catch a



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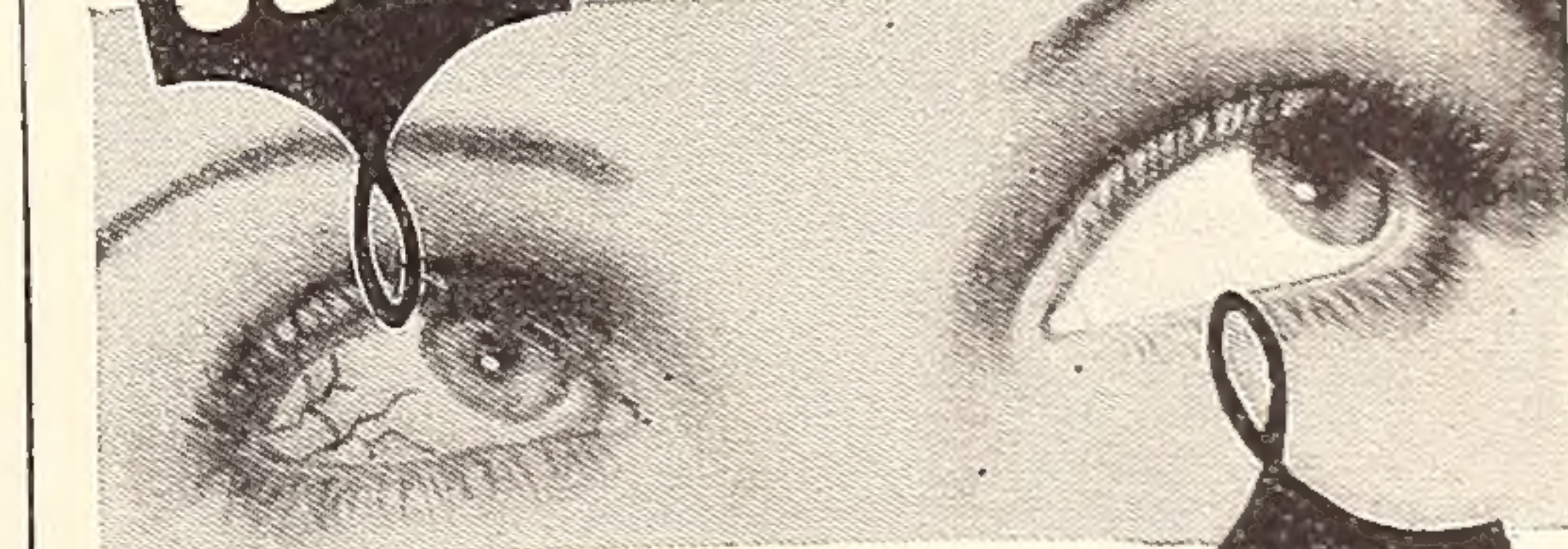
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Buddy Ebsen, Eleanor Powell and George Murphy make three a company of great dancers in "Broadway Melody of 1937." Above you see how well they get along together.

glimpse of her and to get her signature. She rebelled against being sneaked out the back way. "If they have the patience to wait so many hours," she argued, "I should have the patience to autograph. Suppose I was a kid and wanted Martha Raye's autograph and she swished past and said: 'I haven't time'"—Business of Martha Raye swishing past, proud lids lowered, proud chin lifted, proud hand on hip—"How would I feel?"

"But you might get hurt, Jane—you or some other child."

"Uncle Jack wouldn't let us get hurt."

She found her own solution of the problem by scribbling her name on slips of paper in her spare moments, then handing them out, thus saving writing time. In Boston hundreds of youngsters brought their lunches and refused to leave without an autograph. Jane was placed at a rear window of the theatre to pass out her slips. But the crowd surged forward, and a little girl in front fell. "Hey, there!" yelled Jane, and scattering her slips to the breeze, leaned far over the sill and hauled the fallen fan to safety.

At the Palace in Chicago, the afternoon price for children was raised from fifteen cents to a quarter. Many had ridden or trudged from outlying districts, with just enough money to pay for admission. Uncle Jack entered the dressing-room with the news that kids were being turned away. Like a bolt Jane was out in search of the manager. "Please don't send them home. You can take the money out of my salary." The manager was a gentleman. Tickets for children were reduced to fifteen cents.

At Jane's request, relays of the youngsters were admitted to her dressing-room for five-minute sessions between acts. They were generally tongue-tied with embarrassment, so that Jane would start the ball of conversation rolling. Then the questions came pouring out. Who was her favorite picture star? Did she play with the other

movie children? Did she like having lessons on the set all by herself? What was her favorite color? What time did she go to bed? The boy who sticks most vividly in her memory is the one who brought his dog.

The tour was a whirlwind success. They were offered a record figure to appear in New York, but Mrs. Withers said no. She thought Jane would have more fun just seeing New York. So instead of earning her thousands, she skated in Central Park, paid daily calls at the zoo, squealed over Radio City and the Empire State Building, and



Michael Bartlett serenades Florence Rice at the "bring a bride" party given by the Basil Rathbones.

visited the East Side, "because I was an East Side kid in 'Ginger,' and I wanted to see how it really looked.

"School was the worst thing I hated on the trip, and the best thing I liked was eating spaghetti. You see, in Chicago I bought this spaghetti fork with a thing on the end. Instead of keeping winding the spaghetti round and round and getting all tired out, you just turn this thing and the spaghetti winds itself. All you have to do is eat it."

They returned to a home kept in shining order by Willie, who was Jane's nurse in Atlanta. Mrs. Withers had promised that if she could ever send for her, she would. Now Willie has joined them, to the deep contentment of all.

"Miss Jane hasn't changed a mite," she says. "I never could keep up with her down home and I can't keep up with her here. Sometimes I tell her: 'Why don't you just relax? Go rest yourself.' But she says: 'I have more fun on my feet,' and keeps right on goin'."

On the night of their return, Jane heard her mother praise the condition of the house, the delicious meal Willie had served them.

"Mommy," she whispered, "don't you think Willie ought to have a raise?" Mrs. Withers agreed. "Oh, mommy, mommy, let me tell her."

Whereupon, for purposes of drama, she turned conspirator and, finger at lips, tip-toed to the kitchen door, flung it wide open and announced: "Willie, you've got a raise."

"Why, that's lovely, Miss Jane," came Willie's soft voice. "I certainly thank you."

Jane turned a face beaming like the sun at noon to her parents, then back to the kitchen. "And, Willie," they heard her say in only slightly lower tones, "maybe a little later you'll have another raise."

She's no angel. Coming home the other night, she found her father listening to a lecture on the radio. "Oh, daddy, can't we have some dance music?"

"When this is over. I want to hear it."

"The old fogey," grumbled Jane.

"What did you say?" demanded her father.

But the pout was over. When Jane turned back she was grinning apology.

In her nautical bedroom with its white-painted furniture, blue rug and candlewick spreads, rose-tinted curtains, stand two beds, "so I can have my friends to spend the weekends with me," says hospitable Jane.

Though school is "the worst thing she hates on trips," she doesn't otherwise mind it. But she likes to tease "Teach"—Miss Lola Figland—by pretending she does. She wears a plate on the set to cover the loss of her own baby teeth, and her favorite trick at the moment is to make what she calls a Jekyll-Hyde face by wiggling the plate loose and decorating her lower lip with four small teeth, the while she glowers. The effect is terrific.

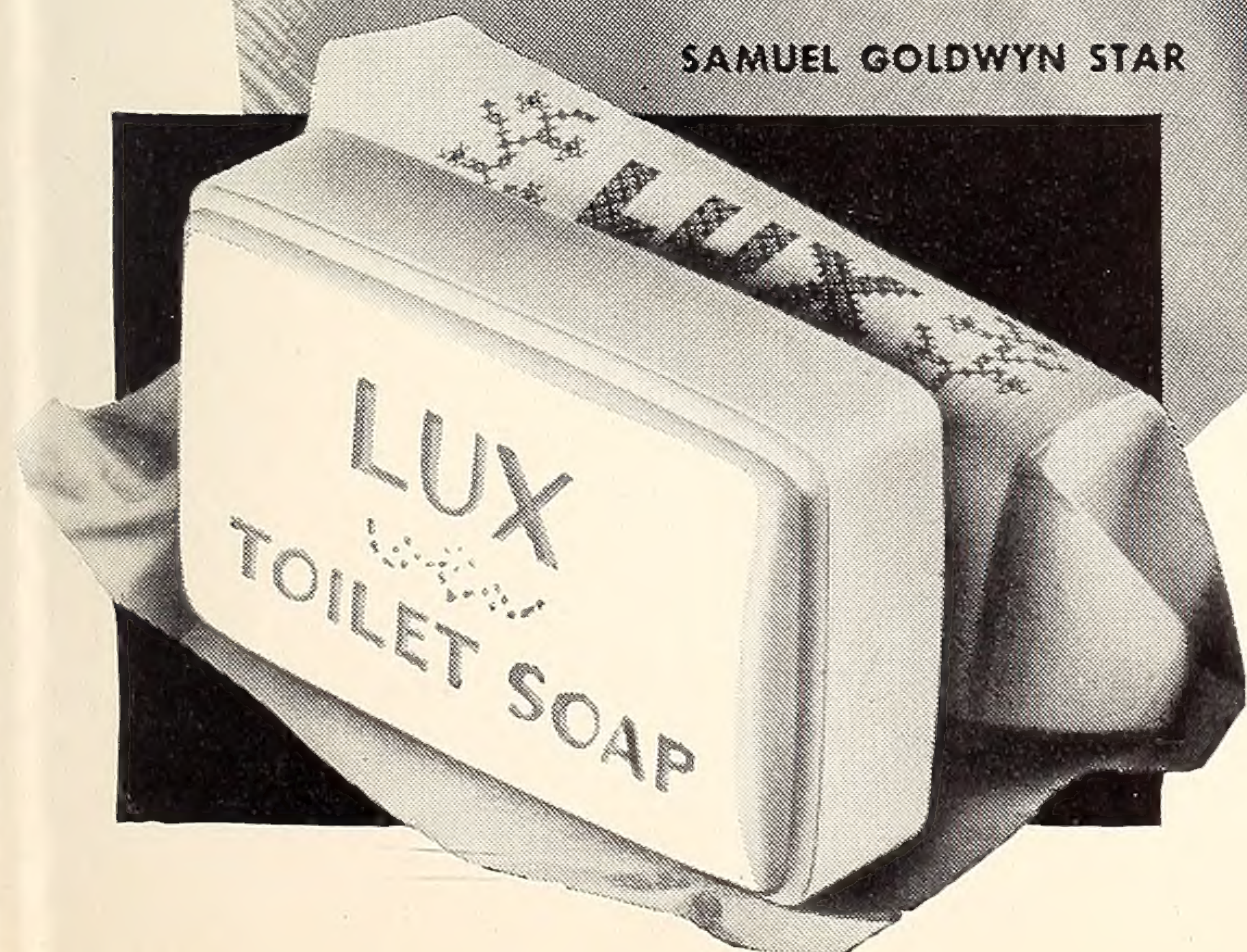
I caught a characteristic glimpse of her at the studio. She sat with Miss Figland in the sunlight outside her dressing-room, a blue bathrobe covering the pink silk pajamas she wore for a scene in "Angel's Holiday." A doll in mauve gingham sprawled on the grass beside her. An exercise book lay spread in her lap. From his owner, the studio doctor, she had kidnapped a white baby poodle, not more than a foot in length, "because I can do my lessons better if I hold him." He lay cradled between the lapels of her robe in peaceful slumber, head resting on one lapel, hind legs tucked under the other.

Jane interrupted her labors for a moment to look down at him. Then she slithered her eyes toward Miss Figland. "I hope the little darling never has to go to school," she murmured, and dropped her teeth at Teach.

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(above) *In the Tack Room.* Miss Belmont is a familiar figure in the Maryland and Long Island hunting country. "When I feel tired or a bit let-down," she says, "Camels give me a grand 'lift'... make me feel glad I'm alive as my energy snaps back. And, though I am a steady smoker, Camels never get on my nerves."



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